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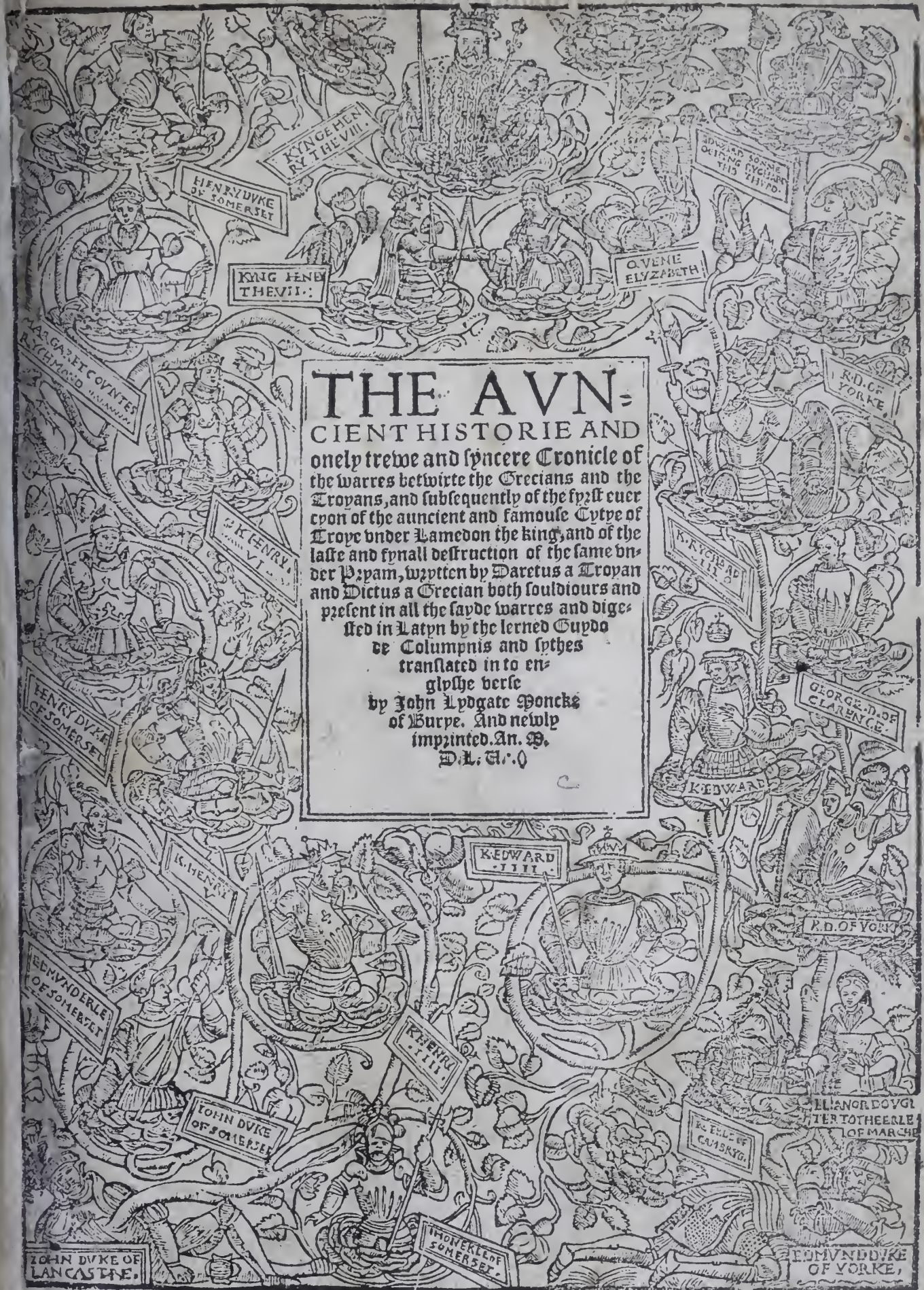

THE AVNCIENT HISTORIE AND onely trewe and syncere Cronicle of the warres betwixte the Grecians and the Troyans, and subsequently of the fyrst euercyon of the auncient and famouse Cytye of Troye vnder Lamedon the kinge, and of the laste and fynall destruction of the same vnder Pryam, wrytten by Daretus a Troyan and Dictus a Grecian both souldiours and presente in all the sayde warres and digested in Latyn by the lerned Guydo de Columpnis and sythes translated into englyshe verse by Johan Lydgate Monck of Burye. And newly imprinted. An. M. D. L. V. O

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C. Harris.
Dec. 11, 1901
I

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To the reader.

ALthough the battayles betwixte the Grecyans and the Troyans before the laste and fynall euersion of ỹ Cyty of Troy (as an history worthye of eterne memorye hath passed through the pennes of sundry famouse Poetes and great clerkes, Grekes, and Latynes, as Homer, Vergyle, Ouyde, and others, whych for that theyr workes ther of came to the handes of most men, haue therfore hytherto ben holden as chiefest reporters of that hystorye. Of whom neuertheless partlye by affection towardes theyr countreythemen, as Homer fauourynge the Grecyans, and Virgyle and Ouyde the Troyans, and partelye breakynge out (as who sayth) into theyr poetycall fictions, the history was so peruerted: that the verye trouthe therof is not to be had in theyr dygestes. What we maye then hope to fynde of the trouthe, in theyr doynges that haue onely laboured as translators of Virgyle & Homer into theyr peculyer and vulgare languages, as it is easelye to be consydered. Of whome, although some I do confesse haue learnedlye and that ryghte well perfourmed theyr enterpryse therin. Yet hath there ben other some, so beastly bolde to vndertake wout eyther wyt or any learning, to translate the same history namelye the Eanedes of Virgyle into englyshe, not vnderstandynge scarse any word what Virgile mēt in all that worke. As by example, if a man studyouse of that history, shoulde seke to fynde the same in the doynges of Wyllyam Caxton in his leawde recueil of Troye: what shoulde he then fynde thynche you? assuredlye none other thynge, but a longe tedious and brayneles bablyng, tendyng to no ende, nor hauyng any certayne begynnynge: but proceadynge therin as an ydyot in his follye, that can not make an ende tyll he be bydden. Muche lyke the foolyshe and vnsauerye doynges of Orestes, whom Iuuinall remembreth, that after he had wryt his booke to the iuste volume, filled then the mergentes and outwarde sydes with his madnes, whych after both that with in and wythout consydered tended to no purpose at all. whych Caxtons recueil, who so lyst wyth iudgement peruse, shall rather thynche his doynges worthye to be nūbred amongest the trifelinge tales and barrayne liedories of Robyn Hode, & Beuys of Hampton, then remaine as a monumēt of so worthy an history. Yet hath there not wanted the faythful & trew reporters of ỹ history, as Daretus the Phrygyan, and Dytus the Grecyan, who both eyrouse of the worthy dedes of theyr countreithes, & both lykewyse prefēt in al the sayd warres haue dyligently regestred the same, whose bokes although by iniurye of the tyme, were not of long extant, yet at the last beyng founde at Athenes, haue sins by dewe conference ben founde hooly to agre, in all the dyscourse of ỹ sayd warres, which the labores aswel of Darete as Dyte, at the laste came to the syght & handes of the lerned and dylygent Guydo of Columpna, who hath syncerelye and pythely digested the saine in one latyne volume. And so by these degrees, hath bene at the laste by ỹ diligence of John Lydgate a moncke of Burye, brought into our englyshe tonge: and dygested as maye appere, in verse who estraunaple as well in other his doynges as in this hathe wythout doubte so muche preuayled in this our vulgare language, that haupnge his prayse dewe to his deseruynges, may worthyly be numbred amongest those that haue chefe lye deserued of our tunge. As the verye perfect disciple and imitator of the great Chaucer, ỹ onelye glorye and beauty of the same. Neuertheles, lykewyse as it hapned ỹ same Chaucer to leale ỹ prayse of that tyme wherin he wrote beyng then when in dede al good letters were almost aslepe, so farre was the groseneſſe and barbarousneſſe of that age from the vnderstādinge of so deuyne a wryter. That if it had not bene in this our time, wherin all kindes of learnyng (thancked be god) haue as much florysched as euer they did by anye former dayes within this realme, and namelye by the dylygence of one willyam Thinne a gentylmā who laudably studyouse to ỹ polysching of so great a Jewell, with ryghte good iudgement trauail, & great paynes causing the same to be pfected and stamped as it is nowe read, ỹ sayde Chaucers workes had vtterly perysched, or at ỹ lest bin so depraued by corruption of copies,

that at the laste, there shoulde no parte of hys meaning haue ben founde in any of them. Euen the same inurye almost hathe happened to this wryter in this his Pamphlite of the cuerciō of Troye: being prynted about .xlii. yeares agoe, euen then in the tayle (as it hapned) of the dercke and vnlearned tunes, suche was then the ignorannce of bothe the prynter and correctour, neyther of them as it shoulde seme eyther learned or vnderstandynge englische, ẏ ẏ same worke is so falsed in his verse by either lacke, folische surplus, or displasinge of ẏ wordes, that thereby ẏ sentence and cōsequētlye ẏ history is so confused and obscured, that in most places, there can be almost nothing gathered therof. I therfore muche merualynge how it hath happened, whether for lack of copies, (as in dede they be but few) or otherwise ẏ this boke being thonly trew & sincere englisch Cronicle, of that so worthye an history wherupon so many great clerkes in other languages haue voutsafed theyr trauayles, hath not before this tyme (whiche in deede lacketh not thē that haue already by their doynges shewed them selfes to haue ryght good iudgement in our language) bin purged of his falsyties, & reduced as nere as myght be with conuenīēce to the auctours translation. Haue therfore taken vpon me as one studyous of ẏ language of my countreyth although I must confesse, ẏ least able of a great nūbre, to, bring again this historian unto lyght somewhat I truste more perfecte & polished then before, not inuertyng therin eyther matter or sentence, but leauyng that to the auctour his commendacyon, as of right apperteineth. Natheles if I would haue ben withdrawen from this myne attempte, w that which I myght iustly haue recompted w my selfe, that is, to consyder how great an enterprise he vndertaketh, that goeth aboute to bryngе perfected into the handes of men ẏ corrupted labours of former wryters, and howe lyttle thanke is gained therby I shulde neuer then haue dared, to haue bestowed hereof one penful of ynche. Conssideryng that who so trauaylethe in other mennes doynges is thought to do nothinge of hym selfe, and thereby in some mens iudgmentes hath before hād the thanke that he deserueth. But if any such be that shal so discerne hereof. I may accompt his iudgement like indifferent as is that mās that should iudge, that he whych hath purged an ouergrowē felde of thornes, & stones, hath also sowed ẏ same wyth corne, & shuld in ẏ end be no partaker of ẏ fruytes or increase therof. And surelye who so euer shall take vpon hym thus to trauayle in others mens labores, whether ye lyst to waye ẏ difficultie of the thing or the commodity & pleasure that shall ensewe to theym that be desirous to vnderstande the propryeties of our englische tonge, me thincketh such one worthy of his praise. And that I may say my iudgemēt his trauayle ought not to be thought muche lesse then is his that writeth of his owne inuēcyō. For if the one commend ẏ quickenes of ẏ witt, thother declareth the ripenes of iudgement. He hauyng a large fielde to discourse in, thother cōpelled withi ẏ straight boūdes of ẏ writer. The one may vse ẏ frugalitye of mutacion & wytt, thother must so moderate the same, ẏ when he hath greatest neade therof, yet may he not passe the limittes. Not one onely coppe must be perused, but many exāplars loked ouer, & therin he maye not chose such as lyketh his fantasye, but ẏ which shal seme to come more nere to ẏ auctours meninge, and maye most please and pleasure the readers. So that therin, he shall be compelled to put on (as it were) theyr fantasye, and yet that so sparinglye, ẏ he maye neither adde nor take awaye, but where he shalbe thereto ledd by certaine & sure iudgmentes. All which thinges how easie they be, who so list practise the same maye sone discerne. Thus muche I haue thought good to set in wrytynge before this worke. To thend the readers maye be admonyshed, that this without other is the very trewe and sincere englische history an of the lamentable battels, destinye, and vtter euersion of the auncient and famouse Cytye of Troye and also to preuent the malice of suche, as shal happlye accompte my trauayle herein, rather rashe presumpcyon, then anye vertuouse unitacion of wel doynge.

Finis.

Robert Braham.

¶ The prologue of the Translatour.

O Myghty mars that ẏ thy sterne lyght,
In armys hast the power and ẏ myght.
And named arte from easte tyl occident,
The myghty lorde, the god Armipotent.
That with the shininge of thy stremes rede:
By influence dost the brydell iede,
Of chiualrie as soueraygne and patron.
Full hote and drye of complexion:
Irous woode and malencolyke,
And of nature brent and collerike.
Of colour shininge like the fiery glede,
Whose ferse lokes ben as ful of drede,
As is the leuene that alighteth lowe,
Downe by the skies from Jupiter his bowe,
So bene thy stremes passing dispyteous,
And to beholde so inly furious.
Thou causer art with thy fyrie beames,
Of werre and strife in many sundrye realmes.
Whose lordshyp cheifest is in Capricorne,
But in the crabbe is thy power lorne.
And causer art of conteke and of strife.
Now for the loue of her Vlcanus wife,
With whom whilom ẏ were at mischiefe take,
So helpe me now onely for her sake,
And for the loue of thy Bellona,
That with the dwelleth beyonde Cirrha,
In Lybye londe vpon the sandes rede:
So be my helpe in this great nede,
To do succour my stile to dyrecte,
And of my penne the traces to correcte.
Whiche barrayne is of aureat lycoure.
But in thy grace I finde some succoure:
For to conuoy it with thine influence,
That stumbleth aye for fault of eloquence.
For to reherse or writen any worde:
Now helpe o mars ẏ art of knighthode lorde:
And hast of manhode the magnificence.
And other goddes ẏ arne of highe prudence,
This worke terplete that ye not refuse,
But maketh Clyo for to be my muse,
With her systren that on Pernasus dwelle,
In Cirrha by Helycon the welle.
Renning full cleare with stremes cristallyn.
And called is the fountayne Caballyn,
That springeth by touche of the Pegase,
Helpe me also o thou Callyope,
That were mother vnto him Orpheus.
Whose dytees weren so melodius,
That the werbles of his resownynge harpe,
Appeased all the wordes sherpe:
Bothe of Parchas and furyes infernall,
And Cerberus so cruell founde at all.
He coyed also bothe beast foule and tree.
Now of thy grace be helpyng vnto me.
And of thy golden dewe let the lycoure wete,
My dulled brest that with thy hony swete:
Sugrest the tunges of Rethoryciens,
And maystresse art to all musiciens.
Now be mine helpe tenlumine ẏ thy worke:
Which am beset with cloudes dimme & derke,
Of ignorannce in making to procede:
To be to theym lustye that shall it reade.
And in herte I am so full of drede,
Whan prudent lysters hereto shall take hede:
Who as in makinge more skill can than I:
That they voucheſafe I pray full beningly,
Of theyr goodnesse to haue compassion:
Where as I erre in my translacion.
For god I take highly to witnesse:
That I this worke of hertie lowe humblesse,
Toke vpon me of good entencion,
Deuoyde of pride and al presumpcion.
For to obey withouten baryaunce,
My lordes biddynge fully and plesaunce.
Which hath desyre sothely for to sayne,
Of very knighthod to reporte agayne,
The worthinesse if so I shall not lye:
And eke the prowesse of olde cheualrye.
Bycause that he hath ioye and great delityе,
To reade in bokes of olde antiquitye.
To finde onely howe he may vertue sewe,
By theyr ample also and to eschewe:
The cursed vyce of slouthe and idelnesse.
So he enioyneth in verteous busynesse,
In all ẏ longeth to manhode dare I sayne,
He busyeth him and therto is so fayne,
To haunte his bodye in playes marciall,
Through exercise to exclude slouthe in all,
After the doctrine of Vigecius.
Thus is he manfull and eke vertuous,
More passingly than I can of hym write.
I want conning his renowme to endite.
So much of manhode men may in him sene,
And for to witen who ẏ that I would meane,
He eldest sonne is of the noble kinge,
Hery ẏ fourth of knighthode well and spring.
In whom is shewed of what stock he grewe,
The roots vertue thus can the sett renewe:

In euery parte the tarage is the same.
Lyke his father of maners and of name.
In sothfastnes and this no fable is,
Called Henry eke ỳ worthy prince of Wales.
¶ To whom shall longe as by succession,
For to gouerne this Brutis albion,
Which hath me bydde the drery pyteous fate,
Of them of Troye in ynglyche to translate.
The siege also and destruction.
Lyke as the latyn maketh mencion,
For to compile and after Guido make,
So I could and write it for his sake.
Bycause he would that both to highe & lowe,
The noble storye openly were knowe.
And in our tunge about in euery age,
Written it were as well in our language,
As in the latyn and the frenche it is.
That of the storye we the truthe not mys.
No more than doth eche other nacion:
This was the fine of his entencion.
¶ The which empryse anon I ginne shall,
In his worshyp as for memoryall.
And of the tyme to maken mencion,
Whan I began on this translation,
It was the yeare sothly for to seyne,
Fourtene complete tho of his fathers reygne.
The time of yeare shortly to conclude,
Whan.xx.grees was Phebus altitude.
The hour whā he hath made his stedes draw
His rosen chariet lowe vnder the wawe,
To bathe his beames in the wawy sea,
Gresed lyke golde as men myght playnly se,
Passyng the bordure of our Occion.
And Lucina of coloure pale and wan,
Her colde arisynge in Octobre dyght,
Tenchase the darkenes of the frosty nyght,
That then amiddes was of the Scorpion.
And Hesperus gan fast to wester down,
Her course to haste againe the morowe gray.
When Lucifer the nyght to boyd away,
The messenger is called of the day.
Our hemispher to put out of Affray,
With bright kalendes of Phebus bryst shene,
Out from ỳ boundes of Proserpin ỳ quene.
Where Pluto dwelleth the darke region,
And there the furyes haue theyr mansion.
Tyll after soone Apollo lyst not tarye,
To take his soiourne in the Sagittarye.
¶ Which time I gan the prologue to behold,
Of Troye boke ymade by dayes olde.
Where written was of Auctours vs before,
Of al the dede the very trewe corne,
So as it fell severed from the chaffe.
For in their hande they holde as for a staffe,
The truth onely which they haue compyled,
Unto this fyne that we were not begiled,
Of necligence thorough forgetfulnesse,
The which serpent of age by longe processe.
Engendred is fiersely vs to assayle,
And of the trouth to maken vs to fayle,
For nere writers all were out of minde,
Not storyed onely but of nature and kinde,
The true knowing shuld haue gon to wrake,
And our wittes from scyence put abacke.
Ne had our elders serched out and soughte,
The sothfast pythe to impe it in our thought,
Of thinges passed fordyrked of theyr hewe,
Which through the writing be refreshed new.
Of Auĉeters and left to vs behynde.
To make a myrrour onely to our minde.
To se eche thinge truly as it was,
As bright and cleare as it were in a glasse.
For nere theyr writynge nowe memoryall,
Death w̄ his swerde shuld haue slayne all,
And ydimmed with his sodayne showres,
The great prowesse of these conquerours.
And derked eke the brightnesse of their fame,
That shineth yet by reporte of her name.
For vnto vs their bokes represent,
Without fayninge the waye that they went,
In theyr dayes when they were alyue,
Agayne the trouth who so euer strine,
Or counterplede or make any debate,
The south is redde of high or lowe estate,
Without fauour who so lyst take hede,
For after death clerkes litell drede,
Of theyr deserte for to beare wytnes,
Nor of a tyraunt the truthe to erpresse.
¶ As men deserue without exception,
With lak or pris they graūt their guerdon.
Wherfore me seemeth euery maner man,
Shulde by his lyfe in all that euer he can,
For vertue sake eschewe to do amys:
For after death playnly as it is,
Clerkes willyn write and except none,
The playne trouth when a man is gone.
And by olde time for theyr writinge trewe:
They cherysshed were of lordes ỳ the knewe.

And

And honoured greatly as in tho dayes.
For they enacted and gilt with theyr sayes,
Theyr high renowne their mãhod & prowes:
Their knighthod eke and theyr worthines.
Their trihumphes al and eke their victories,
Their famous cõquest & their fonge glories.
¶ Fro point to poynt rehersinge all ẏ trouth,
Without fraude neclygence or slouth.
They did theyr labour and theyr besinesse,
For elles certayne the great worthinesse:
Of all theyr dedes had bene in vayne.
For dyrked age elles would haue slayne,
By length of yeares the noble worthy fame,
Of conquerours and playnly of theyr name,
For dimmed eke the letters aureat.
And eke deffaced the palme laureat,
Which ẏ they wan by knighthod i their dayes.
Whose freting ruste newe and newe assayes,
For to eclipse the honour and the glory,
Of highe prowes which clerkes in memory,
Haue truly set through dilygent laboure,
And enlumined with many curious floure,
Of Rethorike to make vs comprehende,
The trouth of all as it was tho kinde.
Bysied them and faithfully trauailed,
Agayne all that that age wold haue assayled,
In theyr bokes euery thinge yset,
And with the key of remembraunce is shet.
Which lasteth yet and dureth euer in one.
Recorde of Thebes that was so longe agone.
Of which the ruyne and destruction,
Ye may beholde by good inspection.
Croppe and roote right as it was in dede,
On Stace loke and there ye may it rede.
Howe Polynece and Eteocles,
The brethern two ne could not liue in peace:
Till Thebes brought was to his ruyne.
And all the maner howe they diden fyne,
That death also of worthy Tideus,
And howe Edipp with teares full pyteous,
Wept out his eyen and all his drery payne,
And how ẏ smokes departed were in twaine,
At the feast of fyres funerall.
In great Stace ye may reden al.
The fyre engendred by brotherly hatred,
Where through ẏ deathe was the cruel mede.
¶ In very sothe of many worthy man,
Lyke as mine Auctour well rehearse can.
Of Troye also that was of latter yeares,
By diligence of these Cronycleres.
Ye may beholde in theyr writinge well,
The strife werre the siege and euery dell.
Right as it was so many yeares sin passed,
Whose storye yet age hath not diffaced,
Nor cruell deathe with his mortall strokes,
For maugre death ye may beholde in bokes,
The storye fully rehersed newe and newe,
As freshe as floure of coloure and of hewe.
From day to day quicke and nothinge feinte,
For clerkes haue this storye so depeynt,
That death nor age by any other weye,
The trouth may not make for to deye.
¶ Al be that some haue the trouth spared,
In their wrytynge and playnty not declared.
So as it was nor tolde out faythfully,
But it transformed in theyr poesy,
Through vayne fables which of entencion,
They haue contriued by false transsumptiõ.
To hide trouth falsly vnder cloude.
And the sothe of malyce for to shroude.
As Homer did the which in his writinge,
I feyned hath full many dyuers thynge,
That neuer was as Guydo lyst deuise.
And thinges done farre in anotherwise,
He hath transformed then the trouth was,
And feyned falsly that goddes in this case.
¶ The worthy Grekes helpe to warrey,
Agayne Troyens & how that they were sey,
Lyke lyfely men among theym day by day.
And in his dytyes that were freshe and gay,
With sugred wordes vnder hoony sote,
His galle is hyd lowe by the roote.
That it may not outward be aspyed,
And all for he with Grekes was alyed.
Therfore he was to theym fauorable,
In much thyng whych is not commendable.
Of theym that lust to deme after ryght,
For in making loue hath lost his sight.
To gyue a prys where none is deserued,
Cupide is blinde whose domes ben obserued,
More after lust then after equytye:
Or after reason how the trouth be.
For syngulertee and false affeccion,
Reyseth ful ofte by vayne lausion,
A man to worshyp that deserueth none.
By false reporte and thus full many one,
Without merite hath his fame blowe,
Wherof another the renowne is vnknowe,

That i armes hath sundry meruailes wrought
Of whō peraunter speaketh no mā nought.
For fauour only is fostred more thē rightes,
That hindred hathe many worthy knightes.
¶Ouide also poete egally hath closed,
Falshed with trouthe ỳ makethe men enosed:
To which parte that they shall theym holde,
His misty speche so hard is to vnfolde.
That it entriketh readers that it see.
Virgil also for loue of him Ene,
In his Eneyd reherseth much thinge:
And was in partie trewe of his writing.
Except onely that him list somwhile,
The traces folowe of Homeris stile.
¶And of this syege wrote eke Lollius,
But tofore all Daretus frigeus.
Wrote most truely after that he fonde,
And Ditus eke of the Grekes londe.
For they were present and sene euery dell,
And as it fill they write trewe and well.
Eche in his tunge by suche consonaunce,
That in theyr bokes was no variaunce.
Which after were vnto Athenes brought,
And by processe serched out and sought,
By diligence of one Cornelius,
Who neuewe was vnto Salustius.
Of rome yborne which did his dewe,
Them to translate and the traces sewe,
Of these Auctours by good auisement,
But for bycause he set all his entent,
For to be breefe he lefte muche behinde:
Of the story as men in bokes finde.
The firste meuinge and cause originall,
What was the ginninge and roote in speciall,
Ne how they come by lande or by nauy,
How firste the sparke was kindled of enuy,
Betwirt Grekes and theim of Troye towne,
Of this Cornelie maketh no menciowne.
Of theyr shyppes nor of theyr vytayle,
Nor how that Grece is called ytayle.
And the lasse as bokes verifye,
¶Is named nowe the lande of Romanye.
What numbre of kinges and of Dukes wēt,
Towarde the syege all of one assente,
To wynne worshyppe and for exercyse,
Of armes onely in full knyghtly wyse,
Abydyng there to se the version,
Of the cytye and noble Illyon.
Nor what the maner was of theyr armure,
¶Nor at the syege who longest did endure.
In what wise eche other dyd assayle,
Nor how often they met in battayle,
How many worthy lost theyr lyfe,
How olde hatred wrought vp newe stryfe,
Nor of theyr death he dateth not the yeare,
For his wrytinge was so partyculere.
Without fruite he was compēdious:
This foresayd Romayne this Cornelius.
¶Wherfore but late in compary sowne.
There was an Auctour of ful highe renowne
That besyed hym the traces for to sewe,
Of Dite & Daret & cast him not transnewe.
In all the story a worde as in sentence.
But folweth theym by such conuenyence,
That in effect the substaunce is the same:
And of Columpna Guydo was his name.
Which had in writing passing excellence,
For he enlumineth by crafte and cadence:
This noble storye with many freshe coloure.
Of Rethorik and many ryche floure,
Of eloquence to make it sounde the bett.
¶He in the storye ymped hath and set.
That in good fayth I trowe he hath no pere,
To recken all that write of this mattere.
As in his boke ye may behō de and se.
To whom I saye knelyng on my kne.
Laude and honour and excellence of fame,
O Guydo mayster be vnto thy name.
That excellest by soueraygntye of style,
All that wryte this matter to compyle.
Whom I shal folow as nere as euer I may,
That god graunte it to be to the paye,
Of hym for whom I haue it vndertake,
So as I can this storye for to make.
Prayinge to all that shal it read or see,
Where as I erre there to amende me.
Of humble herte and lowe entencion,
Committing all to theyr correction.
And therof thanke my will is ỳ they wyn,
For through theyr support thus I wil begin.

The ende of the prologue

¶ How ỹ kynge of Thessalie named Pelleus lost all his men by diuine punischemēt who after by his prayers obtained others. Ca.i.

IN ỹ reigne and land of Thesalye,
The which is now ynamed saloni
There was a king called Pelleus:
Wyse and discrete & also vertuous.
The which as Guido list to specifie,
Held the lordshippe and the regalye,
Of this yle as gouernour and kynge.
Of whych the people by recorde of writinge,
Mirundones were called in tho dayes.
Of whom Ouide sayneth in his sayes,
Metamorphoseos where as ye may rede,
How this people sothfastly in dede,
So as mine Auctour maketh mencion,
Were brought echeone to destruction
With sodayne tempest and with fyry leuen,
By the goddes sent downe from the heauē,
For they of yre without more offence,
With swerde and with ỹ stroke of pestilence,
On this yle whilom toke vengeaunce:
Like as it is put in remembraunce.
For this people destroyed were certayne,
With thunder dint & with hayle and rayne,
Full vnwarely as Guido list describe,
For there was none of them left a liue,
In all the lande that the vyolence,
Escape might of this pestilence.
Except the kinge the which went alone,
Into a wood there to make his mone,
Sool by him selfe all disconsolate,
In a place that stode all desolate.
Where this kinge ronnynge to and fro,
Complayninge aye of this his fatall woo:
And the harmes that he did endure,
Till at the last of case or auenture.
Beside an holt he sawe where stode a tree,
Of full great hight and large of quantitye:
Holowe by thee roote as he coulde knowe,
Where as he sawe by the earthe lowe,
Of Antes crepe passing greate plente,
With which sight he fell downe on his kne.
And made his prayer in his paynim wise,
To the goddes with humble sacrafise.
Upon his woo and great aduersytee,
Onely of mercy for to haue pytee.
To turne these Antes into fourme of man:
Thus gan he praye with coloure pale & wan.
His lande tenhabite which standeth desolate,
And he alone awhaped and a mate,
Comfortles of any creature:
Hym to releue of that he did endure.
And as Ouide maketh mencion,
The god Jupiter herde his orison,
And hath such routhe on him at the leste,
That he anone fulfilleth his request.
And of his might which that is diuine,
His grace he made from heuen for to shine,
Benignly vnto the earth adowne,
That by a sodayne transmutacionne,
The Antes were brought to fourme of mē a-
Which on their fete vpright gan to gon: (non,
To Thesaly and salue there the kinge,
And like his lieges toke theyr dwellinge,
Within a cityе called tho Egee,
As in Ouide ye may beholde and se.
The which people for theyr worthinesse,
For theyr strength and great hardinesse,
Mirundines so longe haue bore the name,
As in the life ye reade may thee same.
Of saincte Mathewe how they be called so,
Where the Apostle so much had a do.
Which for their wisdome their prudent aduer-
Besy labour and wilfull diligence, (tence,
By forseing and great discrecion,
As I suppose in mine opinion:
That this fable of Antes was contriued,
Which by their wisdōe haue so much achieued.
Through their knighthod who so list to loke,
Their manly dedes throughout Troye boke,
In al mischiefe so wel they haue theun borne,
That they full wisely prouided were tofore,
Of that it fil both in werre and peace:
For of slouthe they weren not reckles.
¶ But as the Ante to eschewe idelnesse,
In somer is so full of besinesse,
Or winter comme to saue her from the colde
That she to fore astored hath her holde.
¶ But in this matter I holde no sermon,
Ywill no longer make disgression,
Nor in fables no more as nowe soiourne,
But there I leste I will agayne retourne:
Of Pelleus ferther to procede.
¶ Which king forsothe in story as I rede,
And as mine Auctour listeth to endite,

Hadde a wife that called was Tethite.
Of whyche twayne platly this no lees,
The manly man the hardy Achilles,
So as Guido liste to termine,
Descended was sothely as by lyne.
Moste renoumed of manhode and of might,
Amonges Grekes and the best knyghte,
yholde in sothe throughout all the lande:
In worthines preued of his hande.
Whose crueltye Troyens sore abought,
By his merueyles that he there wrought,
Durynge the syege as ye shall after lere:
Patyently yf ye shall list to heare.
¶This Pelleus that I of spake afore,
A brother had of one mother bore,
That hight Eson so ferre yronne in yeares,
That he of lust hath lost all his delyres:
So ferre he was cropen into age,
That all his wyt was turned to dotage.
For bothe minde and memoriall,
Furdulled wer and dercked so in all,
That veryly his discrecyon:
Was him berafte in conclusion.
Wherfore the reigne and land of Thessalye,
Crowne and ceptre with all the regalye,
He hath assigned his brother for to queme:
Estate royall and also diademe.

¶Howe Eson the kyng for that he was olde and myghte no longer welde the gouernayle caused to crowne his brother Pelleus. Ca.ii.

Bycause he croked was lame and blinde,
And to gouerne lost both wit and minde,
So feble was his celle retentife,
And forderked his imaginatife,
That lost were bothe memorye and reason.
For whiche he made hathe resignacion,
To his brother nerte heyre by degre:
And nyest allye of his affynytye.
But as some Auctors in theyr bokes sayne,
To youth he was restored newe agayne,
By crafte of Mede the great Sorceresse.
And renewed to his lustinesse.
For with her herbys and with her pocions,
By subtyl worknynge of confexions,
By queintise eke of her instrumentes,
Wyth her charmes and enchauntmentes,
She made a drinke in bokes as it is tolde,
In whych a yerde that was drye and olde,
Without abode anone as she it cast,
To blome and budde woulde begin fast:
And eke grene and freshe to beholde.
And throughe this drinke she hathe fro yeares
Eson restored vnto lusty age. (olde,
And was of wyt and reason eke as sage,
As euer he hadde in all his life afore.
The whiche Eson of his wife yborne,
Had a sonne and Jason was his name,
In worke of who nature was not to blame.
For she her crafte platly and conninge,
Spent vpon him hooly in worknynge.
Whan she him made with hert wil & thought,
That of her crafte behind was right nought.
To reken his shape and also his fayrnesse,
His strength, his beauty, and his liuelynesse,
His gentylnes and his wise gouernaunce,
How large he was and of dalyaunce,
The most goodly that men coulde knowe,
In all his porte both to highe and lowe,
And with all this auise and eke tretable,
That of conning god wote I am not able,
For to discriue his vertues by and by.
For as myne Auctour telleth faithfully,
He was beloued so of olde and ponge,
That through ỹ lād so is his honour sprong.
But for ỹ he was yet but ponge and slendre,
Of age also inly grene and tendre,
He was committed to the gouernaile,
Of Pelleus to whom withouten fayle.
In euery thinge he was as seruiable,
As diligent in chambre and at table,
As euer was childe or any man:
Unto his lorde in al that euer he can.
Glad in herte, of faithful obeyssaunce,
So that in cheare nor yet in countenaunce,
Inwarde in hearte nor outward in shewing,
His vncle against was he not grutching,
All be he had hooly in his hande,
The worthy kingdome and the riche lande.
Of this Jason and the heritage.
Onely for he was tho to ponge of age.
¶Unto whom Pelleus did his payne,
Against his herte falsly for to fayne,
To shewe other that he mente not in herte,
And kept him close ỹ nothing him outsterte.
Like an addre vnder floures fayre,
For to his herte his tunge was al contrayre.

Benigne of speche of meninge like serpent,
For vnder coloure was the treason blente.
To shewe him goodly vnto his allye,
But inward brent of hate and of envy,
The hoote fyre and yet there was no smeke,
So couertly the malyce was yeke.
That no man might as by signe espie,
Towarde Jason in herte he bare envye,
And mervayle none for it was causeles,
Saue he dradde that he for his encres,
And for his manhode likely was tatteine,
For to succede as in his fathers reigne.
Whiche Pelleus vniustly occupieth,
And daye by day cast and fantisyeth.
How his venim may by some pursute,
Upon this Jason be fully execute.
Here on he museth euery houre and time,
As he that dradde to se an hasty prime,
Folowe chaunge as it is wonte to done,
Sodenly after a chaunge or newe mone.
He casteth wayes and compasseth sore,
And vnder coloure alway more and more
His fell malice he gan to close and hide,
Like as a snake that wonted is to glide,
With his venim vnder freshe floures.
And as the sonne is right hote after shoures,
So of envy hotter brent the glede.
Till on a time he thought he would procede,
To execute his meaninge euery dell.
In port a lambe in herte a lion fell.
Double as Tygre slyghtly to compace,
Galle in his breste and suger in his face.
That no man hath to him suspection,
How he purueyeth the destruction,
Of his neuewe and that within a while,
Pretending loue all be the fine was gile:
His malice was yshet so vnder keye,
That his entent there can no man bewreye.
It was conceled and closed in secre,
Under the cloke of prime enmitye.
And that in sothe greued him the more,
Upon him selfe the angre frette so sore,
Abidynge aye tyll vnto his entent,
He finde may leysur conuenient,
Upon his purpose platly to procede,
For to perfourme it fully vp in dede.
Wherof Jason hath full lytell rought,
His vncle and he ne were not in one thought.
Of whose meaninge was no conuenience,
For so was malice linked with innocence.
And grounde of all so as I can deuise,
Was false envye and hatefull couetise.
Whiche frette so sore fally for to winne,
As croppe and roote of euery sorowe & sinne.
And cause hath bene sith go full yore,
That many a realme hath bought ful sore,
The dreadful venim of couetise alas.
Let them beware that stande in this case.
¶ To thinke afore and for to haue in minde.
That all falched draweth to an ende.
For though it bide and last a yeare or two,
The ende in sothe shall sorowe be and woo.
Of all that bene false and enuious,
Hereof no more but forth of Pelleus
I will you tell that hath so longe sought,
Upō this thing till they were to him brought,
Tydinges newe and that so merueylous,
That he astoned was and all his house.
Of a mervayle that tho was newly falle,
Beside Troy the plage orientalle,
Howe in Colchos as the tidinges cam,
Within an yle enclosed was a ram,
Whiche bare his flese full richly all of golde.
And for the richesse it was kept in holde,
With great aduice and great dilygence,
That no man might there to do offence.
And in this ile there was a gouernour,
A noble kinge a worthy warrour.
That Oetes hight wise discrete and sage.
Which was also yronne farre in age.
That in his time as bokes can deuise,
Had vnderfonged many great empryse.
In peace & warre and much worship wonne,
And he was also sonne vnto the sonne.
That gaue him lyre to honour to atteyne,
So as these poetes listen for to feyne.
Touchinge his line I leue as nowe ỹ greate,
And of this Ram my purpose is to treate.
That was commit I dare you well assure,
To the keping and the busy cure,
Of cruell Mars the mighty god of werre,
Which with the stremys of his rede sterre.
And influence of his deytee,
Ordeyned hath by full great crueltee.
This Ram to kepe bullis full vnmilde,
With brasen fete ramageous and wilde.
And there with all fell and dispitous,
And of nature wood and furious.

To hurte and slee euer of one desyre,
Out of whose mouthe, leuen and wylde fyre.
Lyke a flawme euer blased out,
To brenne all theim that stode nygh a bout.
Eke of their eyen the lokes moste horrible,
To a fourneys the stremes were visyble.
And who that wolde encrease his glorye.
This Ram of golde wynnen victorie.
Fyrste he must of very force and myght,
Unto oultraunce with these bulles to fyght.
And theim vanquisshe alder fyrst of all,
And make theim humble as any oxe in stall.
And sithe theim yoke and do them ere ỹ land,
Of very manhode this must he take in hand.
And after that he must also endure,
With a serpent of huge and great stature.
Without fauour playnely haue to do,
To oultraunce eke without wordes mo.
The whiche serpent shortly for to tell,
Was lyke a fende comyng out of hell.
¶ Full of venym and of cruell hate,
And with skales harde as any plate.
He armed was to stande at defence,
And by his brethe werse then pestilence.
Infecten wolde enuiron all the eyre,
In eche place where was his repeyre.
He was so full of foule corruption,
And eke so dredefull of infection.
That deth in soth shortly to deuyse,
Was the syne of this hygh Empryse.
To suche as wolde this quarell take in hond,
Ylyke in one both to free and bonde.
But if he coulde the bet him selfe defende,
And of his conquest this was eke the ende.
That when he had the myghty serpēt slawe,
He must anone by custome and by lawe.
¶ Out of his head his tethe echeone arrace,
And after sowe theim in the selfe place.
Where as the oxen eryd had afore,
Of which seede there sprange a wōder corne.
Knyghtes armed passynge of great myght,
Euerych with other redy for to fyght.
Til eche his brother had ybrought to grōd,
By mortall fate and yeue his dethes wound.
This was the ende of euerychone,
For sowkastly of all there was non.
That liue myght by that fatall lawe,
A longer tyme then lyued his fellowe.
¶ And by this way dredfull and perillous,
Who so desyreth to ben victorious.
He passe must and manly to endure,
And how so fall take his auenture.
For of estate was no exception,
These who so wyll for this conclusyon,
He may not scape for fauour ne for mede,
Who so begynneth a vyse him wel I rede.
For by the statute of the kyng he may,
Who so that wyll entre and assaye.
But after that he ones hath begonne,
He may not chese tyll he haue lost or wonne.
Yet as some other of this Ram expresse,
And of his flese also bere wytnesse.
It was nothyng but golde & great treasour,
That Oetes kynge with full hye labour.
Made kepe it as by Incantacions,
By sorserye and false illusyons.
¶ That was spoke of in realmes fer about,
For whiche many put theyr lyse in doubte.
Of hye desyre that they had for to wyn,
The great treasoure that was shyt within.
Colchos londe, as ye haue harde deuyse,
Whose pursuyte rose out of couetyse.
Grounde and roote of wo & of myschaunce,
By vayne reporte theim selfe to auaunce.
For whiche they put theim selfe in ieopardy,
Without rescues lykely for to dye.
There was no helpe ne no sleyght of armes,
That baile might againe ỹ cursed charmes.
So were they stronge and superstitious,
That many worthy in knighthode famous.
Enhasted were vnto their deth alas,
That ieoparde list their liues as in this case.
¶ This lasteth forthe tyll afterwarde byfell,
That Pelleus platly hath hard tell.
The great mischiefes and destructions,
In Colchos wrought on sundry nacions.
That haue pursued thes auntres to cōquere,
Tyll Pelleus so ferforth gan enquere.
That he knewe hooly how the trouth was,
And in his herte anone he gan compasse.
How that he myght by any slyght make,
His neuewe Jason for to vndertake.
This hye Empryse in Colchos for to wende,
For by that way he myght hym best shende.
¶ And gan pretende a colour freshe of hew,
Ygylte outwarde so lusty and so newe.
As though there were no treasō hyd within,
He sawe also it was tyme to begyn.

On his purpose tho fyrst he made it queint,
And gan forthwith with golde & asure paint.
His gaye wordes, in sownyng glorious,
Knowynge Jason was yonge and desyrous.
Unto suche thynge & lyghtly wolde enclyne,
Therfore he thought that he wolde not fyne:
Playnely to worke to his conclusyon,
And made anone a conuocation.
Of his lordes and of his baronye,
Aboute enuyron the lande of Thesalye.
For to assemble estates of eche degree,
Of all his realme within the chiefe citee.
To holde a counseyle vtterly he caste,
Therby to acheue his desyre as faste.
And so his courte continued dayes three,
Tyll at the laste his hyd iniquitie.
He out gan rake that hath be hyd so longe,
For he ne myght no longer forth prolonge.
The venym hyd that fret so at his herte,
In so slye wyse that no man myght auerte.
Upon no syde but that he mente well,
So was his treason couered euerydell.
And curtined so vnder trechery,
For he this thynge so slyghtly gan to gye.
At pryme face that no man myght deme,
By any worde as it wolde seme.
In chere, in porte, by sygne or dalyaunce,
But that he caste knyghtly to auaunce.
His yonge neuewe as by lykelynesse,
To hye honour of manhode and prowesse.
For of thentent of whiche he gan purpose,
No man cowde spye theffect he dyd so glose.
The texte was so conueyed with flatery,
That the people cowde not then espye,
Lyttell or nought of his entent within.
For whiche anone to preyse him they begyn.
That he suche honour to his neuewe wolde,
For with suche chere he began vnfolde,
To fore theim all this entencion.
That he hath voyded all suspection.
From all that were assembled in the place,
And towarde Jason he tourne gan his face.
Full louyngly in countenaunce and chere,
And to hym sayde that all myght it here.
Throughout ỹ court whē maked was silēce,
Thus worde by worde platly in sentence.

Howe Pelleus fearynge to be deposed by his brothers son Jason, a worthye & valiaũt yonge knight, coũsayled him to vndertake ỹ perellous & almost inuincible conquest of the golden fleese at Colchos, who by his persuacion vndertoke the same. Cap. iii.

COsyn Jason take hede what I shal sain
For the I am so inly glad and fayne,
And so surprised with mirth through my hert
That it enchaseth and voideth all my smerte.
For to consyder in myne inspection,
Of thy youthe the disposicion.
The whiche shortely for to comprehende,
Saue to vertue to nothyng do entende.
Unto worshyp and to gentylnesse,
To manly fredom and to hye largesse.
That verely whether I wake or wynke,
My ioye is onely there on for to thynche.
My selfe I holde so passinge fortunate,
And all my lande of hye and lowe estate.
That lykely are in honour for to flete,
And to lyue in reste and perfecte quiete.
Through thy supporte & worthy gouernaile,
Whose manhode may so muche to vs auayle.
By likelyhod and eke so moche amende,
In very soth to saue vs and defende.
Agayne al tho as I can descryue,
That of malis wolde against vs stryue.
Or rebell be in any maner waye,
Of surquedrye or pryde to werraye.
Our worthinesse assured in tranquyll,
From all assaute of them that wolde vs ylle,
For to perturbe our noble state royall,
Agaynst whome thou arte our only wall,
Our myghty shyelde and our protection,
Thus deme I fully in myne opynion.
For of thyne age, thy wyt, thy prouidence,
Thy knyghtly herte thy manly excellence,
Reported ben and thyne hye renowne,
In many londe and many regyowne,
This rounde worlde aboute in circuite.
Howe myght I than stonde in better plyte.
For thyne honour lyke as it is founde,
To my worshyp so hyghly doth rebounde,
That I wolde playnly seke & nothyng cease,
If I coulde helpe thyne honour to encrease,
And hygh renowne ywys in euery houre.
And therupon spenden my treasoure.
This hye desyre withouten any fayle,
Of entier loue me dothe so sore assayle,

That

That nyght nor daye I maye haue no reste,
And all shall tourne I hope for the beste.
For tenhaunce thyne honour to the heauen,
Aboue the poole and the sterres seuen,
To whiche thinge I haue awaye espyed,
As I my wyt therto haue applyed,
This is to meane what shuld I longer dwel,
My dere Cosyn as I shall after tell,
If it so were by manhode soueraine,
Of thy knyghthode that thou durst attayne,
The flese of gold to conquere by thy strength,
Whiche is spoke of so fer in bredth and length,
And home returne in body saufe and sounde,
If so this conquest myght in the be founde,
That thou acheue durst this hyghe empryse,
Moze hertes ioye coulde I not deuyse.
In all this worlde, for sothly at the beste,
My realme and I were fully then in rest.
For by thy manhode all men wolde vs drede,
Wherfore Cosyn of knyghthode & manhede:
Take vpon the my praier and request.
¶ And here my trouth and take it for behest,
What euer nedeth in meyne or costage,
I wyll my selfe towarde this viage,
Ordaine ynoughe in harneyse and araye,
That nought shal faile ỹ may be to thy paye.
And furthermoze I playnly the ensure,
That if I see thou do thy besy cure,
This hyghe empryse for to bryng aboute,
Thou shalt not feare nother ben in doubt,
After my daye by succession,
For to be kyng of this Region,
And hooly haue sceptre and regaly.
Wherfore Jason lyfte vp thyne hertes eye,
Thynke thy name shalbe longe recorded,
Throughout ỹ world wherfore be accorded,
Within thy selfe and plainly not ne spare:
Of thyne entent the sentence to declare.

VWhan Jason had his vncle vnderstãde,
He muche reioyseth for to take on hand,
This dredfull labour without auisement.
He nought aduertith the meuyng fraudulẽt,
The priue poyson vnder suger cured,
Nor howe to galle with hony he was lured.
The dercke deceyte the cloudy false engyne,
Ygylt without but vnder was venyme.
Wherto Jason, hath none aduertence.
The kynge he wende of cleane conscience,
Withouten fraude had all this thyng yment.
Wherfore anon he yeueth full assent,
At wordes fewe and plainely gan to seye,
His vncles will that he wolde obeye.
He was accorded in conclusion,
With humble herte and hoole entension,
Wherof the kynge receyueth suche gladnesse,
That he vnneth myght the same expresse.
But ryght as faste dyd he his besy paine,
For this iourney in hast there nedes ordaine.
And for asmoche as Colchos the countrey,
Enclosed was inuyron with a sea,
And that no man how longe that he stryue,
Without shyp thyder may arryue,
To his presence anone he dyd call,
Famous Argus that coulde most of all,
To make a shyp and fyrst that art yfonde,
To sayle with by sea fro londe to londe.
And he hath wrought a shyp by sotyl crafte,
Whiche was the fyrst that euer wawe rafte,
To haue entre and Argon bare the name.
Gramariens do yet recorde the same.
The which shyp fyrst for that meruayle,
Is called so whiche proudely bare her sayle,
As Guydos boke doth vs specifye.
But how it happed forthe of this nauye.
¶ Whan all was ready meyne and bytayle,
They byde nought but wynde for to sayle.
And many worthye was there in companye,
Of noble byrthe and of great allye.
In that byage ready for to gon,
Bothe for loue and worshyp of Jason.
Amonge the whiche the great Hercules,
Of force and myght of strength pereles.
And he begetten was vpon Alcmene,
So inly fayre and womanly to sene.
Of Jubiter, and that full longe agone,
Takyng lykelynesse of Amphitrion.
Downe fro the heuen for all his deyte,
He rauisched was through lust of her beaute.
For he her loued with herte and hole entent,
And of them two sothly by discent,
Came Hercules the worthy famous knyght,
Most renoumed of manhode and of mygnte.
Whiche in his tyme was so meruaylous,
So excellent and so victorious,
That Ouyde liste recorden all hym selue,
In Methamorphosis his dedes twelue.
Whiche ben remembred there inspeciall,

In

In his honour for a memoryall.
¶ And theim reherse in ordre by and by,
If ye lyst here I purpose vtterly.
He slough Antheon in the eyer on hyght,
And many an other Gyaunt by his myght.
He hath outrayed for all their lymes rude,
The serpent Hydra he slough eke in pallude.
And Serberus the hounde he bonde so sore,
At hell gates that he brake no more.
And made him voide his venym in ỹ strife,
And vpwarde gaue hym suche a laxatyfe,
That all the worlde his brethe contagyous,
Infected hath it was so venymous.
That with an blast he althinges wold do die,
He toke the Harpyes bydes of Archady.
And slough the Centaurus best mõstruous.
The fyerse Lyon he berafte his house.
This is to sayne whan that he was slawe,
Out of his skynne he hath him stript & flawe.
With cruell herte throughe his hye renowne.
The golden applys he berafte the dragone.
The fyrye catte he slough withouten more,
Of Archadye likewyse the cruell bore.
And at the last on his shuldres square,
Of veray myght the fyrmament he bare.
But for that I ne may not reaken all,
His passynge dedes whiche ben historyall,
Redeth Ouide and there ye shall theim fynd.
And of his triumphes how he maketh mide.
Throughout ỹ world how he his honour set,
And of the pyllers that at gades he set.
Which Alexsaundre of Macedone ỹ kyng,
That was so worthy here in his lyuynge.
Rood in his conquest as Guydo list to write,
With all his hoost proudely to visyte.
Beyonde whiche no londe is habitable,
Nor sea to sayle sothly conuenable.
So ferre it is beyonde the Occian,
That shypmen thense no further no skill can.
And Sibilles streightes maryners it call,
And these boundes named be of all,
Of Hercules for he hym selfe theim set.
As for his markes all other for to lette,
Ferther to passe as Guydo maketh mynde,
And yet the place is called as I synde.
Saracenica as fyne of his laboure,
Of Longa, Saphy, recorde of mine auctour.
¶ Of this matter what more shuld I sayne,
For vnto Jason I wyll retourne agayne.
That in all haste doth him ready make,
Of his vncle whan he hath leue take.
Towarde the sea and Hercules yfeare,
With all his men anone as ye shall here.

The tyme of yere whan the shene sonne,
In his sphere was so farre vp ronne,
That he was fully passed the Gemyny.
And hath his chare whyrled vp so hye,
Throughe the draught of Pirrous the reed,
That he had made in the crabbes head,
His mansion and his sea royall,
Where halowed is the stondyng estiuall,
Of freshe Appollo, with his golden wayne.
When herde men in herte be so fayne,
From the hete to shroude them in the shade.
Under theise braũches & theise bowes glade.
Whan Phebus beames that so bryght shine,
Descended ben right as any line,
And cause the eyer by reflection,
To be full hoote, that lusty freshe season.
Whan cornes gyn in the fielde to sede,
And the grasses in the grene mede,
Fro yere to yere ben of custome mowe,
And on the playne caste and leyde full lowe,
Tyll the moysture consumed be awaye.
On holte and hethe the merye somers daye.
At whiche tune the yonge knyght Jason,
With Hercules is forth to shyp gon.
And with theim eke as I reherse can,
Of Grekes also many a lusty man.
Shypped echon with royall apparayle.
And whan they were crossed vnder sayle,
Within the shyp whiche that Argus made,
Which was so stauche it might no water lade
They gan to sayle and had wynde at wyll.
The shyp gan breake the sturdy wawes yll.
Upon the sea and so both daye and nyght,
To Colchos warde they held the waye right.
Gydyng their course by the lode sterre,
Where ere they sayle by costes nigh or ferre.
For Philoctetes was their alder guide,
That coulde afore so prudently prouyde,
Of great insyght to caste afore and see.
Tempest or wynde both on lande and sea.
Or whan there shuld trouble of stormes fall,
For he was mayster plainly of them all.
In shipman craft and chose their gouernour.
And coude them warne afore of euery shour.

That

That shuld be fall, whan sterres dyd appere,
And specyally as Guydo doth vs lere,
This Philoctetes whiche was tho no fole,
Had moste his syght erecte vnto the pole.
His aduertence and cleare inspection,
To the sterres and constellacion,
Whiche the artre rounde aboute gone,
That clerkes call the septemtrion.
For the pole ycalled Articus,
Euer in one appereth vnto vs.
Ryght so in sothe who can loke aryght,
Antarticus is shrouded from our syght.
But to shypmen that be discrete and wyse,
That lyste their course prudently deuyse,
Upon the sea haue suffysaunce ynoughe,
To gye theyr passage by Arthourys ploughe.
For it to them is playne direction.
Unto the costes of euery region.
With helpe only of nedle and of stone,
They may not erre what costes ỳ they gone.
For maryners that be discrete and sage,
And lyke expert be of their lodmanage,
By straunge costes for to sayle ferre,
Gynne their course only by the sterre.
¶Whiche that Arthur compasseth enuiron,
The whiche cercle and constellacion,
Ycalled is the cercle Artophilax.
Who knoweth it nedeth no more to axe.
For it to shypmen on the sterry nyght,
Is suffysaunt whan that they see his lyght.
¶And as poetes of these poples twayne,
In their bokes lyken for to fayne,
And in their ditees manifest to vs,
Calixto and the ponge Archadius,
Her owne sonne were both ystellyfyed,
In the heauen and there defyed,
For that Juno had to her enuye.
With Jupiter whan she did her espye.
¶For whiche she was into a bere tourned.
And for her gilte she hath in erth mourned.
Till into heauen Jason can you tell,
She was translate eternally to dwell.
Amonge sterres where she as is stalled,
And vrsa maior is of clerkes called.
So as her sonne for his worthy fame,
¶Of vrsa minor beareth yet the name.
Of suche, the course myght not asterte,
Philectetes that was the moste experte,
Of all shypmen that euer I herde tell,
For of cunnynge he might beare the bell.
¶And whan the Grekes had longe be,
Fordryue and caste saylynge in the sea,
And all forweried after their trauayle,
They caste to aryue if it wolde auayle.
Theim to refreshe and disporte in ioye,
Upon the boundes of the londe of Troye.

¶Howe Jason in his expedicion towardes Colchos, casually with his felowshyp arryued in the territorye of Troye, meanynge onely there for a whyle to refreshe and reste theim. Cap. iiii.

Whan Hercules & Jason on his honde,
Out of their shyp taken haue the londe,
And vnto theim eke their knightes euerichone,
That fro the sea be to londe gone,
Sore forweried after their trauaile,
As they in sothe come to aryuaile,
At Symeonte an hauen of great renowne,
That was but litle distant fro Troy towne.
And they were glad to be in sykernesse,
From stormе and tempest after werinesse.
For they ne mente treason, harme, nor gyle,
But on the stronde to resten theim awhyle.
No wight to hurt of any maner age,
Nor in that yle for to do damage,
To man nor beast where euer that they go,
But as to abyde for a daye or two,
Theim to refreshe and efte repaire anone,
When that the rage of the seas were gone,
And whyle that they vpon the stronde laye,
They did nought els but to disporte & playe,
And bath & washe them in the freshe ryuere.
And dronke waters that were soote & cleare:
That sprange like cristall in the colde well.
And toke right nought but if it were to selle.
It was nothyng in their entencion,
Unto no wyght to do offensyon.
Or to moleste or greuen any wyght.
But the vnstable rule of fortunes might,
Hath euer enuye that men liue in ease.
Whose hastie course vnwarely doth disease.
For she was cause god wote causeles,
This gery fortune, this lady recheles,
The blinde goddesse of transmutacion,
To tourne her whele by reuolucion,
To make Troyens vnjustly for to wene,

That

That Grekes were ariued theim to tene.
So that the cause of this suspicion,
Hath many brought vnto destruction.
Full many worthy of kinges and princes,
Throughout ẏ world reckened in prouinces.
Were by this slaundre vnto mischief brought.
For thinge alas that neuer was be thought.
For it was cause and chiefe occasiowne,
That this citye and this royall towne,
Destroyed was as it is playnly founde.
Whose walles hie were betē downe to groūd.
And many a man & many a worthye knight,
Were slayne there and many a lady bright,
Was wedowe made by duresse of this werre.
As it is kouthe and sith reported ferre.
And many a mayde in grene and tender age,
Be lefte were sole withouten mariage.
Behinde theyr fathers alas it fall shulde,
And for nought elles but ẏ fortune would,
Shewen her might and her crueltye.
In vengeaunce taking vpon this citye.
¶ Alas that euer so worthy of estate,
Shuld for so lytell fallen at the debate,
Whan it is gon it is not like to staunche.
For of the graffing of a litell braunche,
Full sturdy trees growen vp full ofte.
Who clymbeth hye may not fall softe.
And of sparkes that be of sight small,
Is fyre eugendred that deuoureth all.
And as a gnat first of litell hate,
Encauseth flawme of contek and debate.
And enuiouslye to sprede abrode full ferre.
And thus alas in realmes mortall werre,
Is first begonne as men may reade and se,
Of a sparke of litell enmitye.
That was not staunched fyrst whē it begōne.
For when the fire is so ferre yronne,
That it embraseth hertes by such hatrede,
To make them brenne as hote as any glede.
On other partye through his cruell tene,
Ther is no staunche but sherp swerdes kene.
The which alas consumeth all and slethe,
And thus the fine of enmite is death.
And though the ginning be but casuell,
The biding frete is passingly cruell.
To voyde realmes of reste peace and ioye,
As it fill whilom of this worthy Troye.
It doth me wepe of this case sodayne,
For euery wight ought it to complayne.
That litell gilt shuld haue suche vengeaūce,
Except percase through goddes purueaunce,
That this mischiefe shuld perhappes be,
The ensuing cause of great felycitye.
For Troye brought thus vnto destruction,
Was the ginninge and occacion,
In mine auctour as it is specified,
That worthy Rome was after edified.
By the of springe of worthy Eneas.
Whilom from Troy whan he exiled was.
The whiche Rome reade and ye may se,
Of all the worlde was head and chiefe citye.
For the famous passing worthinesse.
And eke whē Troy was brought thus in di-
And ẏ walles cast & broke adowne, (stresse,
It was in cause that many regiowne,
Begonne was and many a great citye,
For this Troyan this manly man Enee,
By sundrye seas gan so longe to sayle,
Till of fortune he came into Itayle.
And wan that lande as bokes tellen vs,
With whom was eke his sonne Ascanius.
That after Enee doth by line succede,
The land of Itale iustly to possede.
And after him his sonne Siluius,
Of whom came Brute so passingly famous.
After whom if so I shall not fayne,
Whilom this land called was Britayne.
For he of geauntes through his māhode wā,
This noble yle and it first began.
¶ From Troye also with this ilke Enee,
Came worthy Francus a lorde of hye degre.
Which after Rome tēcrease his high renowne
Builded in his time a full royall towne,
Whiche he sothely his honour to auaunce,
After his name he made do call it Fraunce.
And thus began as I vnderstande,
The name first of that worthy lande.
And Anthenor departing from Troyens,
Began the cytie of the Veneciens.
And Sycanus within a litell while,
Began tenhabite the land of Cecile.
And after parting of this Sycanus,
His worthy brother called Syculus,
So as I finde reygned in that yle,
And after him it called was Cecile.
But Eneas is forth to Tuscy gone,
It tenhabite with people right anone.
And in Cicile he Naples first began.

To which full many Neopolitane,
Longeth this daye ful riche & of great might.
¶And Diomede the noble worthy knight.
Whan Troye was fall with his toures faire,
Howe to his reygne he cast to repayre.
His lieges tho began a quarell fayne,
And him withstode w̄ al their might & maine.
And of malyce and conspiracie owne,
They him wheld both sceptre & the crowne.
Their deutye and theyr olde aligeaunce,
And him denied both trouth and obeyssaūce.
Wherfore anone so as the bokes tell,
With all his folkes he went for to dwell,
To Calabre and gan it to possede.
And there the knightes of this Diomede,
That fro Troye haue him thither sewed,
To fourme of bȳdes wer anone trāsmewed,
By Circes crafte doughter of the Sonne,
And in the eyer to flee anone they gonne.
And called bene in Isodore as I reade.
Amonge Grekes the bȳdes of Diomede.
Not as some bokes of theim list beare witnes
This chaūge was made by Uen⁹ ỹ goddesse.
Of wrathe ỹ she had to this worthy knight,
Onely for that she sawe him ones fighte,
With Eneas her owne ly sonne deare.
At which time as they faughte yfeare,
And Diomede with a darte ygrounde,
Gan ame at him a deadly mortall wounde.
¶His mother Uen⁹ gan anone him shroud,
Under a skye and a misty cloude.
To saue him tho that time fro mischaunce.
And for this skill Uenus toke vengeaunce,
Into bȳdes to tourne his meyne.
And in that fourme from yere to yere they fle,
Unto his tombe where as he is graue,
So ỹ on him as yet a minde they haue.
That of custome for a remembraunce,
A rite they holde and an obseruaunce,
At his exequies these bȳdes euery chone,
A dayes space and thence not ne gone.
And moreouer as it to them is dewe,
They loue the Grekes & platly they eschewe,
Latins all for ought that may betyde,
For they present anone they flee aside.
And eche from other as bokes vs assure,
These bȳdes knowe onely of nature.
Grekes and latines kindely assonder,
Whan they theym se ỹ which is such a wōder,
Unto my wit that I can not espye,
The causes hidde of such sorcerye.
But well I wote though my wit be blent,
That roote of all was false enchauntement,
But of our fayth we ought to defye,
Such apparences shewed to the eye.
Which of the fende is but illusion,
Therof no more & thus whan Troye towne,
Euersed was and that brought to nought,
Full many citie was ybylde and wrought.
¶And many lande and many ryche towne,
Was edifyed as by occasiowne,
Of this werre as ye haue herde me telle.
Whiche to declare as now I may not dwelle.
From poynt to poynt like as bokes sayne,
For to Jason I wyll resorte agayne,
That landed is with worthy Hercules,
At Symeonte the hauen that he ches.
As I haue tolde to reste them and comforte,
And for not elles but onely to desporte.
But to the kyng reygnyng in Troye towne,
That was that tyme called Lamedowne.
Of false enuye reported was and tolde,
How certayne grekes were of herte bolde,
His londe to entre the which they not knewe.
Well arayed and in a bessell newe.
Which to aryue had there no lycence.
And theym purpose for to done offence.
By likelyhed and his lande to greue.
For they of pride without any loue,
Or safe conduite haue the stronde ytake.
And such masteries on the land they make,
As in theyr power were all maner thinge,
Without regarde playnly to thy kinge.
¶Of his estate taking tho none hede.
Of such straungers great is for to drede.
If men by laches other neclygence,
Fully to wete what is theyr pretence,
But forth prolonge and no perill caste,
Such sodeyne thinge wolde be wist as fast,
And not differred till the harme be do.
For it were wisedome that it were so.
Men may to longe suffer and abide,
Of necligence for to let slide,
For to enquere of theyr gouernaunce,
This was the speche of the dalyaunce,
Eueriche to other by reuelacowne,
In euery strete throughout Troye towne.
Some rowning and some spake abrode,

And this speche so longe there abode,
From one to an other sothely that the sowne,
Reported was to kinge Laomedowne.
As ye haue herd the which of wilfullnesse,
Without counsayle or auisenesse:
To hastely maked hath his sonde,
To wit how they were hardy for to londe,
Beside his leue of presumption.
Wherfore he bad that in conclusion,
Without abode soone to remewe.
Or finally they shuld not eschewe,
To be compelled maugre who sayeth nay.
And so the king vpon a certayne day,
In haste hath sente his imbassadore,
Unto Jason of Grekes the gouernoure,
That nother thought harme nor villanye,
But Innocent with his companye,
Disported him endlonge on the stronde.
And euer hath do sith he came to londe.
And of the charge that he on him layd,
And worde by worde to Jason how he sayde,
As in effect with euery circumstaunce,
This was the somme playnly in substaunce.

¶How Lamedon king of Troye sent to Jason commaundyng him and his felowshippe forthwith to depart the confines of his countreith and of their aunswere sente ayen to the kinge. Ca. v.

The wise worthy & famous of renowne,
The mighty king ỹ noble Lamedowne,
Hath vnto you his message thus ysent.
Of which the effect as in sentement,
Is this in sothe that he hath meruayle,
Into his lande of your ariuayle.
Bringing with you Grekes not a fewe,
And haue no conduite for you for to shewe,
Protection playnly nor licence,
In preiudice of his magnificence.
Wherfore he hath on me the charge layde,
And will to you that it be platly sayde,
That ye anone without more delay,
Without noyse or any more affraye,
Of Troye land the bondes that ye leue,
Or you and yours he casteth for to greue.
And better it is with ease to departe,
Than of folye your liues to Jeoparte,
In any wise for lacke of prouidence,
Against his will to make resistence.
Other of pride or of wilfulnesse,
For to be bolde without auisenesse,
To interrupt his high felicitye.
For he desireth in tranquilitie,
To holde his reigne withouten perturbaūce.
In whose parson is made such alyaunce,
Atwene his manhode and Royall magestye,
That they will suffer none of no degre,
Him to disquiet in any maner wise.
Wherfore I counsayle as ye semen wise,
To take good hede vnto this that I seye,
And this his bidding not to disobey.
¶Lest ye offende his knightly excellence.
For ye shall finde as in experience,
Without feyninge the sothe of that I telle.
Take hede therfore I may no longer dwelle.
From point to point sith ye be wise and sage,
For this is hoole the effect of my message.

Vthan Jason herd had of the messegere,
These wordes al he gā to chaūgē chere.
And kept him close with sobre countenaūce,
And was not Ireful hastye for greuaunce,
Ne for no rancoure he caughte of his tale,
Saue in his face gan to waxen pale,
Longe abiding or he ought would sayne,
And or he spake any worde agayne.
As vnto him that fro the kinge was sent,
He gan disclose the somme of his entent,
Unto his folkes standing rounde aboute,
For vnto them he tho discured oute,
The message hole and first when he abreyde,
Then worde by worde thus to theim he sayd.
¶Syrs he sayeth to you be it well knowe,
Take hede I pray and that both hye & lowe,
How Lamedone that is the king of Troye,
Hath sent to vs a wonderful Lenuoye.
Chargyng in hast to hye out of his land,
And areth howe we thus vpon the stronde,
For to arine hadden hardinesse.
Withouten leue se there his gentilnesse.
And his fredome the which is not alite.
Howe like a kinge he can him selfe aquite,
Unto straungers that entre in his yle.
For nought god wote but for a litell while,
Them to refreshe and to departe anon.
Like as ye can recorden euerychon.
And hereof bearen witnesse al and some.

Alas fredome where is it nowe become.
Where is manhode and gentilnesse also,
Which in a kinge togither both two,
Shulde of custome haue theyr resting place.
And where is honour ỹ shuld also embrase.
A lordes herte which of kyngely right,
Of manly fredome with all his full might,
Shuld straũgers halse refreshe & recomfort.
That afterwarde they might of him reporte.
Larges experte manhode and gentillesse,
That they haue founde in his worthinesse.
For if noblesse were aught of his allye,
And fredome eke knit with his regallye,
So as longeth to honour of a kinge,
He shulde haue charged firstof all thinge,
His worthy lieges with al that might please,
To haue shewed theyr comforte & theyr ease,
With all theyr might and theyr busy cure,
Unto straungers that of auenture,
Were in the sea fordryuen and dismayed.
And of our comming not be euill appayed.
For yf that he in any case semblable,
Dether by fortune that is variable,
By sort or hap that may not be withstande,
Aryued had into Grekes land,
More honestly and like to his degre.
He shuld of vs haue there receyued be.
Lyke as it longeth vnto gentrye,
But sith that he for ought I can espye,
Hath fredom honour and humanytye,
At ones made out of his courte to flie,
Those dishonour and let worship gone,
There is no more but we shall euerichone,
That he hath chose helpe to fulfill,
When that power shall not be like his will.
That is to saye and sothe it shall be founde,
That his dede shall on him selfe rebounde.
Sith of malyce he hath this worke begonne,
Perauenture or that the somer sonne,
To zodiak hath thryse gone about.
For let him trust and nothing be in doubte,
We shall him serue vp such as he hath sought,
For if I lyue it shall be dere abought.
Albe therof I set as nowe no tide,
And in this lande I will no longer abyde,
Till I haue leysur better to soiourne.
And with that worde begã anone to tourne,
With manly face and with a sterne cheare,
All sodeynly vnto the messagere.
That fro the kinge was so vnto him sent.
And in this wise he sheweth his entent.
My frende quod he I haue wel vnderstãd,
The message hoole that ỹ hast toke in hand,
From thy kinge to bringen vnto vs.
Right nowe vnwarely & sith it standeth thus,
That nowe I haue his meaninge euery dele,
From poynt to poynt and vnderstande it wel.
Worde by worde and playnly it conceyued,
And the giftes that we haue receyued,
On his behalfe in this our great nede,
I will remembre and take of it good hede.
To euery thing that thou hast to vs brought.
For truste well that I forget it nought.
But shall inprinte it surely in my minde.
And withall this how goodly that we finde,
The great bountie in all maner thinge.
Within this land of Lamedone the kinge.
His welcominge and his great cheare,
And goodly sonde that thou bringest here.
Not accordinge as to our entent.
For god well wote that we neuer ment,
Harme vnto hym nor playnly no domage,
To none of his of any maner age.
And there vpon the goddes inmortall,
That of theyr kinde ben celestiall,
Unto recorde with all mine herte I take.
And touching this my borowes I thẽ make.
In witnessing we ment none offence,
Ne haue not taken as by violence,
Within this realme of woman childe or man.
And so thou mayest reporte if thou can.
But for that we fordriuen in the sea,
Compelled were as of necessyte,
For to ariue as thou hast herd me sayne.
Onely to reste vs here vpon the playne.
Without more vnto a certayne daye,
And afterwarde to hold furth our way,
Upon our Journey and make no tarying.
Like as thou mayste recorde vnto thy kinge.
And saye him eke he shall the time se,
That he perauenter shal nowe thanked be,
Whan time commeth by vs or by some other.
Go furth thy way & say him thus my brother.
And then anone as Jason was in peace,

The manly knight the worthy Hercules,
Whē he had herd this thinge fro point to poit,
He was anone brought into such disioynt,
Of hasty rancoure and of sodeyne Ire,
The whiche his herte almost set a fyre,
That sodeynly as he abreyde abacke,
Of hie disdeyne euen thus to him he spake.
With chere askoyne vnto the messengere.
And sayd felowe be nothing in feare.
Of our abydinge but do the well certayne,
That are Titan his beines reyse agayne,
We shall departe and hence to shyppe gone,
That of our men shall not be lefte one,
Within this lande & god tofore to morowe.
And there vpō haue here my faith to borowe.
For we no longer shall holde here soiourne,
For elles where we shall make our retourne,
To morowe early by the daye dawninge,
Oṅ payne of reprefe and so go saye thy kinge.
And or thre yeare yf god vs graunt life,
Maugre who grutcheth or maketh any strife
Unto this lande we shall agayne retourne,
And cast anker a while to soiourne.
Take hede therof and note well the time.
A newe chaunge shall folowe of this prime.
And thē his power shall not so large stretche,
Of his safe conduit litell shall we reche,
I say the platly as is our entent,
We will not haue vnto his maundement,
But small regarde and we that day abyde.
For taking leue shalbe set aside.
Bycause he hath begonnen here a playe,
Which we shal quite by god if that we may.
That tourne shall into his owne shame.
And spare not to say thy kinge the same.
¶ This messeger then gan agayne replye,
And sayd syr ye may not me denye,
Of honeste my message to declare,
Auise you well for I will not spare.
The kinges sonde playnly for to tell.
And where so be ye liste to go or dwell,
Ye may yet chese who so be lefe or lothe,
Ye haue no cause with me to be wrothe,
For it sit not vnto your worthinesse,
If ye take hede by waye of gentellesse,
Of manassing suche arowes for to shete,
For bett it were your thretninge to lete,
And kepe secret till ye be at your large,
For certaynly no parcell of my charge,
Is to striue with you or make debate.
But better is betimes than to late.
That ye beware for harmes that mighte fall.
And for my parte I say vnto you all,
It were pytie that ye destroyed were.
Or any man shulde hinder or do dere,
So worthy persons in any maner wise.
Which likly ben to be discrete and wise.
And lest w̄ wordes as nowe I do you greue,
I saye no more I take of you my leue.

The nighte ypassed at springing of ỹ day,
When that the larke with a blessed laye,
Began to salue the lusty rowes rede,
Of Phebus chare ỹ ther were freshly spredde,
Upon the bordure of the oriente.
And Aurora of herte and hole entent,
With the swetenes of her siluer shoures,
Bedewed had the freshe somer floures,
And made the rose w̄ newe bawme to flete,
The soote lylye and the margarete,
For to enclose theyr tender leues white,
Oppressed hertes with gladnes to delite.
That drery were afore of nightes tene.
And hony suckels among the bushes grene,
Enbawmed had enuyron all the eyre.
Longe or Titan gan make his repayre,
With the brightnes of his beames merye,
For to reioyse all our Hemisperie.
For longe afore are he did arise,
This worthy Jason in full hasty wise,
And his felowe Hercules also,
Ycharged haue theyr shypmen haue ado,
To hale vp anker and theym ready make,
And bad in haste euery man to take,
The right way vnto the shyppe anone.
For in sothnes this manly man Jason,
Thought he was not stuffed of meyne,
To gin as than a werre on Troye citye.
For he was not shortly to conclude,
Egall in nombre nor in multitude,
As for that time a werre to beginne.
It was not likely that he shuld wynne.
Victorye as tho for they were but a fewe.
And it sitteth nought for a man to hewe,
Aboue his head when it is ouer hye,
Leste that the chippes do fall in his eye.
Wherfore of Troye they leue the costes bliue,
They drewe vp sayle the ship began to driue,

The winde was good the goddes fauorable,
Fortune theyr frende though she be variable,
And thus to Colchos safe they ben ycome.
And vnto lande safe both all and some,
They ben ariued in a litell space.
For in the sea founde they haue such grace,
Of Neptunus that caused them as blyue,
As I sayd erst at Colchos to aryue.

NOw in this yle and in this lytell lande,
That Colchos hight ye shal vnderstãde,
Howe that there was a royall cheife cyty,
In al that reygne most of dignitye.
Of worthinesse of ryches and of fame,
And Iaconites tho it bare the name.
Chefest of all to speake of buylding,
With stretes large and curyous of housinge.
And therwith all dyched well without.
Stronge walled and toured rounde about.
Of huge height and aloft battayled,
And ỹ ryght strongly leste they were assailed,
With many paleys stately and royall,
For there was tho the seat most principall,
The kinge to abide better than elles where.
And at that time it happed him be there.
And he was called Oetes as I reade,
Full renõmed of knighthod and of manhead,
And him about a well besene meane,
Like as was sitting vnto his degre.
And euery where the landes enuirowne,
The fame spredde of his hye renowne.
And al about this mighty chiefe citye,
Where as Oetes helde his royall sea,
Were riuers freshe of which ỹ waters cleane,
Lyke cristall shone agayne the sonne shene.
Fayre playnes as Guydo beareth wytnesse,
And holsome hilles full of lustinesse,
And many lake and many lusty welle.
And there were eke mine auctour cã you tell.
Full many a parke full fayre & freshe to sene,
And many wode and many a medowe grene.
With sundry floures among ỹ herbes meynt,
Which on theyr stalke nature hath depeynt,
With sundry hewes within and eke without.
After the season as somer came aboute.
For fishing fouling for hauking eke also,
For venery and hunting both two,
The place was right inly delytable.
Of corne and grayne passingly greable.
And plenteous in all maner thynge.
For their men harde the birdes freshely syng.
In tyme of yere in their hermonye.
That the noyse and soote melodye,
On freshe braunches full delycious,
Reioyse wolde these folkes amerous.
Whom loues bronde had fyred to the herte,
And efte adawen of their paynes smerte.
That certeynly whan that grene Uere,
Ypassed was aye fro yere to yere,
And May was come the month of gladnes,
And freshe flora of floures Empueresse,
Had cladde the soyle newe at her deuyse,
This noble place was lyke to Paradyse.
And Ceres goddesse of largesse and foyson,
Suche plentye gaue vnto that regyon,
Of flesche, of fysche, wyne, vitaile and corne,
That the lycour of her full horne,
Upon the londe so gan to raine and snowe.
That all astates yea both high and lowe,
Lad their life in soueraiane suffysaunce.
With al that nature coulde or might auaũce.
This litle yle with her giftes great,
Lyke as to forne ye haue harde me treate,
For ther was plẽtie & ther was habundaũce,
And there was al that might do pleasaunce.
To any harte and all commoditee.
And so befell that to this citie,
Jason is come and with him Hercules.
And after them foloweth al the pres.
Full well arayed and royally be sayne.
Their armes enclosed togyther twayne and twain
A people chose as it were for ỹ nones.
And therwith all of brawnes and of bones,
Eueriche of theim of makyng and facion,
Full well complete as by prepoztion.
Yonge of age and of good stature,
Sadde of countenaunce and full demure.
That euery wight had great pleasaunce.
To se the maner of their gouernaunce.
So yonge, so freshe, hardy and meke also,
And all at ones they to the paleys go.
With suche a chere that eueriche hath dispozt,
To see the maner of their noble pozte.
So gentylmanly they demeaned were,
That the people prese gan euery where,
To see these straungers lyke the grekes gyse.
Demeane them selfe in so thryfty wyse.
And of desire the people ne wolde cesse,

Aboute

Aboute them to gather and inpreise.
And to enquere what they myght be,
That of newe with suche a royalte,
Ben sodeynly entred into the towne.
Thus eueriche wold with his felowe rowne.
They were so rude to stare and to gase,
To gape and loke as it were in a mase.
As towmsh folke done so comonly,
Of euery thynge that falleth sodeinly.
But how Oetes lyke a worthy kyng,
Whan that he harde fyrst of their comyng,
Receyueth them and hooly the manere,
If that ye lyst anone ye shall it here.

Whan ỹ the king hath sothly vnderstãde
How the grekes come were to lande,
And how Jason was also there with all,
Borne by dissente of the blud royall,
Of Thesalye and lykely to be heyre,
If he by grace haue againe repeire,
The auentures achyued of Colchos.
The kynge anone out of his sea arose.
Of gentillesse in all the haste he may,
In goodly wyse to mete theim on the waye.
And them receiueth with a cheare benigne,
And vnto them anone he doth assygne,
His offycers tawayte them night and daye.
Chargynge them in euery maner waye,
That what soeuer may to them do ease,
Or any thyng that may them queme or plese,
That they it haue in foyson and plente.
Euerych of them lyke to his degree.
Thus he commaunded in al maner thyng,
And than anone this noble worthy kyng,
As he that was of fredome a myrrour,
Throughmany halle and many riche toure,
By many tourne and many dyuers waye,
By many gree made of marbyll graye,
Hath them conueyed a full easy pase,
Tyll he thē brought there his chambre was.
Where he with them helde his dalyaunce.
And there anone with euery circumstaunce,
Of manly fredome he made vnto them chere.
And in his chambre enclosed bright & cleare,
That shone ful shene with gold & with asure,
Of many ymage that there was in picture.
He hath commaunded to his offycers,
Only in honour of thē that were straungers,
Spyces and wyne and after that anon,
The yonge freshe the lusty man Jason,
As fast gan by lycence of the kyng,
For to declare the cause of this comyng.
But fyrst the kyng with great royalte,
Assended is into his royall sea.
Clothes of golde hanged enuyron,
After the custome of that regyon.
That to beholde it was a noble syght,
Stondyng aboute many a worthy knight.
And many a squyre and many a gentylman,
Full well besene and the kyng right than,
Unto Jason stondyng in presence,
Commaunded hath of his magnifycence,
With Hercules to sytte a downe beside.
And Jason than no longer lyste abyde,
Of his commyng the cause for to shewe.
The effect of which was this in wordes fewe.
Saue Jason fyrst ere he his tale began,
Full well auised and chered lyke a man.
Conceyued hath and noted wonder well,
From poynt to poynt his mater euery dell.
And not forgot a worde in all his speche.
But euen lyke as rethorike doth teache,
He gan his tale so by crafte conueye,
To make ỹ kyng to that which he wold seye,
Condescende and rather to enclyne.
For to assente that he myght fyne,
Of his comyng the knightly hye emprise,
Thus word by worde as I shall here deuyse.

Right worthy prince presēt in this place,
Only with supporte of your hye grace,
And your goodnes most excellēt & digne
With pacience of your fauour beynygne,
Displease it not that I may saye and shewe,
And efte declare with wordes but fewe,
The fynal grounde and cause of my coming.
So that ye lyste whiche ben so noble a kyng,
In goodly wise without more offence,
Of curtesye to gyue audience.
To my request and that ye not disdayne,
Goodly to graunte that I may atteyne,
In this yle if it may me auayle,
The flese of golde frely to assayle.
As the goddes in this myne auenture.
Lyste to ordeyne for my fatall eure.
In whom lyeth all playnly and fortune,
For to gouerne thynges in comune.
In werre and peace conquest and victorye,

And of armes the renowne and glory.
Discomfyture and bryngyng to outraunce,
All lyeth in them to hyndre or tauaunce,
Ayen whose might no mortal mā may chese,
But for all this where so I wynne or lese,
Or lyfe or deth be fyne of my labour,
If that ye lyste to do me this fauour,
To gyue me leue and no more delaye,
I am accorded fully for to assaye,
Lyke as the statute maketh mencion,
We lyste to make none acception.
Upon no syde fauour for to fynde.
But as the rytes playnly maken mynde,
What euer fall I shall them vnder fonge.
Lowly besechynge that ye not prolonge,
My purpose now nor make no delaye,
But of your grace sette to me a daye,
Myne enterpryse that I maye achyeue.
For myne abode stant vpon your leue.
Saithe but one word of grauntyng at ỳ lest,
And than I haue the fyne of my requeste.
¶ And whan the kyng had herde ceriously,
Thentent of Jason sayd so manfully,
He stynt alyte and kepte hym close a whyle,
Tyll at the last he goodly gan to smyle,
Towardes Jason and said vnto hym thus.
Jason quod he albe thou desyrous,
To vnderfonge this passyng hye empryse,
My counsayle is lyke as I shall deuyse.
Full prudently for to caste afore,
The mortall peryll or that thou be lorne.
For in this thynge there is a lawe ysette,
By chauntement that may not be ylette,
Nor remedyed for fauour nor for mede.
For deth in soth who so taketh hede,
Is the guerdon platly or they twynne.
Of them that caste the flese of golde to wyn.
For helpe is none in manhode nor fortune,
The streyght waye is so importune,
So dredefull eke and so full of rage,
That saue deth there lyeth no passage.
Of victorye the palme to conquere.
For sothly Jason as I shall the lere,
Founded of olde by meruaylous worckyng,
By the statutes of this mortall thinge,
So sore bounde vnder my regalye,
That the rygour I may not modifye.
Wherfore Jason or thou this thinge attame,
Leste afterwarde on me were laide ỳ blame,
Of thy lesynge or thy destruction,
Of faythfull herte and true entencion,
I warne the my selfe for to quyte.
So that no man iustely shall me wyte.
Though thou of youth & of thy wylfulnesse
Thy lyfe destroye without auysynesse.
Sith I Jason of this peryllous case,
From poynt to point haue tolde the al ỳ case,
Be now auised and put no faulte in me,
For the surplus frely lyeth in the.
Of all this thinge syth thou mayst chese,
And where so be that thou wynne or lesse,
No man to me it iustly may arecte.
For that lawe that Mars hym selfe sette,
No mortall man of right may duelye passe.
For hie or lowe he getteth none other grace.
Than the goddes lyste for hym ordeyne.
What euer he be that caste hym to darrayne,
This diuers thyng most furious of drede.
Wherfore Jason how euer that thou spede,
I haue to the openly declared,
Hooly the peryle and for fauour spared,
As fer in soth as reason wyll and ryght.
For thou wotest wel it lyeth not in my might,
For to declare or any man to lette,
That of manhode knightly caste to sette,
Upon this thing as thou hast herde me tell.
What shulde I longer in this mater dwell.
It were but vaine for now thou knowest all,
Beware of her that tourneth as a ball.
For at this tyme thou getteſt no more of me,
Do as thou lyste I put the choyse in the.
And with that word the kyng rose vp anone,
Upon the tyme whan he shulde gone,
Unto his meate and Jason by his syde.
As ye shall here if so ye lyste abyde.

The time approcheth & gan to neigh fast,
That officers full busyly them cast,
To make redy with all their busye cure.
And in the halle bordes for to cure.
For by the dyal the hour they gan to marke,
That Phebꝰ southward whirled vp his arke
So hye a lofte that it drewe to none.
That it was tyme for the kyng to gone,
Unto his meate and entre into halle.
And than Oetes with his lordes all,
And with his knightꝭ aboute hym euerichon,
With Hercules and also with Jason,

Is

It sette to meate in his royall sea.
And euery lorde lyke to his degree.
But fyrste of all this worthy man Jason,
Assygned was by the kynge anone,
For to sytte at his owne borde.
And Hercules that was so great a lorde.
Was sette also faste by his syde.
And the marshall no longer lyste abyde,
To assygne estates where they shulde be.
Lyke as they were of hye or lowe degree.
And after that on scaffolde hye alofte,
The noise gan loude and nothynge softe.
Of trumpeters and eke of clarioneres.
And there with all the noble offycers,
Full thryftely serued haue the halle.
Lyke as the season gan that tyme fall.
With all deyntes that may rekened be,
That sothfastly the foyson and plente,
Of kyngly fredom vnto hye and lowe,
So fulsomly gan there to reygne and snowe,
That through ẏ hall was ẏ manhod praised.
Of the kyng and his renowne reysed.
That can his gestes sothly for to sey,
Whan that hym lysteth chere and festey.
So lyke a kyng and in so thryfty wyse,
With all deynte that man can deuyse,
For at this feast and solempnitie,
The grekes myght the great nobely see,
Of kyng Oetes and the worthynesse,
And by reporte therof beare wytnesse,
Where so they come after all their lyue.
I wante connynge by ordre to discryue,
Of euery course the diuersitees.
The straungesewes and the sotyltees.
That were that day serued in that place,
Haue me excused thoughe I lyghtly passe,
Though I can not all in ordre sayne,
Mine englyshe is to rude and eke to playne.
For to endite of so hye a thyng.
But forthe I will reherse how the kyng.
To shewe his gestes his nobley ouer all.
Hath for his doughter sent in speciall.
And byd she shulde forth anone be broughte,
The which in south though men had sought,
The world thrughout I do you plain assure,
Men might a founde no fayrer creature.
More womanly of porte nor manere.
Nor more demure nor sadder of her chere.
Whose beaute was not lykely for to fade,
And whan she came the grekes for to glade,
The halle in soth she walketh vp and downe,
Of womanhede and pure affectiowne.
To make chere vnto these gestes newe.
And thus Medea, with her rosen hewe,
And with the freshnesse of the lyllye whyte,
So entermedled kyndly by delyte,
That nature made in her face sprede,
So egally the white with the rede,
That the medlynge in conclusyon,
So was ennewed by proportion,
That fynally excesse was there none.
Of one nor other for both two in one.
So ioyned were longe to endure,
By the emperesse that called is nature.
For she her made lyke to her deuise,
That to beholde it was a paradyse.
In verye soth bothe to one and all,
Of olde and yonge that sytten in the hall.
Therto she was as by successyon,
Borne to be heyre of that regyon.
After her father by discent of lyne.
If she abyde and dure after his fyne.
Syth he ne had by ryght to succede,
One heyre male that I can of reade.
She was also the boke maketh mencion,
Were vnto yeres of discretion.
Able for age maryed for to be.
And not withstondynge also eke that she,
Was of beaute and of womanhede,
One of the fayrest that I can of read,
Yet none of bothe haue her youth let,
That to clergy was her desyre set.
So passyngly that in speciall,
In all the artes called lyberall,
She was expert and knowynge at the beste,
It was her vre to konne what her lyste.
Of suche a woman herde I neuer telle.
At Helicon she dranke so of the welle.
That in her tyme was there none semblable.
I founde in sothe ne none that was so hable,
As to conceyue by studye and doctrine.
And of natures to dispute and termine,
She coude also and the causes fynde,
Of althinges formed as by kynde.
She had in lernyng so her tyme spente,
That she knewe of the fyrmament,
The trewe course and of the sterres all.
And by their meuynge what that shulde fall.

So

So was she lerned in astronomye.
But moste she wrought by nycromancye.
With exorsismes and cōiuracions,
And vsed also to make illusyons,
With her charmes sayde in sondrye wyse.
And with rytes of diuers sacrifyse.
Encens and ryches caste into the fyre,
To shewe the thynges lyke to her desire,
With gootes hornes and with milke & blude.
Whan the mone equat was and stode,
In the fyfthe or in the syxte house.
And was fortuned with lokyng gracious.
To chese an houre that were conuenient,
And fortunate as by enchauntement,
To make and worke sundry apparences,
So well she knewe the heauenly influences.
And aspectes bothe wrothe and glade,
For she by them all her thynges made.
That apperteyne to suche experimentes.
For whan her lyst by her enchauntementes,
She coude make the wyndes for to blowe,
To thondre lighten and to haile & snowe.
And frese also to greue men with payne,
And sodeynely she coude make to rayne.
And shewe what wether that her list to haue.
And gasten men with sodeyne erth quaue.
And tourne the daye vnwarely vnto nyght:
And then anone make the sonne bryght.
Shewe his beames full persyng & ful shene,
With golden hornes to voyde nyghtes tene.
And reise ẏ floodes w̄ many a dredful wawe,
And whā her list she coude them eft w̄drawe.
Eke yonge trees to sere roote and rynde,
And afterward make them againe in kinde.
With lusty braunches blome & budde newe.
Also in wynter with floures freshe of hewe,
Aray the yerth and tapyte hym in grene.
That to beholde a Joye it was to sene.
With many colour shewynge full diuers,
As whyte and rede grene ynde and pers.
The deysy with her ryche perled crowne,
And other floures that winter made frowne,
Upon their stalke freshly for tappere.
And sodeynely with a deadly chere,
She coude somer into winter tourne.
Causynge the daye with mystes for to mone.
And olde men she coude make yonge,
And efte agayne or any here was spronge,
She coude them shewe both in head & berde,
Ful hore and graye in crafte so was she lerede.
And trees w̄ fruite she coude also make bare,
Of rinde and leafe to do men on them stare.
Eclipse the mone and the bryght sonne,
Or naturally they had theyr course yronne,
To them apropred which they mai not passe.
For if that Tytanes course by kindly trase.
Whan so he meueth vnder the clyptik lyne,
The clipse mott folow as auctours list diffine
So that there be by their discription,
Of bothe twayne full coniunction.
And that the sonne with his beames red,
Haue his dwellyng in the dragones head.
And the mone be set eke in the tayle,
As by nature than it maye not fayle,
That there must fall eclyps of veary nede,
In sondry bokes like as ye may read.
Bycause of certayne intersecacions,
Of diuers circles and reuolucions,
That maked ben in the heauen alofte.
Whiche causen vs for to fayle ofte.
Of the freshe and comfortable stremes,
That be vs shad from Pheb⁹ bryght bemes.
For so the mone hath made deuisyon,
By this sodeyne interposicion,
That of our syght the stremes visuall,
May not beholde nor yet ysene at all.
Nor to our luste fully comprehende,
How Phebus in his chaire is cheuansende.
As we were wonte aforehande for to see.
But of all this the great Ptholome,
Kyng of Egypt telleth the causes why.
Within his boke and that compendiously.
Bothe of Eclyps and coniunction.
And why they fall by naturall mocion.
But of Medee though this clerke Ouyde,
Tencrease her name vpon euery syde,
Lyst suche thynges in his fables tell,
Though he of poetes was the spryng & well.
Yet god forbede ye shulde gyue credence,
To suche feynyng or do so hyghe offence.
Sith of nature it must be denyed.
Al suche affirmyng and likewise be diffyed,
Of euery christien stedfast in beleue.
For certainly it wolde hyghly greue.
Our conscience in any wyse to wene,
Agaynst kynde whiche is so hye a quene.
That any wight or lyuynge creature,
Shulde haue power I do you plaine assure,

So

So curſed thynges ſuperſticious,
To do or worke to kynde contrarious.
¶ For god almyghtye Judge of Judges all,
Hath ſette a lawe the whiche may not falle.
Amonge planettes eternally tendure.
Afore ordeyned in his eternall cure.
The whiche may not as clerkes lyſt termine,
Upon no ſyde bowen nor declyne.
But as they were from diſcorde or debate,
Eternally ſtormed and create,
Through the fynger of his ſapience,
Alway to meue in their intelligence,
Lyke as they be to his lordſhyp bounde,
For neuer yet was eclyps yfounde,
The mone not beinge inconiunction.
As I haue tolde saue in the paſſyon.
The which eclyps was tho againſt kinde,
Nature her knot that tyme lyſt vnbynde.
Whan goddes ſonne ſtarfe vpon the roode,
The ſonne of lyfe was derked for our good.
Whan heauen and erth wt hyr compunction,
Haue ſygnes ſhewed of lamentacion.,
By earthquakes light tourned to derkenes,
And dead bodies vpwarde gan them dreſſe.
From their tombes againe from deth to liue,
Stone and rocke a ſonder gan to ryue.
In the temple the veyll was kut a two,
And ſygnes many were yſhewed tho,
That for ỹ wondre and tokens meruailous,
The great worthy Dyonyſyous,
Whiche at Athenes as clekes of hym write,
Was called in ſcholes Ariopagyte.
Ye whan he ſawe this noble famous clerke,
The bryght daye ſodeynely ſo derke,
Although he were apaynym in tho dayes,
And was infecte with rytes of their layes,
As he that was moſte chiefe and principall,
Of philoſophers for to reken all.
yet that tyme aſtoned in his mynde,
Sayde platly other the god of kynde,
Suffreth the death other out of doubte,
This rounde worlde which is ſo large about,
Shalbe diſſolued and ybrought to nought.
By ſodayne chaunge haſty as a thought,
By his clergye he knewe no better ſkyll,
For god may all chaungen at his wyll,
And hath power of ſuche coaction,
Under whoſe myght and diſpoſicion,
Is lawe of kynde conſtreyned ſoth to ſeye,
From poynt to poynt lowely to obeye.
In euery thynge that hym lyſt ordeyne.
Of elementes he may the courſe reſtreyne.
As holy wryt doth witneſſe ye may ſe,
How at requeſt of worthy Joſue,
The bryght ſonne ſtode at Gabaon,
A dayes ſpace in one degree and ſchone.
Shewynge token to his trewe knyght,
Fynally and for to gyue him lyght,
That he myght by his hye proweſſe,
His cruell foon manfully oppreſſe.
Whan that he fought this knight this Joſue,
With fyue kinges reignyng in Amoree.
So longe laſte the purſuite and the chaſe,
Tyll they were take & for their hye treſpaſſe,
Demyt to be dead the Bible can you tell.
Now ſyth that god thus hyghly lyſt fulfyll,
This his knyghtes requeſt and oriſon,
What wonder was though in the paſſyon,
Of Chriſte Jeſu incarnat for our ſake,
The ſonne beames as tho were waxen blak.
Syth he hath lordſhip of the planettes all.
And as hym lyſt it muſt nedely fall.
For of Medea though Ouydyus,
In his fables writeth and ſaith thus,
As he that lyſt her name ſo hyghe exalte,
yet in the truth ſomewhile doth he halte.
Albe ſhe were a paſſynge ſorcereſſe.
And chefeſt named of any chauntereſſe.
¶ I wyll paſſe ouer agayne to my matere,
And howe ſhe came to meate ye ſhall en here.
Whan her father had thus for her ſent,
Se came anone at his commaundement.
But or ſhe came I fynde that tofore,
For to make her beautie ſemen more,
She in her cloſet toke her beſt araye.
For encreaſe in all that euer ſhee maye,
Natures worke with royall apparayle.
For theſe women gladly wyll not fayle,
Whā they of beautie, haue plēteuous largeſſe,
It to embellyſche they do their buſineſſe.
With ryche a tire vpon euery ſyde.
If ought be myſſe they can it cloſe and hyde.
For all the foule ſhall couertly be wryed,
That no defaute outwarde be eſpied.
¶ But ſhe was faire and alſo well beſayne,
And in her porte ſo womanly certayne,
That at her comynge gladeth all the halle.
For it was ioye both vnto one and all,

To

To se the maner tho of her entree.
To whom her father bad to take her see,
Besyde Jason hym for to disporte.
Of womanhede and for to recomforte.
¶ But oh alas here lacked hye prudence.
Discrete auyse of inwarde prouydence,
Wysedome also with perell caste aforne,
To truste amayde of tendre yeres yborne,
Of lyght vnhappy fonde wylfulnesse.
For this kynge of his gentylnesse,
Commaunded hath to his confusyon,
To his dishonour and destruction,
His owne doughter borne to be his heyre,
That was also so womanly and fayre,
So sodaynly downe for to discende.
Consydered not the myschyefe of the ende.
Alas why durst he in her youth affye,
To make her sytte of his curtesye.
Where as she myght by casuell mocion,
Full lyghtly catche or haue occasyon,
To do amysse alas why dyd he so.
Why list he not take better hede therto.
Nor to auerte in his discretion,
Wysely to caste afore as in reason,
The vnware chaunge that is in womanhed.
Whiche euery wyse man oughte for to drede.
For who was euer yet so mad or wood,
That ought of reason coude aright his good,
To gyue fayth or hastyly credence,
To any woman without experyence.
In whom is nother trust nor sykernesse.
They ben so double and full of brytylnesse,
That it is harde in them to assure.
For vnto them it longeth of nature,
From theyr birth to haue alliaunce,
With doublenesse and with variaunce,
Their hertes be so fraile and so vnstable,
Namely in youthe so meuynge and mutable.
That so as clerkes of them lyst tendyte,
Albe that I am sory for to wryte,
They sayen that chaunge and mutabilite,
Apropred ben vnto feminite.
This is affyrmed of them that were ful sage,
And specially whyle they be grene of age.
In their wexyng and whan ẏ they be yonge,
Whose herte full selde accordeth w̄ her tonge.
For if the trouth inwardely be sought,
With ẏ surplus ⁊ remnaunt of their thought,
Men may anone the true patron fynde.
Of inconstaunce whose flaskysable kynde,
Is to and fro meuynge as a wynde.
That Hercules were not stronge to binde,
Nother Sampson so as I beleue,
A womans herte to make it not remeue.
For as the blase whyrleth of a fyre,
So to and fro they flee in their desyre.
Tyll they accomplyshe fully their delite,
For as nature by kyndly appetyte.
Kyndly seketh to sewen after fourme,
Tyl he his course by processe may performe.
Euen so these women refraine them ne can,
To sewe their luste as fro man to man,
They will not cease till all be assayed.
But wolde god as nature is apayed,
With one fourme and holdeth him content,
Whan of his boundes he hath the terme went
And not desyre ferther to procede,
But styll abyte and wyll it not excede,
That by example all sortes women wolde,
Abide in one as they of duety shoulde.
And holde them paide and stylle there abyde,
But faile of foting doth them ofte to slyde.
For they be not content with vnitee,
But fast they sewen to finde pluralitee.
So of nature to meuynge they be thewed,
Although among by signes outward shewed
They ofte pretende a maner stablenesse.
But vnder that is hyd their doublenesse.
So well yreke that outwarde at the eye,
Full harde it is the treason to espye.
Under curtyn and veyle of honeste,
Is closed chaunge and mutabilitye.
For their desyre is kepte full close in mewe,
Of thyng that they had leuest for to sewe.
Only outwarde for to haue a laude,
They can declyne w̄ faynyng ⁊ with fraude.
¶ Wherfore Oetes thy wyt was to barayne,
That thou afore by prudence naddest sayne.
What shulde folowe of this vnhappy case.
Why were thou bolde thus to suffer alas.
Thine owne doughter inly freshe of hewe,
With straunge gestes entred but of newe,
So folilye for to lete her dele.
Where thrugh thin honor worship ⁊ thin hele
Was lost in haste ⁊ she to mischiefe brought.
In straūge lande w̄ sorowe ⁊ with thought.
Where as she in sclaunder of thy name,
With miserie with sorowe and with shame.

An ende made and thou were left sole,
That myghtest well complayn & make dole.
Alas the whyle it by prudent forsyght,
Thou haddest had grace for to record aright,
And to haue cast by discrete purueaunce,
And wysely weyed by measure in balaūce,
The fraude of women and the frayltye,
In whom full selde is any sykertye,
As in his latyn Ouydo doth expresse.
Wherfore Detes of verye rychelesnesse,
Thou hast at ones in augment of thy wo,
Without recure bothe the two forgo.
Fyrst thy treasure and thy doughter deare,
That was to the so passingly entere.
And eke thyne heyre for whē ỹ she was gone,
As sayth mine Auctour other was ther none.
After thy daye for to occuppe,
Thy royall ceptre nor thy land to gye.
¶But what was worth the great prouidēce,
The waker kepyng the busy diligence,
Of myghty Mars that god is of battayle,
What might it helpe defende or ought auaile,
Agayne the wyt of woman or the sleyght.
Whose fraudes bene of so huge weyght,
That as theym lyst aye the game goeth,
Theyr purpose bydeth who so be lief or lothe.
They be so slye so prudent and so wyse.
For as this storye playnly doth deuise,
This Medea by her engyne and crafte,
From her father hath his treasure raft.
Through the worsking of her sleightie gyle,
As ye shall heare within a litell whyle.
For as she sat at meate tho in that tide,
Her father nert and Jason by her side,
All sodeynly her freshe and rosen hewe,
Ful ofte tyme gan chaungen and renew.
An hundreth sithes in a litell space.
For now the bloud from her goodly face,
Unto her herte vnwarely gan avale.
And therwithall she wareth dead and pale.
And eft anone who therto can take hede,
Her hewe returneth in to goodly reade,
But still among temblyshe her coloure,
The rose was meynt aye with the lyly floure.
And though the rose some dele gan to pace,
Yet still the lylye bydeth in his place.
Till nature made theym eft ayene to mete.
And thus with colde and eke w sodayne hete,
Was Medea in her selfe assayled,
And passyngly sore bered and trauayled.
For nowe she brent and now she gā to colde.
And aye the more that she gan beholde,
This Jason yong the more she gan desire,
To loke on hym so was she set afyre.
With his beaute and his semelynesse.
And euery thing she inly gan impresse,
What that she sawe both in minde & thought,
She all empryenteth and forgetteth nought.
For she consydereth euery circumstaunce,
Both of his port and his gouernaūce,
His sonnyshe hayre crisped lyke golde wire,
His knightly loke and his manly chere.
His countenaunce with many noble signe.
His face also most gracious and beninge.
Most acceptable vnto her plesaunce.
For as she thought it was full suffysaunce,
Without more as vnto her alone,
Well to bethynke and loke on his parsone.
For in that time withouten any drede,
Of meate or drynke she toke but litell hede.
For she of foode hath lost her appetite,
To loke on hym she hath so great delite.
He was so prynted in her remembraunce,
Loue hath her caught so newely in a traunce.
And her ymarked with his fyery brond.
That she may not escape from his honde.
Nor yet eschewe his stroke in speciall,
For she was yolde body hert and all,
Unto this Jason platly for to seye.
And euer eft on him she cast an eye,
Whan that she founde a leyser opportune.
But of her wysedome she wolde not contune,
To loken longe lest men dempt amys.
But as the maner of these women is,
She kept her close and wonderly secre,
That by her chere no man could se,
What that she ment by none occasyon.
She put theym out of all suspection.
For openly there was no tokens sene,
She cast rather that men shulden wene,
That the encheson of her abstinence,
And why that she abode in thus sylence,
How that it was onely of womanhede,
Of honest shame and of chaste drede,
That both together in her herte met.
The whych twayne haue so this mayde let,
For meate and drinke as it wold seme.
Thus by her wit she made theim for to deme.

And so to cast in theyr opynion.
And thus she blent them by discrescion.
For so her cheare could euery thinge excuse,
She gaue to fooles no matter on to muse.
¶ No chere vnbrideled that tyme her asterte,
For there was one thyng closed in her hert,
An alderother in her chere declared.
For maydens haue ofte syth spared,
To shewe out that they desyre in dede.
As it falleth who so can take hede.
That while they floure in virgynitye,
And for theyr youth haue no lyberty,
To specyfy that theyr hertes woulde,
They kepe theym close for they be not bolde,
To shewe out the summe of theyr sentence.
And thus Medea keppyng aye sylence,
Ne let no worde by her lippes pace,
But couertly with sobre chere and face,
And what she ment sheweth with her eye,
In such a sorte that no man could espye,
The hoote fyre in her breste preke.
And in her selfe right thus she gan to speke.
As she in sothe that so much good can,
So would god this yong lusty man,
Which so fayre and semely in my sight.
Assured were to be my owne knight.
Which is to me most pleasaunt and entyre.
With berde yspryng shining lyke golde wyre.
So wel plumed and compact by measure,
Well growe on heyght and of good stature,
And lyketh me in euery parte so wele,
That by assent of Fortune and her whele,
I ewred were to standē in his grace.
For as me semeth vpon his knightly face,
It is to me an heauen to beholde,
Albe therwith my herte I fele colde.
And yet in sothe it may none other be,
Alas why nill he not do pyty me.
Or at the leste he knewe in his entent,
How much trouth to hym that I ment.
Of which alas he taketh no maner hede.
Albe for him I brenne as doth the glede.
And to be dead I dare not me discure.
Alas my piteous woful auenture,
To rewful is helples my mortall paine,
Thus to be dead & dare me not complayne.
To frende nor foo of this my chaunce alas.
To finde some helpe or succour in this case.
And trewly nathles as I shall deuise,
I nothing meane but that in honest wyse.
Lyke as it shall well openly be founde.
For I desyre to be knyt and bound,
With him in wedlock & neuer thens to twine,
So is my meaning cleane devoyde of syn.
Grounded and set vpon al cleanlynesse,
Without fraude or any doublenesse.
So clean and pure is mine entencion.
Lo aye the maner and condicion,
Of these women that so well can fayne,
And shewe one though they thinke twayne.
And couertly that nothing be sayne,
With humble chere and with face playne,
Enclose theyr lustes by such subtyltye,
Under the boundes of al honestye,
Of theyr entent though the trecherye,
Withal the surplus smothely couered be.
And though that they fayth afore pretend,
And can theyr fraude with flouishing defēde,
And speake full fayre the word forth to blēde,
With doublenesse enclosed in the end.
Yet a deceyte is couertly yment,
Under the suger of fayned cleane entent.
As it were sothe in very existence.
But truste me well al is but apparence.
They can shewe one and another meane,
Whose blewe is lightly dyed into grene.
For vnder floures depeynt of stablenesse,
The serpent dareth of newfangelnesse.
So playn they seme with wordes fair glosed,
But vnderneth theyr couerte wiles be closed.
For what thing is dearest to theyr paye,
They will deny and rathest swearen naye.

THis lyketh Guydo of womē to endite,
Alas that he so cursedly would wryte,
Agaynst them or with theym haue debate.
I am right sory in englyshe to translate,
Repreue of theym or any euyll to seye,
For me were leuer for theyr loue to deye.
Wherfore I pray theym to take pacience,
I purpose not to do to theym offence,
They be so good and perfyte euerychone.
To reken all I trowe there be not one,
But that they be in will and hert trewe.
For though amōg they chese thē loues newe,
Who wayeth it wel they be nothing to blame,
For often tyme they se men do the same.
They must puruay thē when men thē refuse.

And

And yf I coulde I wolde theim full excuse.
It sytteth not a woman lyue alone,
It is no store but they haue mo than one,
Praying to theim for to do me grace,
For as I hope to theim is no trespace,
Though my makyng be the same in all,
As Guido wryteth in his oryginall.
Where he missayeth do let hym beare ỹ wyte,
For it syt well that the vengeaunce byte,
On him that so these women hath offended,
And if I myght it shuld be well amended.
He shulde receiue duely his penaunce,
For yf he died withouten repentaunce,
I am dispeyred of his saluacion.
How he shulde euer haue remission.
But yf he were content to do redresse.
It may not bene as clerkes beare witnesse.
And by my trouth and he were alyue,
I meane Guido and I shulde him shryue,
So bytter penaunce playnly he shulde haue,
That to the tyme that he were depe ygraue,
He shulde remembre and platly not asterte,
For to repente with all his hoole herte.
That he so spake to his confusyon,
I wyll no longer make disgressyon,
From my matter but letteth Cupdo be,
And tell I shall the worckynge of Medee.
That hath lycence of her father nome,
And to her chamber is alone ycome.
Whan out of hal withdrawen was al ỹ pres,
And whan Jason and this Hercules,
Lyke as the kynge after meate badde,
To their chambres conueied were and lad.
Full royally arayed and well be sayne,
For euery wall was couered in certayne,
With clothe of golde in full stately wise.
And in this whyle as ye haue herde deuise,
Was Medea to her chambre gone.
Wherby her selfe complaynynge euer in one,
She gaue an issue to her paynes smarte,
That her so sore hath wounded to the harte.
For loue hath brought her in so sodeine rage,
That was not lykely soone for to aswage.
For in sothnesse the furious god Cupide,
Hath such a fyre kyndled in her syde,
That it was neuer lykly for to lete.
So violent and feruent was the heate.
That more and more encrease gan her paine.
For in her brest there was atwyrt twayne.
A great debate and a stronge battayle.
So feruently eche other dyd assayle.
And this contek in ernes and in game,
Departed was betwirt loue and shame.
Metynge together there at vnset steuen.
Albe the fielde was not tho parted euen,
For loue in soth full of hye renowne,
Was bolde and hardy lyke a fierse Lyowne.
And was not fereful of spere swerd nor knife
But hote and hasty for to auntre lyfe.
Eke surquidous stoute and full of pryde,
Chiefe champyon of the god Cupyde.
That causeth ofte both to free and bonde,
Full many peryll for to take on honde.
And caused hath full many man his death,
And many one to yelden vp the breth.
And made ther woundes largly for to blede,
For of peryll loue taketh none hede.
To get hym honour by excellence of fame.
¶ But contrary his enmye called shame,
Lyke a coward faynte and hertles,
As he that neuer dare be sene in pres,
For lacke of māhod drayweth hi euer abacke,
He is so ferd and dreadfull of the wrake.
Like to a chylde yonge and tender of age.
For he hath nother herte nor yet corage,
For to assayle so feble is his myght,
And yet full ofte he hath stonde in the syghte,
Of many louer and lete him for to spede,
Through false cōspiring of his brother dred,
For drede and shame when they be allyed.
Of one assent haue piteously denyed,
As vnto loue both hert and herdinesse.
That he ne durst out a worde expresse.
For whā that loue of māhode willeth speake.
The wood fyre out of his brest to reke,
Upon the poynte when he shulde assaye,
Shame cometh anone & vtterly sayeth nay.
And causeth loue his hornes for to shrynke,
Tabashe his chere & pitiously to wyncke.
Cowardly his cause tho to appayre.
And thus is shame froward & like contraire,
Through helpe of drede loues folke to feare.
For doubtlesse if so be shame nought ne were,
As it is kouthe aswell nigh as ferre,
Loue in his lawes shuld often tyme erre.
And winde him out of honestye his cheyne,
Of his bondes both bridell breake & reyne.
Right as an horse out of the trayse at large.

For lite or nought louers wolde take charge,
To vse their wyll and all their lust tensewe.
But al the while that shame is kept in mewe,
Within his brest so that no wight it knowe,
Outward in porte loue beareth him full lowe,
For ne were shame as clekes haue compiled,
Out of their hertes daunger were exiled.
Al straungenesse and feyned false disdeyne,
For ne were shame playnly the wardeyne,
Of these women by wytyng of these olde,
Without assaulte the castell were yyolde.
It were no nede a syege for to layne,
For in suche case longe treaty were in vayne.
For of nature they louen no processe.
¶But nowe alas dread and shamfastnes,
Haue daunted loue in full lowe maner,
And made him humble both of port & cheare.
And they haue eke by their vyolence,
For all his manhode put hym in silence.
And ben great cause of morning of his paine.
And thus amiddes of either of these twaine,
Of loue and shame euen so vpon the poynt,
Medea stode as tho in great disioynt.
That she ne may the paine not to endure,
So hoote she brent this wofull creature.
Betwixt both I meane loue and shame.
For whan that loue wolde any thing attame,
Of his desyres to declare them out,
Came shame anone & put him in a doubte.
With redy dread her lust for to deny.
And thus she stode in doubtfull Jeopardy,
Of loue and shame in maner of a traunce,
Full euenly vphanged in balaunce.
For shame was great & loue was yet ỳ more,
As well appeared by her syghes sore,
And by her stormy cruell auenture,
For dread and shame durst she not discure,
The fyre that loue hath in her brest enclosed.
Whiche was full harde for to be deposed.
And thus she hange amyddes betwene two,
That she ne wist what was best to do.
Tyll that fortune with her double face,
Unhappely hath wrought to get her grace,
With the whyrlyng of her whele about,
That causeth wretches full lowe adowne to
Whā they best wene to sittē hye aloft. (loute,
By plaine profe as men may se full ofte.
By gerinesse of this her reuolution.
For so this lady of transmutacion,
Full ofte time false and full vnstable,
Enhasteth thynges to fooles full agreable.
Which in the ende to their confusyon,
Can vnder suger shroude her poyson.
For aye fortune as her maner is,
To wretches sheweth other than it is.
By fayre semblant and face of flattery,
As she that can with full beninge an eye,
Fully of fooles parfourmen the entent.
Where through they be in great mischefe shēt
At the ende and can no crafte teschewe,
To sodeyne harme that at her taile doth sewe.
Right as it fell whylome of Medee,
Gynning and grounde of her aduersitye.
¶For this lady that called is Fortune,
Ygraunted hath a leyser opportune,
To shewe Jason hooly all her herte,
Which made her after wo repentaunce smerte.
For on a daye after Meredien,
Whan that Apollo with his beames shene,
From the southe plage gan to wester fast,
Oetes her father hath ysent in haste,
To Medea to com to hym anone.
And bad to her that she shuld gone,
Unto Jason and to Hercules,
To make thē chere amiddes of al the pres.
And when she caught hath opportune & space,
To her desyre and sawe eke in the place,
That then her father was most occupied,
As she that thought not for to bene espyed.
Well apperceiuing his great busyneste,
Towardes Jason anon she gan her dresse.
And he in haste with a full knightly chere,
In curteys wise gan to drawen nere.
Towardes her ayen & sawe there was no let.
And when that they were thus together met,
This Medea with syghing first abrayde,
And syth to Jason euen thus she sayd.

¶How Jason through the only helpe of Medea Oetes daughter, the kynge of Colchos enamored of him he achieued the conquest of the golden fleese. Cap. vi.

Jason quod she of thyne hye nobleste,
Of thy manhode and of thy gentilneste,
In thy person assembled both yfeare,
But of thy knighthode first I the requere,
In thy conceite and thyne opinion.

Not to arrette as to presumption,
To doublenesse nor yet to inconstaunce,
Of womanhead neither to variaunce,
That I am bolde & can for nothynge spare,
To you my meaninge platly to declare,
Without deceyte in wordes trewe and playn,
Besechyng first to that which I shal sayne,
Without more of your goodly hede,
Benygnely for to taken hede.
And pacyently that to my wordes ye lyste,
And what I saye to take it for the best.
In your entent and nothing you to greue,
For thynges two myne hert sore ameue,
That is to saye loue and gentylnesse,
What that I meane clerely to expresse,
To your person and nothyng to concele.
Or we departe by profe as ye shall fele.
For as me semeth first of curtesye,
In sothfastnes and sith of gentrye,
That to straungers euery maner wight,
Is bounde and holde of very due right,
To maken cheare and trewely as for me,
Bycause Jason for that I in you se,
So much manhode & so great worthinesse,
I will not fayne with all my businesse,
To further you in all that may you lyke.
And with that worde of hert she gan to sike,
As for his sake and sayd thus ouermore,
For you I fele full great anoy and sore.
That meued are without auisenesse,
Onely of youth and wilfull hardinesse,
The flese of golde to getten if ye may.
The which empryse who euer that assay,
More perillous is playnly to achieue,
In verye sothe than ye coulde wene or leue.
For doubtles this I do you well assure,
The finall mede of this great auenture.
Is not but deathe saue report of shame.
For there ye wene to getten you a name.
The end playn shall tourne into contrayre,
From the ginning so shall the fine varye.
For wit of man no engine force or might,
Though he be neuer so expert in fight,
Or haue in armes passing exercise,
With all ỹ sleyghtes of olde or newe empryse,
Or though he be best brethed to endure,
Or what deuise there be of his armure,
Or what so euer wepen that he bringe,
Harded with stele trenchaunt or persing.
Yet at the last whan he hath all sought,
Without me auayle he may right nought.
Wherfore Jason I haue compassion,
On this your youthe by pure affection.
That wilfully ye shulden thus be lorne,
That ben of bloode and line so high yborne.
For certaynly it may none other be,
But if that ye your counsayle take of me.
For none but I may do you helpe or ease,
Alas Jason why wyll ye not appease,
Your manly corage in this case yblent,
And to my counsayle bene obedient.
Then durst I swere ye shuld haue victory,
Ben remembred and put in memory,
Perpetually & through your knighthod win,
The flese of golde the which is yonde within,
In the yle that standes here beside.
Of which that Mars is gouernour and gide.
Wherfore at ones in your selfe assente,
And to my counsayle fully do consent,
At fewe wordes if so ye list to spede,
And leue your lust and worketh by my reade.

TO whom Jason with full humble chere,
Answered & sayd mine owne lady deare,
I thanke it you in all my best wise,
Right thus as ferre forthe as I may suffise,
And as my power platly may attayne,
Myne hertes quene and lady soueraine.
Whom ye may hooly I you well ensure,
All the while that this my life may dure.
Trusteth right well me liste not for to fayne,
To liue or dye shall at your lust restrayne,
As him that is your owne assured man,
You to obeye in all that euer I can,
Without chaunge or any doublenesse,
While that I liue in very sothfastnes.
For that you list of trewe affection,
Upon my life to haue compassion,
Of gentillesse and that ye list to haue,
Suche chierte my body for to saue.
That in good fayth of verye due right,
I am ybounde to be your owne knight:
Unto mine ende and that more specially,
That of your grace ye so benignely,
Listeth your selfe of my counsaile be.
That neuer erst to you in no degre.
Ne did seruice to your woman heade.
And with your wordes ful of goodlyheade,

Your owne man listeth recomforte.
The which in sothe so as I can reporte,
A thousande folde be the more pleasaunt,
That neuer erst no merite gat him graunt,
Ne no desert request nor prayer,
But rather frely of your herte entere,
Lyst vnrequired on my woo to rewe.
And vndisserued be to me so trewe.
That I ensure vpon my fayth as fast,
In your seruice I shall vnto my laste,
Parseuer sothely that there shalbe no slouth,
Nor variaunce and thereto here my trouthe.
For finally I saye withouten wene,
At fewe wordes in all right as I meane.
We list not fayne flatter nor delude,
For my behest with deathe I shall conclude,
Wen Parcas shall my liues threde do rend,
This all and some and thus I make an ende.

Vuell thā qnod she ful wisely in your hert,
ye must afore consydre and aduerte,
The aduenture that ye shall take on hande,
And prudently the perill vnderstande,
And warely cast and haue full well in minde,
The mortall harme at the tayle behinde.
That is well more thenn is credible.
For leue me well it is an impossible,
To ginne in honour and also for to fine.
For thilke flese by hye power diuine,
Preserued is and that wyth Marcys mighte,
That who so therfore entreth in to fight,
It were full harde to him thence to eskape.
The fyery flawme when the bulles gape,
That bene of brasse trapped all in leuen
Ben more to dread thē lightening of ỹ heauē,
Tofore the dint of the great thonder.
That seuered hath full many toure a sunder.
For vnto asches they will a man consume.
Wherfore I rede that ye not presume,
The Ram to assayle lest ye your laboure lese.
yet to withdraw your foote sith ye may chese,
By good aduise and by discresiowne,
Your honour safe and your hye renowne.
Where so ye list of your worthinesse,
Onely of folye and of hastinesse,
To this empryse of head to procede,
Or where ye list like as I you rede,
Saue your selfe from woo and al mischaūce,
Like as ye shall it to mine ordinaunce,
Ye you commytte and lowely lyste obeye,
Without fraude there is no more to seye.

And Jason ther thā sitting at the borde,
Of Medea empryntynge euery worde,
Ware for Ire almost vnpacient,
And sayd alas and is this your entent,
We to counceyle to leue this my empryse,
Certes it were to foule a cowardyse,
To gyn thynge that I myght not a chyeue.
For euery man wolde me of shame repreue,
And eke reporte to my confusyon,
That I of pryde and of presumption,
Toke this on me whan I was at large,
So hye a thynge and so great a charge,
That I durst not distrustyng of myschyefe,
Accomplyche it whan it came to the prefe.
Leuer me were myne owne lady dere,
For to ieoparde and to put in were,
My selfe at ones and at wordes fewe,
On smale pyeces to be all to hewe.
Rather than I shulde cowardely forsake,
Thylke empryse that I haue vndertake.
As ye well knowe and leue it thus alas.
Let be your counseyle plainly in this case.
For what so euer happe or falle of me,
Trusteth ryght well it shall none other be.
For if that I shulde of my cowarde harte,
Fro this my purpose by any way diuerte,
Without laude my lyfe I shulde lede,
And shame eternall instlye by my mede.
Throughout the worlde noted ouer all.
In euery lande spoke of in speciall.
That Jason hath so hyghly vndertake,
Wherof for feare he dare none ende make.
Thynketh ryght well that it shall not betide,
For lyfe or deth what mischiefe I abyde.
And therupon my trouth I you ensure,
That so ferforth as this mylyfe may endure,
I shall parfourme that I haue nowe begon.
And though so be no honor may be wonne,
But that I muste with my deth it beye,
I wil not leue for bett were me to deye,
Than liue ashamed of cowardise & slouth.
For as me semeth it is to hygh a routhe.
A man tappere or dare do shewe his head,
Whan he hath ones his honour vyllanede.
And after time whan ỹ his name is slayne.
For euery man shulde coueite rather faine,

To

To dye in honour than liue as a wretche.
And though this thinge to my death stretche,
Welcome beit I shall it well abyde,
This all and some what so of me betyde.

IAson quod she than syth it standeth so,
That ye algates desyre to haue a do,
There is no more by ought I can espye,
But ye had leuer shortly for to dye;
Rather than lyue and haue ye saye a shame,
And yet it is an ernest and no game,
With suche monsters vnwarely for to deale.
Lyke as in dede hereafter ye shalfeale.
And therfore I am meued of pytee,
And greatly steered that ye of volunte,
Without aduyse or by discresion,
Counsayle or elles deliberation,
Lyst take on you this meruailous voyage.
For both your youth and also your courage,
Gouerned ben chiefely in this matere,
All after luste for both the two I feare,
Inparded ben if ye your purpose sewe.
For vnpossyble is that ye eschewe,
A sodeyne death for nother free nor bonde,
By crafte of man hath power to withstonde.
¶Wherfore I thinke of herte & good entent,
To cast for you yea yet or ye be shent,
And to your tourne to shape a remedye.
Suche routhe I haue that ye shulden dye,
For to my father whom I loue most,
Rather then ye shulde in this wise be loste,
I shall offende and vtterly displease,
And all my friendes so it may do you ease.
For I shall fynde suche a meane weye,
That at the least I will not se you deye.
For in this case I thinke to be your gyde,
So that for you I shall do sette aside,
First my discent as of the stocke royall.
¶And ouer more myne heritage withall.
Lykewise my honour shal I put abacke,
You for to helpe that there shalbe no lacke,
Yfounde in me so ye be to me kinde,
And that ye lyste for to haue in mynde,
As I deserue goodly me to quyte.
Consyderyng first that it is nat alite,
To saue your lyue that stant in Jeopardye,
More perylous than ye can ought espye.
But for all this I shall it so ordeyne,
All by my crafte only atwyxe vs twayne,
That or we parte I hope all shall be well,
Upon this poynt if so that I may fele,
Faythfully for ioye woo or smarte,
With full accorde of body will and herte,
To my desire that ye condescend.
I vndertake to make therof an ende.
¶This sothly ladye sayde this Jason tho,
I am assented without wordes mo,
For to fulfyll with euery circumstaunce,
What euer thinge may be to you plesaunce.

THan quod she there is no more to saine,
But firste of all w̄ fayth & herte plaine,
With all your myght and your busy cure,
And meanyng hole that ye do me assure,
Hereafter for to take me for your wyfe,
To holde and kepe by terme of your life.
So that your dede accorde may w̄ your hest.
This is the fyne and summe of my requeste.
Except only that ye shall ordeyne,
In' your repayre to your fathers reigne,
That faithfully ye shall me with you lede,
And after that whan so ye shall succede,
As by his death into your heritage,
With herte aye one and with lyke corage,
Ye shall to me alwayes be founden true,
And cherisshe me for chaunge of any newe.
Like mine estate without varyaunce.
And while ye lyue haue in remembraunce,
My gentlenesse in this your great nede.
For there is none alyue that may ought spede
What so he be that lyueth here mortall,
For to assayle the forces marcyall,
Of both the dragon and the bulles yfeare.
But it so be of me that first he lere,
Hooly the manere howe he shall him gye,
Like as to you I thinke to specifye.
Whan so it happeth that we mete againe,
For none but I may helpe herin certayne,
As in this case whiche platly ye shall fynde,
And I naught aske but ye ayene be kynde.

SOthly quod Jason al this shalbe do,
As ye deuyse I will that it be so.
And here my faith theron I you assure,
Oh goodliest of any creature.
That euer yet I sawe vnto my paye.
And fayrest eke in soth it is no naye.
And of bountie ye ben incomparable,

For

For of my death ye ben so marciable,
That whyle I lyue I saye you by my fayth,
Myne herte meneth as my tunge sayth.
I wyll be founde your aldertrewest man,
For life or death in all that euer I can.
So that of grace it be to you pleasaunt,
For to perfourme your hestes & your graunt.
And fully worke to my saluation,
As ye haue sayde in full conclusyon.
For truely ye of all that bearen lyfe,
In beaute haue such prerogatife,
Passyng echone me list not for to glose.
Amonges floures as doth the rede rose.
Which in somer amyd the leues soote,
After that Uere hath made out of the roote,
The humidyte kyndly to ascende,
The barrayne soyle to clothe and to amend,
And them whom winters blastes haue shake
With sote blosmes freshly to repayre (bare,
And the medowes of many sundry hewe,
Tapited bene with diuers floures newe,
Of sundry motlees lusty for to sene,
And holsome bawme is shad among ỳ grene.
¶Ryght as the rose is fayrest of echone,
Ryght so hath nature set you all alone.
When she you made first at her deuise.
Aboue all other for to haue a pryse.
As ye that bene of bounte spring & welle,
Therto in beaute sothly ye excelle,
All that beare life for no comparyson,
Ne may be made so of discrescion,
Ye passen all as euery man may se.
And with all this I finde you vnto me,
The goodlyest that euer yet was borne.
Without whom I were as now but lorne.
Of helpe and succoure fully destitute,
Ne were that I had founde in you refute.
Frō whō al fredom to meward doth haboūd,
So passingly that I am euer bounde,
As ferre forth as my sely life may stretche,
That for your sake of death I ne reche,
If vnto you it might a pleasure bene,
That to my helpe so goodly list to sene.
For if that I of neclygence shuld,
In Any thing refusen that ye would,
I might of reason full well merked be,
And noted eke of wilfull nycetye.
So folyly to voyde away my grace,
It were a rage a man from him to chase,
Wilfull fortune whan she is beninge.
Wherfore as nowe hooly I resigne,
Herte body my lyfe and eke my death,
Into your hande while ỳ me lasteth breath.
With all the othes that I affirme may,
For to parseuer to mine endinge daye,
Your trewe spouse as I haue sayd & sworne.
And you behested playnly here tofore.
And there vpon in euery thinge obeye,
That may you please till such time as I deye.
This all & some what shuld I longer tarye,
From this behest I shall me neuer barye.
¶Thus whan Medea sawe his stedfastnes,
She was suprised with so hye gladnesse,
With so great ioye pleynly in her herte,
That she was voyde of euery wo and smert,
For he so lowly to her lust obeyd.
That or she went thus to him she seyde.
¶Jason quod she than shall I well ordayne,
A meane waye wherby we both twayne,
May eft agayne at leysure mete sone.
For to perfourme all that is to done.
In this matter like to our entent.
Where shall be made a finall sacrament,
Of our desire that no man shall vnbinde.
Though nowe therto we may no leisure fide.
And that toward eue it shall not me eskape.
Trust me right well a time for to shape,
Right secretly that we may mete yfeare.
For I shall sende a priuy chambre,
To you of mine which shall you do conuye,
Unto my chaumbre by a priue wey.
A certayne houre withouten any fable,
To our entent that shalbe most greable.
Upon the point when Phebus wt his light,
Ywestred is and eke the dercke night,
Hath wt his dimmesse of his shadowes black,
Our Hemisperye fully ouertake,
That oft giueth by fauoure of fortune,
Unto theise louers a leysour opportune.
For to perfourme their lustes and achieue.
And right anone as it shall drawe to eue,
I shall for you vnto my closet send,
Of euery thinge there for to make an ende.
Where we togither shall at leysur speake,
Euerich with other and our hertes breake.
And eft declare the summe of all our will,
And when we haue spoken all our fill,
By good leysur I fully you byhete,

We

We shall ordeyne whan so vs list to mete,
To set a time who euer that say nay,
Alway by nyght whan passed is the day.
For myghty Ione as wysely me succour,
As hence forth I wyll be hooly your,
Whyle that I lyue both waking & a slepe,
If it so be that ye your hestes kepe.

TO whom Jason lowly gan enclyne,
And sayd as far as man may ymagine,
Or any wight may clearly comprehende.
I wyll to you vnto my lines ende,
As seruaunt trewe saythfully me quyte.
And though that I can not saye but lyte,
My sayth to you shalbe nerthelesse.
And though I can not paynt nor compasse,
No gay processe my soueraigne hertes quene,
Tyll I be dead I shall but trewly meane.
Haue here my trouth whyle I haue lyfe and mind,
As in the end ye shall hereafter finde.
And of theyr speche an ende thus they make,
And Medea chope her for to take,
Her leue anone amonges all the prese,
First of her father syth of Hercules.
No longer bode but forthwith that anone,
In haste she is vnto her chambre gone.
Where vp and downe she made many went,
None of her meine wetyng what she ment.
Casting wayes her purpose to achieue,
And in her wittes gan busyly to meue,
As she thus rometh in her habytacle,
On any side if let were or obstacle,
Or other thinge which would her sore greue,
This was her study till it drewe to eue.
Where I her leue complaining in her wo,
With many a thought walking to and fro.
The midday hour is gone and ouer slide,
Tytan so fast doth in his chayre ryde.
The daies arke from east to west compassed,
His fyry stedes haue almost ouer passed,
Our orizonte and drowen downe ful lowe,
His golden waine that no man might know,
Where as he hidde his fyery beames bright,
In his discence ful farre out of our syght.
And Hirenes with her copes myrke,
The euening begon for to dirke.
In the Twylight when the day gan faide
And Hesperus with her beames glade,
That ben so freshe so lusty and so merye,
Gan recomforte all our Hemispherye.
Whan thus Medea by her selfe alone,
Of hyghe desyre gan to make her mone,
That she so longe abode after her knyght.
Alwaye accountyng the houres of the nyght,
So full of trouble and of busye thought,
Which hath full streitly serched out & sought,
Ready waye wel setting her purpose,
Albe that she kept it in full close,
Amyd her herte quapping as a wawe,
For dreade and feare tyll hope gan adawe,
And bad she shuld be ryght mery and glad.
Tyll dreade agayne it made sobre & sadde.
Lest her desyre troubled were or let,
And thus she was at abay yset.
Amyd hope and fearfull dreade also.
That she ne wyst what was best to do.
For her desyre and hygh affection,
So hoote they brent in her opynyon,
Of lust she had to mete with tyrs Jason.
And there agaynst dreade come in anone,
And made her fearfull lest she were espyed.
But all her ill was holpe and remedyed,
Onely by fortune and the derke night.
By whych she was made full glad and lyght,
For recomforted onely those two.
And with good hope that made her glad also.
She gan anone to caste en and deuyse.
When that the moone on heaue would aryse.
And whan that she with her hornes pale,
Wolde shed her lyght vpon the hylle & vale,
She gan acounte and caste well the tyme,
And founde a quarter passed after prime.
As she that was well knowyng in that arte,
And sawe in soth that the fourth part.
Of the mone was shadde with newe lyght,
And passed was in her course aryght,
After the tyme of coniunction,
Three sygnes full by computacion.
And dayes seuen complete were of her age.
At which time she brennyng in her rage.
As one throughe darted with cupides arowe,
Gan for to loke and beholde narowe,
At euery doze and listen busely,
If any wyght that she myght espye,
Of all the courte other walke or go.
Or any man romyn to or fro.
So sore she dradde goynge vp and downe,
Whan so she herde noyse or any sowne.

Or whā she heareth whisperyng any where,
It was venim sothly in her ere.
She wished all had slept fast a bed.
This pytyous lyfe the longe nyght she led.
Wout respite though no wyght coude knowe,
Till hye mydnyght that the cockes crowe,
At whych tyme whan al was hushte & styl,
For accomplyche the remnaūt of her wyll,
And euery where made was sylence,
She cleped anone vnto her presence,
And aged becke fer in yeares yronne,
That in such crafte so mikle helpe kon.
Theifly to bryng this thing about,
For they afore can casten euery doubte.
Of yeares passed olde experyence,
Hath gyue to theim so passyng hye prudence,
That they in loue all the sleyghtes knowe,
And she was made as dogge for the bowe,
To whom Medea discureth al her thoughte,
Fro poit to poit & hath forgat righte nought,
And charged her in release of her smerte,
And recomforte of this her troubled herte.
To haste her anone vpon her waye,
Unto her chambre Jason to conuaye,
And she anone not reles in that case,
Is gone for hym forthe an easy pāse,
As she that was of newe not to lere,
And hath him brought as ye shal after heare.

Vwhā that the cock comon Astrologere,
The midnight hour w his voyce clere,
Began to sowne and did his busy payne,
To beate his breste with his wynges twayne.
And of the time a mynute wyll not pace,
To warne them that weren in the place,
Of the tides and season of the night.
Medea to awayte vpon her knight,
Full ready was the entre for to kepe.
As she that lyst full lytell for to slepe.
For that ne was no parcell of her thought.
And whā Jasō was to his chambre brought,
Without espying of any maner wight,
Than she anone conueyeth hym full rycht,
Into her closet in all the haste she maye.
Full well besene with great and ryche araye.
Where by her syde she made him take his see.
And first of al this ylke lease of thre,
By her that most expert was in this case,
All sodeynly was tourned to a brase,
For the olde becke to stare vpon the house,
Is walked out and hath them left alone.
And when Medea the doores had fast shet,
By Jason downe anone she hath her set.
But first I finde with all her busy might,
About the chambre that she set vp light,
Torches of great and cyerges ful royall,
Aboute on pyllers and on euery wall.
Whych gaue a lyghte like ỳ sonne shene.
And to a cheste wrought of crystall clene,
Firste of all she taketh her passage.
Out of the whych she toke a ryche vnage,
Of pure golde full lusty to beholde,
That by they customme of the rytes olde,
To myghty Joue eterne and increat,
yhalowed was and also consecrat.
The whych Image deuoutly as she ought,
With humble hert to Jason first she brought.
And made him lowly theron take his othe,
Unto his last other for lyef or lothe,
That he her shuld take vnto his wyfe.
Fro that daye for the durying all his life.
With herte vnfayned and fayth inuyolate,
And cherysshe her lyke to her estate.
Fro till that tyme I finde how that she,
Had euer floured in vyrgynitye.
And as myne Auctour well reherse can,
Aye kept her cleane from touche of any man.
In thought and dede and neuer did amys.
For she of herte all hooly gyuen is,
Unto Jason and that for euer mo,
And he anone hath put his hande vnto.
And swore fully as ye haue heard me saye,
All her requestes without more delaye,
To kepe thē aye while that his life may laste.
But oh alas how soone he ouercast,
His hest his fayth w which he was assured,
And had his fraude with flatterye youred.
So couertly that both her innocence,
Her trewe meanyng and her diligence,
And all that euer she deuyse can:
Dereyued was by falshed of this man.
And though ỳ trouth apparent was aboue,
Yet doublenesse so slyghly was in shoue,
As though he had sothely be allyed,
With trewe meaning so ỳ nothinge espyed,
Under fayre chere was fayning and fallaces,
For what might she haue wrought more ithis case.
Thā for thy sake ceptre & regallye,

And

And all the lordes eke of her alie,
Forsoke at ones and toke of them no hede,
And of pitye and of very goodly hede,
Loste her frendes and her good fame,
Only Jason to saue the this fro shame.
And yet moreouer forsoke her heritage,
She that was borne of so hye parage,
And shulde haue be by succession,
Heyre by dissent of that Region.
But womanly for she wolde her quite,
Of all yfeare she hath not set a mite.
But in one houre all she hath forsake,
And vnto the she hath her holy take,
Only for trust thou shouldest haue be kynde.
Riches and honour she hath yleste beynde.
And in eryle hath chose with the to gone,
From all her kynne this sely mayde alone.
Alas I wepe for thyne vnkyndenesse,
What hath she not fro death and fro distresse,
Preserued the: and yet thou takest none hede
That shuld haue died ne had she be thy read.
Of thy conquest she was the very cause,
That I may not shortly in a clause,
Write her bountie nor briefly comprehende,
Effectually perfourmed to the ende.
At wordes fewe ne may it not be tolde.
Thrugh whom ỳ hast the riche flese of golde,
Manly conquered which withouten doubte,
Unlikely was that to haue brought about.
For whan thou were of helpe tho destitute,
She was thine only comforte and refute.
And with all this thou maiest it not denye,
All erthly honour how she gan defye,
The to conserue out of all heuinesse.
And eke her father hath of his richesse,
So enpeyred that pitie is to here.
By whose example women may well lere.
How they shuld faith or trusten on any man.
Alas Medea that so mykle can,
Both of sterres and of astronemye,
Yet sawe she not afore her destinye.
Loue hath her put so out of gouernayle.
That all her crafte ne myght her not auayle.
She was to slowe by calculation,
To caste afore the constellation,
Of her birthe and eke her wofull fate.
For reklesshed she sawe it all to late.
But I suppose her connyng was fallyble,
And doubtles as me semeth incredible.
For if she had wiste of it tofore,
So piteously she had not now be lore.
As ye shall se hereafter hastely.
So as the story teacheth by and by.
How it befell of Jason and Medee,
But fyrst ye shall the maner holly see,
How she gan wirche for after he was swore,
The same night alas she hath forbore,
Her maydenhead and that was great pitie.
And yet she mente naught elles but honestye,
As I suppose she went haue be his wyfe,
But touchyng that I holde as now no strife,
And yet one thing I dare afyrme and sayne,
That both so the meaning of these twayne,
Ne was not one but wonder fer atwene.
For all that she truely gan to meane,
Of honeste thynkyng no outrage,
Like as a maide all innocent of age,
He to perfourme his flechly false delight,
And to acheue his fylthy appetite,
Wrought euery thing to her entent contraire.
Alas that she was tho so debonaire,
As for to truste vpon his curtesye.
Or to acquite her of her gentery,
So hastely to rewe vpon his smarte.
But women ben so pytefull of herte,
That they wyll gladly shewen petie all.
When in mishappe they se a man is fall.
And saue his lyfe rather than he shoulde dye.
And so Medea shortly for to seye,
Casteyng no peryll after that shall fall,
But his desyres and his lustes all,
Holy obeyeth with all her full might.
And that so longe almoste that the night,
Hath his course rounde about gone.
At whiche tyme thus spake to her Jason,
And lowly sayde my lady it is time,
That we aryse for soone it wyll be pryme.
Ye may see well the day beginneth to springe.
For we may here howe the byrdes synge,
Prayinge to you in all my beste wyse,
How I shall worke that ye lyste deuyse.
And ceriously in euery thyng dispose,
I you beseche o goodly freshe rose.
Myne enterpryse to bring vnto an ende.
And than at erst fro hense will I wynde.
Saue that I thincke first with you to treate,
In what maner ye shall this countrey lete.
And into Grece repaire agayne with me.

Whiche is a lande of great felicitie.
For trusteth wel and be nothyng adrede,
Into that reygne with me I shall you lede.
After my conquest if so be that I wynne.
Wherfore I pray you goodly to begynne.
How I shall worke in all the haste we may,
For in good fayth anone it wil be daye.
¶ To whom she spake saying as ye shal here,
Myn owne Jason and vnto me more deare,
Than is my selfe as in conclusyon.
I am assented with ful affection,
Of all my wittes and with my hole herte,
You to enfourme how ye shall asterte.
Euery daunger of that lytell yle,
If it so be ye lyst bide a whyle.
And vp she rose in all the haste she maye,
And to a cofer where her treasour laye,
She wēt anone and brought him in her hōde,
A ryche ymage of syluer that she fonde.
Which sothely was of meruaylous entayle.
Whose power was and vertue to auayle,
Effectually to her both entent,
Agayne all magik and enchauntement.
And to withsyt the force of Sorcerye.
For it was made so by Astronomye.
In houre chosen equat for the nones,
By clerkes olde that full long agone is.
Whilom whā they were flouring i their ages,
That they vsed to make such ymages,
As did the kyng called Thelomee,
And so to Jason wylled hath Medee,
To beare this ymage on hym priuely.
As ye haue herd to worke effectually,
In euery thynge as she dyd assygne,
And then she toke to hym a medycine,
Made as in maner of an oyntment,
Hym to enoynt that he be not brent.
That was more riche & precious thā bawme
Agayne the malyce of eche fire and flawme.
And after that she tore to hym anone,
A ryche ryng wherin was set a stone,
That vertue had all venym to destroye.
That on no syde it myght hym not anoye.
The which stone had furthermore this might
That yf a man coude it beare aright.
Within his hand next the skyn enclosed,
The strength of syght shuld be deposed,
Of theim that would galen or beholde,
For who so euer in his hand it holde,
By such vertue as was infallyble,
The storye sayeth he was inuysible.
The which stone these prudent clerkes call.
Achates most vertuous of all.
And it is founde sothly in Cecile,
Of which stone whylom wrote Virgyll,
How that Uenus it to Eneas sente,
First whan that he into Cartage went.
¶ And after this she to Jason toke,
A certayne byll wrytten lyke a boke.
That to his Journey myght much auayle.
And bad him wysely that he not ne fayle,
If he bethought him graciously to spede,
First of all the scripture that he rede,
Or he the Ram touche in any wyse.
Hym charging eke afore this hye empryse,
With humble hert and great deuocion,
That he knelyng saye that oryson,
That vp and downe was wrytten on the bill.
Praying the goddes lowely to fulfyll,
His request and mercy for to haue,
Of very pitye from mischiefe him to saue.
And after that for his chiefe socoure,
She toke to hym a vyoll with lycoure,
And bad him manly without feare or drede,
When that he come vnto the bulles reade,
If he hym cast knightly to escape,
That as fast as he seeth theim gape.
Into theyr golles that he the lycour caste.
Than hym nede but lytel of theim gaste,
For theyr iawes togither it shall glyewe,
That on no syde they shall not eschewe,
To bide his lust in what hym lyst constreyne.
For doubtles maugre al theyr busye peyne,
He shall theim daunte & therw̄ make so taine,
That where hym list in earnest or in game,
He myght theym make louten and encline.
And do theym bowen both in backe & chyne,
The lycour shall theyr iawes so cohearte,
That lyghtly they shall not a sundre parte.
For to offende or noyen any wight.
And whē she had thus sayd vnto her knight,
In euery thynge and gyue instruction.
Playn doctrine and informacyon,
How he shall scape the daungers by and by,
If he take hede and worke auysely.
¶ And thus agreyd they thought it for ỳ best,
For to parte or men out of theyr rest,
Awaked were for it drewe towardes daye.

As

As they well salue by the morowe graye,
And lest men had to theym suspicō,
Of hye prudence and discrecion,
Atwene the twelight and the rody morowe.
They toke theyr leue w̄ saint John ỹ borow.
With oft kyssyng as louers whē they twinne.
And so he went and she is left within.
Beyng in hope to mete agayn some daye,
And Jason than as fast as euer he maye,
Gan ordayne him his Journey to achieue,
And thought he would anō go take his leue,
And in that wyse w̄in a litel whyle,
After the maner of my rude style,
My purpose is sothly and not to spare,
With your supporte playnly to declare.

Whan that the rowes & the rayes rede,
Estward to vs full early gonnen spreде,
Euen at the twelyght in the dawnynge,
When that the larke of custome gynneth sing,
For to salue in her heauenly laye,
The lusty goddesse of the morowe graye.
I meane Aurora which afore the sonne,
Is wonte tenchase the blacke skyes donne,
And the derkenesse of the dymmy night.
And freshe Phebus with cōforte of his light,
And with the brightnes of his beames shene,
Had ouergylt the hye hylles grene.
And floures eke agayn the morowe tyde,
Upō their stalkes gā playn theyr leues wide.
Whan that Jason with all his companye,
Toward the kynge full fast gan hym hye.
Whom than he fonde lyke to his estate,
With sceptre in hāde ful pompous and elate.
Hye in the see of his regally,
Sittyng full kyngly amid his cheualrye,
And his lordes about him enuiron.
At whyche tyme this yonge champion,
Under a bowe standing of the Ram.
With sterne face tofore the kyng in cam.
Besechyng hym of his magnificence,
The same day to graunt him lycence,
To do hys armes and make no mo delayes.
Concluding playnly that at all assayes,
He will that daye in the felde be found.
For to achieue lyke as he was bound,
Of olde behest and not a poynt declyne.
For life nor death till he parfourme and fine.
Holy the auntres that to the flese belonge,
The kynge requyryng no lōger him prolōge,
But goodly graūt the fine of hys empryse.
And than the kynge in ful sobre wyse,
Consydering the summe of his demaunde,
To Jason spoke & sayd he shall commaūd,
That his request perfourmed were in hast.
Albe quod he I am ful sore agast,
Of wylfulnesse thou shuldedestroyed be,
Lest men thy death arected vnto me.
And therupon would a blame set,
Of royall power that I not ne let,
Thy manly youth from such Jeopardy
Which were in sothe a great vylany,
And preiudice to my estate and name.
That afterward men should put me i blame,
Through false reporte & wrong oppynyon.
That I withstode not thy destruction.
Wherfore I rede that ỹ be yet bet auysed,
And my counsayle let not be dispysed.
For better it is with honoure in certayne,
Into thy country to repayre againe,
Than wilfully for to take on hande,
A mortall thyng that no man may withstād,
That is my rede and fully myn aduise.
Take hede therto syth ye aren wyse.
Lest thou repent when it is to late,
And yf so be that thou wilt algate.
Thy purpose holde and not do as I rede,
Almyghty Mars I praye to be thy spede.
The for to gyde whatsoeuer shal befall,
And eke I praye to the goddes all,
Safe and sound thy body to restore,
This all & some on me thou getteſt no more.
And whan Jason thus had herd the kyng.
Not dismayed nor stoned in no thyng,
In knyghtly wise did him reuerence.
Thankyng highly his royall excellence,
That of his grace and beningnytye,
Upon his death hym lyst to haue pytye.
Fully concluding touchyng his battayle
That nother rede nor other counsayle,
In no wyse his purpose should withdrawe.
But lyke the statute playnly and the lawe,
Right so far forth as fortune wyll hym eure,
What so betyde of this his auenture,
Settyng asyde euery feare and drede,
Ye platly sayd that he wyll procede,
For to parfourme that he hath vndertake.
It were in ydle mo skylles for to make.

Or to allege more there againe.
And Jason than full openly and plaine,
Touching ỹ surplus of this dredfull thing,
At his departyng thus sayd to the kyng.
In audience tho of his lordes all.
What so of me hereafter now be fall,
Or who so euer of malys theron muse,
To all the worlde fyrst I you excuse.
And to the goddes platly you acquyte.
That though I deye ye be nothyng to wyte.
Ne no man shall arecte it you of skylle,
For that I worke is freely at my wyll.
Agayne the aduice of your hye prudence,
And lyfe or death here in your presence,
Hooly of herte and neuer for to flytte,
Unto the goddes and fortune I commytte.
So as them lyst for me to ordayne.
Againe whose wyll I shall neuer plaine.
Nor them nor you ne shall put in no blame,
What so betide honour, ioye, or shame.
And of this thyng thus an ende I make,
And for this tyme of you my leue I take.
And of all tho that you about stande.
And one by one he toke them by the hande.
And in what wyse forth he gan hym dresse,
To you anone I thyncke it to expresse.

Whan that Titan had wt his feruēt hete
Drawen vp the dewe fro the leues wete,
Towarde myd morowe as I can diffine,
Upon the houre whan the clocke is nine.
Jason full manly and full like a knight,
Armed in stele of chere full glad and lyght,
Gan dresse hym forth what hap that euer fal.
And sayd a dieu vnto his feres all.
He in the boote and they vpon the stronde,
And all a lone whan he came to londe,
And in the water had his vessell lafte,
He fyrst of all remembryng on the crafte,
Of Medea with all the circumstaunces,
And how he shulde kepe his obseruannces,
In euery thing and had it well in mynde.
And than anone full manly as I fynde,
He shope hun forth and went a knyghtly pase
Toward the bulles that forged wer of brase.
But at the point whan he his iourney gan,
For hun Medea wered full pale and wan.
So sore agast that nothing might her glade.
A ruthe it was to see what wo she made.
For so her teares on her chekes twayne,
Full pyteously gan to destylle and rayne,
That all fordewed were her wedes blake.
And aye this sorowe she made for his sake.
Lyke a woman fearefull and in doubte,
While he his armes ful māly brought about.
To sobbe and syghe she can not be in a peace,
Lest he for hast were ought reckles.
Fro point to point to do as she him bad,
This was the life that she hath for hym lad.
And for to se how he shulde him defende,
She gan anone by greces to assende,
Of a Touret in to an hye pynacle.
Where as she myght haue tho none obstacle,
Nor lettyng nother for to haue a syghte.
Of hym that was her owne chosen knight.
And euer amonge with wordes out she brake
And stoundemell thus to her selfe she spake.
O thou Jason my souerayne hertes heale,
If thou ought knew what wo for the I fele,
Sothly I trowe it shulde the not asterte,
For to be trewe with all thy hole herte.
And god I praye this iourney at the leste,
May this tyme tournen for the best.
And kepe ỹ saulfe & sounde in euery membre,
And yefe the might fully to remembre,
As I the taught and in the same fourme,
Euery thynge fully to perfourme.
Only this day thine honour to anaunce.
Which for to se were all my hole pleasaunce.
For certes Jason if the fylle ought amisse,
Fare well my helth and all my worldly blisse.
And fare well than my mirthe and my solace,
And my welfare, my fortune, and my grace,
And all at ones my hartes suffisaunce.
Lo this for him was her gouernaunce.
First fro ỹ time that he the lande hath nome.
And first of all whan he was thether come,
Where as the bulles fell and dispiteous,
Out caste their fyre and flawme furious,
Fro out their mouthes wonder large & huge.
Againe the whiche for his chiefe refuge,
Hym for to saue that he were not brent,
He was enoynted with an oyntement,
On his body that kept him from damage.
Of thilke fyre that was so full of rage.
And the smokes darke and full horrible.
Whiche to escape was almoste impossyble,
For any man of what estate he be,

Without

Without comforte and counsayle of Medee.
By whose doctryne Jason can so worke,
That he is scaped from the mistes darke.
Of the fyre with the blases blake.
That all the eyre so cloudy hath do make.
She had hym made so discrete and sage.
By vertue onely of thilke same ymage.
Whych that he about his necke bare,
Wherby he was so prudent and so ware,
That when ỹ bulles haue most feersly gaped
He hath theyr malyce so auysedly scaped.
For the enfection of theyr troubled eyre
He hath vanquished and was in no dispeire.
For in effect agayne the foule fume,
That would a man vnto the death consume,
The ymage was a ful preseruatyfe.
Him to diffend and to saue his lyfe.
And more surely to kepe him out of drede,
Ful ofte sythe the wyrtte he did rede.
For the vertue of thilke same orysons,
Was vnto hym a full protection.
That he not fell therby in no distresse.
And after that for rather sykernesse,
Him to preserue in this his mortall case.
He toke the lycoure that in the vyall was,
And therwithall full lyke a manly man,
That all at ones he toke the bulles than.
And nought forgat so warely it to cast,
That therwal theyr iawes were closed fast.
And by the vertue so mightely englued,
That he ther through hath vtterly eschewed,
The hole enfection of the smoky leuen.
And whē the eyre gan clere and al ỹ heauen,
And that ỹ mystes were wasted him tofore,
With māly hert he raught hath by the horne,
The sterne bulles and by his vyolence,
He drew them forth in whom was no defēce.
And pocketh them so as the maner was,
And with the plough he made them go a pase.
Now vp now down and so to eare the londe,
And at his lyst so buxom he them fonde,
That the soyle smothe bare and playn,
They redy made to bearen any grayne.
And on renges it tourned vp so downe.
For tho in theym was no rebellyowne.
But humble meke and redy at his will,
All his desyres playnly to fulfyll.
¶ And Jason than lyke a champyon,
Gan him enhaste towardes the dragon,
That was a beast eyght great & mōstrous,
Foule and horrible and deadly venimous,
And was armed in scales large and thicke,
Of whom the breath more perillous & wicke,
Was then the eayre of any pestylence.
His venim was of such a vyolence,
That it full deadly was and eke mortall,
And at his throte there issued out with al,
A flawme of fyre as of a fournes mouthe,
Or lyke the leuen that downe by the south,
Out of the East is wont in tempest smite.
Right so this dragon sothely for to wite,
Out at his mouth had a flawme blased.
Wherof Jason a lytell first amased,
Was in his hert of that dreadfull thynge.
But whā that he remembred on his ringe,
All feare and dread was layd aside and gone,
For in that ringe there was set a stone,
Ful ryche noble and right vertuous.
Of whych as teacheth great ỹ doctours.
And in mine Auctour also as I finde,
Most comenly cometh out of ynde.
And must be kept chaste and wonder cleane,
And of colour surmounteth euery grene.
Whose vertue is all venym to destroye.
And to withstand that it may not anoye.
Of dragon serpent of adder and of snake.
And specyally if so that it betake,
And be yholden in the opposyte,
Of any worme euen agayn the syte,
Without abode in sothe he may not chese,
Of his venym the force must he lese.
How stronge it be or vyolent of rage,
But to the stone it doth ful great damage.
For whan he hath his vertue do as blyne,
On peces smale it gynneth all to ryue.
And in it selfe abydeth whole no whyle,
For in the land that called is Cecyle.
There is a worme ỹ Bufo beareth ỹ name.
And when men of malice make him tame,
And his venym vtterly exyresse,
They take a quil mine Auctour beareth wit-
Whā they wyll worke or a large can, (nesse,
And in the ende this stone they set than,
And line right agayne the wormes heade,
They holden it tyll that he be deade.
For that is sothly his vertue of nature.
That no venim last may nor endure,
In the presence of this ryche stone.

And as I finde this Bufo ryght anone,
Through myght therof brusteth euē a twain,
Onely by kynde that no mā may restrayne.
For the goddesse that called is Nature,
Whych next her lorde al thyng in cure,
Hath vertue gyue to herbe gras and stone,
Whyth no man knoweth but her selfe alone.
The causes hyd be closed in her hande.
That wyt of man can not vnderstande,
Openly the myght of her workyng.
And so Jason by vertue of this rynge,
And through his ston ẏ might hi most auaūce
Hath the dragon brought to vttraunce,
In whom he fonde no maner resystence.
Hym to wythstand force nor diffence.
Neyther by venym nor none other stryfe,
Wherfore he hath beraft him of his lyfe.
In manly wise and in the fielde outrayed,
And Jason then full glad and well apayed,
Hath w̄ his sword spēt on him many a stroke.
And layde on hym as men hewe on an oke.
His bryght skales were so hard and dure.
That well vnneth he ne might endure.
Hym to dysmembre and smite of his head.
And then anone in the stede of sede,
He gan his tethe out of his head arace,
And right forth with in the selfe place,
He gan them sowe right as men do corne.
Upon the land that eared was aforne.
Of whych sede there sprāge a wonder grayn,
Bright armed knyghtes standing on ẏ playn.
The which anone w̄ sharpe swerdes groūde,
Eueriche gan other for to hurt and wounde.
Tyll eche his felowe hath cruelly yslawe.
This of theyr fate was the fynal lawe.
That none of theim shuld by vyctorye,
The death reioyce of other by memorye.
For all yfeare thus haue they made an ende.
And after this Jason gan to wende,
Unto the Ram with all his dylygence.
In which he fonde no power nor defence.
No maner stryfe nor rebellyowne,
And mightely the Ram he draweth downe.
And set an hand vpon eueryche horne,
And slewe it first and than he hath it shorne.
Out of his flese of golde so passyng ryche.
That in this world ther was no treasour lich
And after that he maketh no delay,
To take his boote in all the hast he may,
And roweth forthe into that other yle,
Where Hercules all the meane whyle,
Upon the bryncke with many other mo,
Abode Jason till he had ydo.
And euerychone I finde that as blyue,
Onely for ioye when he did aryue,
They gan to thanke to theyr goddes all.
So gracyously that it hath yfall.
And that the flese he hath so knyghtlye wōne,
That shone as cleare as the somer sonne.
Which that he brought with hym vnto lōde,
His feares all abydyng on the stronde.

And whan Apollo of his dayes arke,
Had in ẏ west almost yronne his marke,
And fast gan downward drawen & declyne,
And on the wawes full watry gan to shine,
Yet or that he was passed the Occian,
Jason is come with many a manly man,
Of his coferes in presence of the kinge.
As he that had acheued euery thynge,
Which that longeth to conquest of the Ram.
And than Oetes as soone as euer he cam,
To make hym chere outward hath hi pained.
Albe in herte sothely it was but fayned.
For he full sory was withouten dread.
Of the exployte and of the happye spede,
Of this Jason that he the flese hathe wonne.
But lyke in sothe as the feyners konne,
When that theim lyst craftely compace,
To shewe outward a faythful meanyng face,
Albe the venym closed hole within,
As in meaning there was no maner syn.
Ryght so the kyng wyth loke & forhead clere,
Made vnto Jason outward right good chere
And gan to hym to speake in wordes fewe,
Of frendly head and many sygnes shewe,
As though his conquest hole and euery dele,
From poit to point did like him wonder well.
And be full glad that he was so fortuned.
Unto the ende that he hath so contuned.
And ioyeth both in speche and countenaunce,
That fortune lyst so far forthe him auaunce.
And to his paleys gan him fayre conueye,
And daye by daye ful rychely him festeye.
Albe that it was nothing done of herte.
For this no les he felt full great smerte,
That of his treasour he was despoyled so,
And that he hath the ryche flese forgo.

To his domage and his confusyon.
And thus there was a great dyuysyon,
Atwixt his chere & meanyng of his thoughte.
Oft as it fareth ifyt be dewlye sought.
That many man in meanyng false & double,
Can with the calme couer so the trouble,
Of hyghe malyce hyd in his desyre,
And rake falsly the wycked conert fire,
Ful hote brennynge inwarde of enuye,
So wel were hym that cowd theim out espye.
And knewe theyr meanynge false & fraudelēt
Where through alas ful many an innocent,
Deceiued is that wote not what they meane,
And namely suche that not but trouthe wene.
And euery cheare that men to theim make,
Of innocence they for the best take.
And in no wyse thynke not but well,
Ryght so certayne this Jason euery dell,
Hath take in gre what ỹ kyng hath wrought.
Not aduertyng ỹ grutchyng of his thoughte.
For doubtles tho it sat the king full sore.
That he the Ram hath lost for euermore.
But when that he hath vtterly ysayne,
Thoughe he still grutche that therin was no gayne.
But fynally as of necessety,
As at that tyme it might none other be.
And playnly sawe that he may not chese,
But that algate the flese he must lese,
Whether it were that he were lyef or lothe,
He fayneth chere as though he wer not wroth
For onely he as of his gentilnesse,
No signe outward of grutching dotherpresse.
But daye by daye of verye curtesye,
He cheareth Jason and his companye.
At whych tyme aboute enuirowne,
From euery partye of his regyowne,
The people came to staren and to gase,
Upon the Ram as it were on a mase.
They loke wonder and deme what thē lyst.
On whose domes is but lytell tryst.
They oft varie and tourne to and fro,
That who that wysely taketh hede therto,
The comon people chaungeth as a phane.
To day they were & to morow do they wane
As doth the mone they be so flaskesable.
Who trusteth thē shall finde thē full vnstable.
For some were glad that Jason sped so wel,
And some sory and lyke it neuer adell.
Some other sayd they wōder how he myght
Agayne the dragon or the bulles fyght.
Or how that he agaynst the force of Marte,
Out of the yle alyue might astert.
Some other sayde that peraventure,
By craft was wrought all this dyscomfeture.
Other by charme or some sorcerye,
Thus eche of them after theyr fantesye,
Gan deme of hym all the longe daye.
But at the last bout makyng of delay.
Ful glad and lyght Medea downe descēdeth,
From her chambre & outwardly pretendethe.
Sadnes of chere as she nothig ne knewe.
For nought could men cōceiue as by her hew,
Her secret meaning so hath she womanly,
Demened her and eke so prudently.
That she auoyded by discresion,
All fantesye and all suspection.
That no man coude as of her worlking deme,
Nothyng but well for as it shuld seme,
By porte and cheare there was no cause why.
And so by processe drewe her pryuely,
Towarde Jason for she was not to lere,
And secretly she bad hym in his ere,
In any wyse that he not ne leue,
To her chambre for to come at eue.
For matter they hadden for to treat.
Which he shal knowe at leisur whē they mete.
And so anone when entred was the night,
Sole by hym selfe without torche or lyght,
To Medea he hath the waye take.
And she abode sleples for his sake.
Wonder deuoutly desyryng as I gesse,
With hym to treate of some holynesse,
Touching matters of contemplacion.
For she was smitte with such deuocion,
Of fresche Uenus to holde a memorye,
With hym alone in her oratorye,
Not openly as ypocrytes praye.
In dyuers angels ioyning on the waye.
Of the people for to be commended,
But they haue not the night so dispended.
For vayne glorye nor none other laude,
But by them selfe thynkyng on no fraude,
Secretly this ilke twayn alone.
Without light of eyther sonne or mone.
The long nyght haue led wythout rest,
For as them thought it was not for the beste.
To speake of slepe till that it was pryme.
For they them cast to lese as tho no time.

And thus the nyght together they dispende,
That I am dull for to comprehende,
The obseruaunces of such relygyous,
Prolyx in worshyng or compēdyous,
Demeth your selfe ye get no more of me.
For well ye wote in euery faculte,
Who so hath knowyng and experyence,
Men wyll to hym rather gyue credence.
Wherfore I saye ye that be wyse and can,
Are not me whych am so rude a man,
To deme a thyng and namely when that it,
Passeth my knowing also and my wyt.
For dulled is myne imagynatyfe,
To deme in practike or in speculatyfe,
Wherfore I passe and let it ouer slide.
And forthe I thynke if ye list abide,
Playnly to tell of Jason and Medee.
The whych accorded and assented be,
That she with hym should into Grece wēde,
When that he goeth shortly this the ende.
Unwyst her father and euery other wyght.
Saue he alone that hath his trouth plyght,
For to be trewe both in well and wo,
Unto his last to her and to no mo.

¶How Jason after this conquest with Medea and felowshyppe retourned agayne into Thessalye. Cap. vii.

AND whan Jason after his Journee,
Full rychely lyke vnto his degree,
Refreshed was in Colchos of the kynge,
Withall that might be to his lykynge,
And a moneth passed was and gone,
He with his Grekes assented into one,
Purposed hath shortly yf he might,
With Medea to stele away by nyght.
Takyng w̄ hym great treasour & ỳ ryche fleese,
With ful assent also of Hercules.
¶But O Medea thou hastest all to fast,
Thou were to slawe wyselv for to cast,
What shuld befall when ỳ thy iourney toke.
For how that he in mischiefe the forsoke,
And how that he was false and eke vnkinde,
For all his othes to the wherof I fynde,
And how that thou both at eue & morowe,
Thy fatall chaunce and thy pyteous sorowe,
By wepte st after and gan thy selfe to rende,
Tyll death of all made a wofull ende,
It were but vaine to maken reherfayle.
I wote nothynge howe it might auaile.
Nor howe Jason vnkynde for the nones,
Receyued hath penam tallionis,
Of the goddes for his dismaturelnesse.
For he in mischiefe and in wretchednesse,
Made eke an ende, though the cruell hate,
Of felle Mars loo here the mortall fate,
Of these twayne that made their ende so.
But I suppose lyke as writeth Guydo,
For their gymynge was not vertuous,
In ende foloweth full contagious.
Alas yf they hadde taken hede afore,
Thau had they not in mischiefe be forlorne.
But who wyll not afore this mischiefe se.
May not eschewe to haue aduersitie.
In the ende platly to deuyne.
For euen lyke right as a medicyne,
Auayleth not whan the syche is dead,
For what may helpe the stomake or the head,
Lectuarye emplaystre or poeyon,
Or any receite or confection,
Herbe or stone or that the leches knowe,
Whan that the corps is layde in earth alowe.
¶Or whan a beast is tourned to careine,
Myne auctour sayth that it is but veyne,
For his recure to seken any halowe,
Or to his ere for to leyne a salowe.
For verely after his fantasye,
It helpeth not nor doth no remedy.
For thynge perfourmed in his due date,
More vertue hath thā whā it cometh to late.
Right so in case verely semblable,
Of worldly trust false and full mutable,
Who caste no peryll tyll that it be falle,
In stede of sugre ofte tasteth galle.
Blended with luste which tho is present,
And of the future slouthe and necligent.
That theim ne lyste afore no mischiefe caste,
Tyll in the snare they be englued faste.
For to prouyde they be graceles,
Full indiscrete and wilfully ricbeles.
To caste the peryll or that it be tyde.
They sewe their lust their reason goeth aside.
As it befell whylom of this two,
Of Medea and of Jason also.
¶But how so euer of Jason that it be,
I fynde playnly the harme aloue had she.
The great damage and the fynall sinerte,

For

For lacke of wysedome she ne wolde aduerte,
What shuld be fall whā she her iourney toke.
And then her father folyly forsoke.
But syth she wrought only of wylfulnesse,
Without counsayle or auysenesse,
Me lyst no more her harmes to bewayle.
For lyte or nought it myght now auayle.
Let her alone complainyng her damage,
For well I wote touchynge her passage,
It was not take in good plyte of the mone.
Of hastynesse she began to soone.
Chesynge an houre which was not fortunat,
For she alone of frendes desolate,
Colchos forsoke and is to chyp gon.
And in all the haste be byddynge of Jason.
Hercules and all his companye,
That with him comyn out of Thesalye.
Without tarying forthwith at a worde,
Ventred ben within chyppes borde.
Only for cause that the wynde is good.
And euery thyng tho at their luste stode.
And thus assented stale awaye by nyght,
With all the treasure that they catche myght,
And with them ladde plente of vitayle,
And forthe anone they began to sayle.
By many coast and many sondry yle,
Towardes Grece and all this meane while,
Was Medea glad and of good chere.
She and Jason syttynge both yfeare,
And Hercules of very gentylnesse,
Her to comforte did his busynesse,
Al faynyngly for the maner sake.
As these louers full queynte can it make.
Tyll they haue had hooly their pleasaunce,
Their lust fulfylled than vttreth varyance.
As it by Jason was preued vtterly.
That hath forsaken full vnkyndly,
This Medea in paine sorowe and wo.
Of her Guydone wryte no wordes mo.
Nor maketh of her none other mencion,
Bycause I trowe in myne opynyon,
That her sorowes ende and euery deale,
Rehersed be full openly and weale,
Methamorphoseos & writē there full plaine.
Where as Naso recordeth in certayne,
Her death not only nor her heuynesse,
But percell eke of the vnkyndnesse,
Of this Jason and telleth playnly howe,
Medea hath both her sonnes slowe,
For they were lyke their father of visage.
And telleth eke that put her most in rage,
How falsly he I can hym not excuse,
Loued an other that called was Ceruse.
Eke in his pistelles who so taketh hede,
Her deadly sorowe there may beholde & rede.
And howe that she her trouth aboughte sore,
Of Medea ye gete of me no more.
In all this boke nor of her auenture,
But I wyll nowe do my busy cure,
Hooly to tourne my stile to Jason.
And of the werre he made on Lamedon.
Like as in Guydo is openly described,
After that he in Grece was aryued.

FIrst whan Jason and Hercules also,
Ylonded were with many an other mo,
Within the land & reygne of Thesalye,
Kyng Pelleus with all his chiualrye,
Caste hym playnly that he wyll not fayle,
To mete his neuewe at his ariuayle.
And whan they mette in countenance & chere
Made it outwarde as hoole and as entere,
As he had had soueraygne gladnesse.
Of his knyghthode and his highe prowesse.
Of his renowne and his manlyhede,
Of his exployte and of his good spede.
And that fortune to encrease his name,
Hath caused him with so noble fame,
Out of Colchos with honour to repayre.
Albe his chere was vtterly contraire.
To his entent that euer he came agayne.
But for all that with face hole and playne,
He welcomed hym but al against his herte.
Full sore astoned that he euer asterte,
The auentures of Colchos perylous,
And is retourned so victorious.
But couertly his treason for to hyde,
All delaye he gan to sette aside.
And to Jason with chere full benyng,
His heritage fyrste he gan resygne.
Septre and crowne and kingdome at ỹ leste,
For to perfourme the summe of his behestе,
Like as he was assured by his bonde.
And Jason toke all into his honde.
And gan his vncle in full lowe manere,
First to thanke with all his herte entere.
And after that ful knightly gan him pray,
Goodly to here what that he wolde saye.

Of

Of a mattere that fret his herte sore,
From daye to daye encreasyng euer more.
Besechyng hym to graunt hym audience,
Touchyng a wronge and a vyolence,
Done vnto hym whan he no harme ne ment.
In Troye lande to Colchos as he wente.
This is to saye the kynge of Troye towne,
Within the bondes of his region,
Whan I and myne in great aduersitye,
With winde and wether forbyuen in the sea.
Us to refreshe to lande dyd arrye.
Not in purpose with hym for to stryue.
But for to rest vs after all our wo,
A lytell whyle and forth anone to go.
For we in sothe no maner harme ne thought,
But he vnkyngly of very malyce sought,
Agaynst vs to fynde occasyon.
Byddyng in haste to voyde his region.
Notwithstanding that we come in peace,
Lyke as my brother knoweth Hercules.
Unto no wyght doyng no distresse,
Wherfore we praye to your hygh noblesse,
To our purpose for to condiscende.
Of whiche platly this the fynall ende.
That we be sette in full conclusyon,
Hooly to worke to his destruction.
Lyke our auowe whan we thense went.
If it so be ye goodly lyste assent.
And all at ones, strongly and not spare,
Maugre his myght to Troye for to fare.
So that we may fynde in you faueure,
Us to refreshe with golde and with treasure.
And only eke of our curtesye,
Us strength also with your cheualrye.
¶ And Pelleus without more abode,
Anone as he this matter vnderstode,
Assented is of herte and wyll also,
In this voyage with theim for to go.
And all the worthy of that regyowne.
Kynges, Dukes, and Lordes of renowne.
Be accorded there is not one saieth naye,
To go with theim and helpe what they may.
And of this iourney chiefe solicitour,
Was Hercules the worthy conquerour.
¶ And he in haste his retenewe to make,
Towarde Spartos hath the way take.
Whiche is an yle to Grekes pertinent.
Fully obeying to their commaundement.
In whiche Pollux and Castor eke also,
The worthy kyngs the mighty brothern two,
Were as I fynde that tyme gouernours.
And bare their crowne like noble werreours.
And brothern weren also vnto Eleyne.
And as poetes lyketh for to fayne,
That Jupiter for all his deyte,
Upon Leda begat them all three,
That in beautie all other dyd excelle,
And as for Eleyne lyke as bokes telle.
Conceyued was in Tyndarys the yle,
Unto the londe ioynyng of Cecyle.
Therfore of some I fynde that she is,
After the yle called Tyndaris.
Of their byrth me lyst no more to endite,
But forthe I thyncke of Hercules to wryte.
That hath besought these noble kyngs twain,
With mighty hande to do their busy payne,
Only to graunte with him for to wende,
To Troye warde shortly this the ende.
And to assente they saye not ones nay.
With all the power that they catche may.
Againe what tyme that him lyst assygne,
And Hercules with chere full beninge,
Thanked them of that they him behyght,
And forth he wente in all the haste he might,
Toward Messene the stronge mighty londe,
Within whiche the noble king he fonde,
The knightly man the worthy Thelamon,
Lorde and prynce of that region.
That in armes was one the manlyest,
That was a lyue and egall with the beste.
And whan he knew that Hercules was com,
For iope he hath hym in his armes nome.
And him receyued in all maner thynge,
Lyke as it sat to a worthy kyng.
And whan he wiste sothly what he mente,
Without more anone he dyd assente,
With hym to gone Troyens for to greue.
And Hercules goodly toke his leue,
And hym enhasteth to Thessalye agayne.
To Pelleus and telleth hym certayne,
Howe he hath spedde besechynge hym also,
In all the haste that it may be do,
Letters to sende and all his lordes call,
And to assemble his worthy knyghtes all,
Thrughout his lād ỹ were both nigh & ferre.
Suche as he knewe ỹwere experte in werre.
And them also that were of counsayle sage,
For wyt of them that be yronne in age,

Is more than force without experience,
But whan manhode is mente with sapience,
Who loketh well it may double auayle.
And they that longe haue vsed to trauayle.
Lyke as it is playnly to suppose,
May helpe moste our iourney to dispose.
For vnto age experience and wytte,
To youth force and hardinesse sytte.
And whan that both be of one entent,
Fully accorded to worken by assent,
With a quarell grounded vpon ryght,
Thrugh helpe of grace ẏ hath treble myght,
Thē nede not drede with spere nor w̄ shelde,
In knyghtly wyse for to holde a feilde.
For of knighthode the fame and the glory,
Nor in armes conquest nor victory,
Be not assured vpon multitude.
But on manhode so grace lyste conclude.
¶ Therfore let vs for to auenge our wrong,
First with right make our selfe stronge,
And efte our force manly for to shewe,
Of knyghtes chose taken out a fewe,
And so auoyde encombraunce of numbre.
And so we shall our foes beste encombre.
And of all that that Hercules hath sayde,
Kyng Pelleus was tho right well apayde.
For as him thought his counsaile was righte
And Hercules without more abode. (good,
Is in great haste with his meine gon,
To a prouince that called is Pilon,
In whiche there was a duke of noble fame,
And as I fynde Nestor was his name.
Full renowmed and stronge of chiualrye,
And he was eke of kinred and allye,
To Hercules and of the same bloud.
And whan that he plainly vnderstode,
The purpose hole and cause of his coming,
He graunted hym without more taryinge,
To go hym selfe with hym in this voiage.
With all the worthy of his baronage.
And to be ready agayne a certayne daye,
And Hercules as faste as euer he maye,
Repaired is ayen to Thesalye.
Where gathered was holy the nauye,
Of the lordes full redy apparayled,
Well enarmed and rychely vitayled.
¶ And Pelleus hath taken fyrste the sea,
And euery lorde lyke to his degree,
Yshypped is and ready for to gon,
With Hercules and also with Jason,
Their behestes manly to fulfyll,
Towardes Troye the Citie for to spylle.
And after that sothly as I fynde,
They not abyde but vpon the wynde.

¶ Howe Jason, Hercules, and all the prynces of Grece, assembled to aduenge ẏ vncurtesy done to theim by Lamedon in this expedicion towardes Colchos. Cap. viii.

VWhan that the sote stormes of Apryll,
Unto the roote full lowe gan destille,
His lustye licour with many holsome shoure,
To reyse the vertue hyghe vpon the floure.
And Phebus was ascendyng in his sphere,
And on the brest smote his beames cleare.
Of the Ram full colerike at all:
Halowynge in veer the Equinoctiall.
Whan Mayes kalendes entren in for sothe,
And zephirus with swete breath and smothe,
The tendre braūches enspireth & doth spryng
When euery bushe is freshe and blosomynge.
And from the hylle the water is reuolued,
Of snowes whyte ẏ Phebus hath dissolued.
For than the bawme vapoureth vp a lofte,
Into the eyre from the herbes softe.
The rotes vertue by colde of wynter hydde,
Hath full his myght and his force ykydde.
Out of the erth in herbe and euery tree,
Shade in the braunches his humiditee,
Araysed only with the sonnes heate,
And with the moyster of the raynes swete.
Whan siluer welles sheden out their stremes,
In ryuers gylte with the sonne beames.
And for he had with newe greene againe,
Her largesse shad vpon euery playne.
And nightingales that all the wodde ronge,
Full amorously did welcome in their songe,
The lusty season freshe and desyrous.
Namely to hertes the whiche ben amorous.
And whan the sea calme is & blaundishinge,
Fro trouble of wynde or wawy boylynge.
And is from tempest sure to escape.
The same season Grekes forth them shape,
Towardes Troye, Erles, Dukes, & kynges,
Their shyppes stuffed w̄ all maner thynges.
That to werre myght them most auayle,
And ryght anone they began to sayle,

Whan

Whan all was redy without more abode,
Eche shyppe by other on the water rode.
And whan the winde at their lust gau blowe,
A ioye it was to se them go by rowe.
Whiche made thē hast & speden on their waie,
That in short tyme they comen ben to Troy.
And in the hauen called Symeonte,
Whan Phebus fer vnder their orisente,
I westred was that men ne myght hym se,
Grekes byn past all peryll of the sea,
And cast their ancrees thynking for the best,
In their shippes the same night to reste.

And in ẏ morowe whan the larke songe,
The worthi Grekes so māly & so strōge
Began to lande in all the haste they myghte.
On Troye grounde and their tentes pighte.
Afore the towne with great dylygence,
For they ne founde no maner resystence,
And all this whyle they sette good awayte,
On euery syde leste there were deceyte.
Tyll on the houre that the sonne bryght,
Had in the morowe shade his rody lyghte,
Amyd the fielde vpon euery tente,
At whiche tyme all of one assente,
The Grekes were assembled euerychone.
And by the byddyng of the kynge anone,
Jason fyrst and with him Hercules,
With many worthy beyng in that prese,
Ben to the tente of Pelleus ycome.
And whā these lordes of grece both al & some
Assembled were and in that place met,
And eche of them in his degree was set.
Than Pelleus whan al was whist and styll,
Right thus began ẏ sentence of his wyll.
¶ O noble & worthy of hye estate and lowe,
whose knightly fame throughout ẏ worlde y-
Reported is as fer as shineth sonne. (know,
That Grekes yet neuer thynge begonne,
That they ne had the victorye at ende.
For with ẏ lawrer so fer as men may wende,
They crowned [illegible]n of what thei toke on hād.
Suche is thier happe both on se and lande.
¶ Wherforeye lord most worthi of renowne
Ye can remembre of kyng Lamedowne,
And of the wronge ẏ he vpon you wrought,
Whan harme to him none of you ne thought.
Which must be quit shortly this the ende.
For we be come to stroie them and to shende,
Wherfore anone in all the haste we may,
Lette vs set on without more delaye.
But fyrst I rede that we taken hede,
To thre thynges most helpyng in this nede.
¶ First by aduyse and good discretion,
For our defence and good saluacion,
So prudently our wardes for to make,
That none of oures be at mischiefe take,
This ylke daye for lacke of prouidence.
The seconde is to do our diligence,
With all our might and hole entention,
So to labour that full distruction,
Come to our foes & to our selues glory.
¶ And this the thirde that we may victorye,
Inioye of them platly at the laste.
And ouer this ye maye afore well caste,
If we of knighthode through our hardinesse,
May vanquishe them we shal so hye richesse,
Conquere of them to our possessyowne,
For it is knowen how that Troye towne,
Of all plentie as it shalbe founde,
Of golde & tresour doth passingly habounde.
That our shyppes sothly as I wene,
For to receiue ne shall not mow susteine,
The habundaunce that is yonder within.
If it so be that we the Citie wyn.
As god vs graunte if so it be his wyll.
¶ And also faste as the kynge was styll,
The noble knight the stronge Hercules,
In the presence of that worthy prese,
Said his counsaile was highely to cōmende.
For wyse begynnynge is preysed by the ende.
But to effecte our purpose for to brynge.
My counsayle is that in the mornynge,
Tofore or we discured byn by daye,
That we vs arme in all the haste we maye.
And on this fielde that we do our payne,
For to deuyde our mayne into twayne.
And of the tone shall kyng Thelamowne,
Be gouernour of his hye renowne.
And of the other kyng Pelleus shall haue,
The gouernaunce wisely theim to saue.
And I my selfe and Jason here my brother,
Shall secretely go with all the other,
Under the Citie or the sonne shynes.
And in the bushaile and the thicke vynes,
We shall vs hyde and kepe vs there full koye.
For Lamedon that is kyng of Troye,

Anone

Anone as he may here or may espye,
Of the Grekes with his chevalrye,
Out of the Citie will yssue out anone.
With vs to fyght & venge hym of his fone.
But whan he cometh to our shippes warde,
Nestor the duke shall in the first warde,
Mete with hym and Castor shall also,
Whan he seeth time knightly haue ado,
To helpe Nestor if that it be nede.
The thirde warde Pelleus shall lede,
And whyles ye do thus hym occuppye,
Jason and I shall vs as faste hye,
Unto the Citie vnwist of them echone.
I doubte not we shall it wyn anone.
Doth by counsayle and it will you auayle,
And here my trouth that ye may not fayle,
For to conquere the Citie yonde tofore.
This all and some ye gete of me no more.
¶And they accord w al their strēgth & might
Enarme theim in stele ỹ shone full bryght,
Ageine the sonne at morowe whan he riseth,
And wrought at all as Hercules deuiseth.

¶Of the battaile betwirt the Grecians and the Troians, wherin the Troyans were discomfeted, their kinge slayne, and after their Citie taken, rased, and destroyed. Ca. ix.

Kyng Lamedon whan that he herde tell,
Of their cōming hun list no longer dwel,
But out he went with many a noble knighte,
Flouryng in youth and desyrous to fyght.
And all tho that mighten armes beare,
Or that coude shote or handell durste a spere.
¶And whan they were assēbled in the fielde,
Euerych his armes depeint vpon his shilde,
Brouded or bete vpon his coote armure,
Than Lamedon with all his busy cure,
Set them in ordre and his wardes maketh,
And in the fielde forth his waye he taketh,
Towarde the Grekes as any lyne right.
Fully purposynge there to abide and fight.
He was not ware of thē that were behynde,
He not aduerteth or casteth in his mynde,
The great sleyght nor the treachery,
That hun was shape he coude it not espye.
But forthe he wente with his wardes set,
And the Grekes anone with him hath met,
With herte bolde astoned not at all,
Duke Nestor first sturdy as a wall,
In whose manhod was neuer foundē lacke;
Full knightly than vpon his horse backe,
To herte his men and his knightes eke,
Gan prese in with many worthy Greke,
With Lamedon sturdely to mete.
At whiche tyme they felte it full vnswete.
For in the frounter many manly man,
With sharpe speres first together ran.
And eft with swordes sharpe & kene ygroūdo
Was thilke daye geuen many a wounde.
Where as they met thus on euery syde,
Thrugh plate & maile their woundes bledde
And basenettes they riue to ỹ crowne, (wide,
The noyse of strokes in the eyre gan sowne.
And of the blode that tho was shad of new,
The grene soyle chaunged hath his hewe.
For it was dyed playnly in to red.
Upon the whiche full many man lay dead.
And many worthy lost their his lyfe,
And certainly than in this mortall stryfe,
The Grekes had discomfyted be echone,
Ne had Castor socoured tham anone,
The folke of Troy so manly haue them bore,
That many a knight of grekes was plore.
But after Castor entreth in bataile,
With his knightes so sore he did assayle,
The worthy Troyans ỹ with spere & shielde,
Grekes agayne recouered haue the fielde.
That many one lieth slayne vpon the grene,
Thrugh girt the body w sharpe speres kene.
That they of Troye in this mortall stoure,
Were driue a backe tyll there came socour,
To them in hast of worthy Lamedowne.
Whiche entred in like a wodde lyowne,
And made a waye vpon euery syde.
And where as he made his swerde to glyde,
There was but deth so manly he hym bare.
That well vnneth was there none that dare,
Abyde his stroke for rydynge vp and downe,
He made waye about him enuirowne.
In the renges he hath his [illegible] out soughte,
That dai ī armes merualles hath he wroute.
Than by his manhod and his worthines,
He the grekes hath brought in suche distresse,
That they his swerde flyen as the death,
Marcles so many of them he sleeth.
Of which slaughter the grekes wer confuse,
Tyll Pelleus came to their rescuse,

Trous

Jrous and wood as he were fall in rage.
He thought he wold ỳ great pompe aſwage,
Of them of Troye and ſo he dyd anone.
For he vnhorſeth of them many one.
And feilly ſlough all that ſtode him afore,
And many harneys he hath ỳ daye to tore.
And made theldes for to ryue a ſonder,
That to beholde it was a very wondre.
Til Lamedon his people ſawe go backe,
For Pelleus brought them ſo to wracke,
Wherof in herte he felte full great payne.
Beſeching them efte to repaire againe,
And kyth their might & like as men endure,
And ſo the fielde he made them to recure.
Tyll duke Neſtor knewe that Lamedowne,
Amid the fielde was kynge of Troye towne,
And right anone without more abode,
Agaynſt hym a full great pace he rode.
And whan the kyng did him firſt eſpye,
Of hye diſpite of rancour and enuye,
In knightly wyſe gan to tourne againe.
Nothynge agaſt but of hye diſdayne,
With yrous herte enbolned all with pride,
His horſe fyerſly ſmytyng in the ſyde,
That from ỳ pricke out ran the red bloud.
And forth to Neſtor like as he were wood,
He rode anone and he his ſpere brake.
But he full knightly kept his horſe backe,
And full delyuerly him againe to quite,
With ſpeare full charpe whette for to byte,
Thrugh ſheld & breſt gaue him ſuch a woũde
That fro his hors he felde hi down to groũd.
Of whiche fall the kyng nothyng a ferde,
Upriſe ayene and knightly drewe his ſwerd,
So angre fret hym at his herte rote,
That he vnhorſed fyghte muſte on fote.
Wherof he was in party full confuſe,
Tyll one Cedar came to his reſcuſe.
That was made knight ỳ ſelfe ſame yere,
Yonge freſche and luſty and of noble chere.
Syttyng that tyme on a noble ſtede,
And whan that he gan to take hede,
And ſaw the kyng on foote at miſchiefe fight,
Gan forth to pryke in all the haſt he might,
Toward Neſtor and with a ſpere him hytte,
From his ſadell that he made him flytte.
Downe to the ground afore kyng Lamedon,
But he anone full lyke a champion,
Recured vp and hym ſelfe defendeth,
And many a ſtroke eche on other ſpendeth,
With charpe ſwerdrs kene for to byte.
Eueriche at other gan foyne and ſmyte.
Tyll Lamedon with a diſpyteous chere,
From of his face raſed his viſer.
And by that ſtrype he of at ones ſmet,
A ryche cercle from his baſenet.
Of large perle goynge enuyrowne.
With creſte and all he fyerſly beate a downe.
That whyles Neſtor thus afore hym ſtode,
His face was all depeint with his bloud.
That certainely the ſoth to conclude,
Had not Grekes with great multitude,
Reſcued hym he had of Lamedowne,
Be ſlayne as faſte for he was bore a downe,
Unto the earth amonge the horſe feete.
But Caſtor thought that he ne wolde lete,
To be his helpe as he beheſte yfeare,
And yrouſly he toke a mighty ſpere,
And to Cedar that I ſpake of late,
He gan to ryde and pricke in deadly hate.
But or he came and toke him there doubtleſs,
A Troyan knight called Segnerides,
Coſyn to Cedar whan he hath this ſeye,
On a courſer rode anone bytwene,
And with a ſpere he ſmote Caſtor ſo,
That with the ſtroke it broken is a two.
To whom Caſtor withouten more areſte,
Hath with a ſpere amyddes of the breſt,
Segnerides gyue a mortall woũde.
That lykely was neuer for to ſounde.
Wherfore Cedar caught hath ſuche enuye,
That he anone of fell melancolye,
And of diſpyte boylynge in his herte,
Segnerides when he beholde ſo ſmerte,
Maugre who grutcheth amiddes of ỳ fielde,
Of very myght from Caſtor toke his ſhelde.
And through byſer of rancour and of rage,
He wounded hym amyddes of his byſage.
And eke his horſe fro hym alſo he caughte,
And to his ſquier manfully it raught.
That certainely he ſtode in ſuche diſioynt,
This worthy Caſtor that he was in poynt,
To haue be taken of them of Troye tho.
For be on foote with hun muſt haue go,
Ne had Pollux with many manly knyght,
Wo then. vii. hundred in ſtele armed bryght,
The rather come Caſtor to reſcue.
Whiche after them ſo fore gan to ſewe,

That

That maugre theim Castor when he fond,
Of force he reste hym from his enemies hōd,
And to his horse restored hym agayne.
And after that this Pollux in certayne,
Of very anger and of feruent Ire,
Agayne Troians with rancoure set a fyre,
That al at ones he vpon theim set,
And in his mode by fortune as he met,
A Troian knight called Eliatus,
In armes yonge freche and desyrous,
Wonder semely and yet of tendre age,
The kinges sonne also of great Cartage,
And neuewe eke vnto king Lamedon.
Whom Pollux hath like a fierse Lyon,
Without compassion pytye or mercye,
Within the renges slayne ful cruelly.
That Lamedon whan he gan take hede,
Of inwarde dole felt his herte blede,
Whan he hym sawe in point vpon the deathe,
Full pyteously yelden vp the breathe.
Upon the playne as he lay him beforne.
For whiche anone he made sowne a horne,
At which time there came in riche araye,
Seuen.M. knyght in all the haste they may,
Upon his deathe auenged for to be.
Which merciles of theyr great crueltye,
The Grekes haue here and there confoūded,
Here lyeth one dead & here another woūded.
So that they might with them hold no tacke.
So mortally they made theim go abacke,
That all gan tourne to theyr confusion.
And fynally that daye wyth Lamedon,
The triumphe had and the fielde ygone,
Saue that alas out of the towne anone,
Unto the king there came a messengere,
That hath hym tolde wo a ful piteous cheare,
How the Grekes haue his Citye take.
¶ Then for to se the wo he tho did make,
It would haue made a piteus herte as bliue,
Of very dole a sundre for to riue.
So sore he gan within hym selfe to mourne.
He wist not to what partye he may tourne.
But in a weuer he abiding longe.
Afore him sawe the mighty Grekes stronge,
And in the Citie another hoost behinde,
Almoste for wo he went out of his minde.
And sodeynly backward as he beheldе,
Toward the Citye he sawe come in the felde,
First Hercules and with him Jason.
That by theyr sleyght wonnen had ỹ towne.
And in all hast this cruell Hercules,
The mighty giaunt of force pereles,
Lyke a Lyon wood and dispiteous,
Or a Tygre ramage and furyous,
Gan of newe theim of Troye assayle.
And with his sworde perce plate & mayle.
Which of labour were full mate and feynt,
And of longe fight with werinesse atteynt.
And he came in lusty freche and grene,
That they his force might him not sustene,
For as he rode among theim here & ponder,
In cruell wise he seuered theim a sonder.
And put theim hooly in this high mischaunce,
Out of rule and from all gouernaunce.
So that the kinge oppressed al with dole,
Out of his wardes destytute and sole,
At mischiefe left and all infortunate,
And of comforte fully disconsolate.
This Hercules with full dispiteous loke,
With sharpe spores his stede felly toke,
And cruelly rode forthe to Lamedowne,
And to the earth fiersly bare hym downe.
And vpon him in all the hast he might,
Downe of his horse sodeinly alighte,
And mightely rent of his Basenet.
And with a swerd sharpe grounde and whet,
Smote of his head there was no other grace
And cast it forth in the selfe place.
Amonge the horse by cruel violence.
Without pytye or any reuerence.
And in arage raught his horse agayne,
And like a Lion renning on the playne.
Bare down & slough what so cā in his weye.
And many Troyan at ỹ time made deye.
That like to shepe were forskatered wide,
All destitute of gouernour or guide.
Ne can no reade shortly to conclude,
For the Grekes with double multitude,
Gan theim enchase to the death ful blyue.
That wel vneth there left was one alyue.
The felde they haue & ben that day victours.
And with triumphe like as conquerours,
To the citye they toke their waye after,
And rende adowne both wall sparre & rafter.
And all the treasour and riches of the towne
They toke anone to theyr possessyowne.
Who euer grutche or be leke or lothe,
What they found there plainly wo them gothe.

And in the temples did great violēce.
There to the goddes doyng no reuerence.
For all they spoyle without dread or feare,
And vnto chippe euery thing they beare.
And mercyles on croked olde and lame.
Theyr swerdes they made cruelly to tame.
And childrē soukyng at theyr mother breste.
They kill and sley withouten more arest.
And youg maydens wepyng in distresse,
Full gentyl borne and of great semelynesse,
With theym they led & may not them excuse,
Theyr fresche beaute fallly to misuse.
They waste bren and consumen all,
And roūde aboute they brake adowne ỳ wall.
And Exyone the kinges doughter dere,
That was to him so passingly entere,
By his life I meane to Lamedon,
Meke and bening of her condicion.
This Hercules hath anone her take,
That in her dread ful pyteously gan quake.
And her delyuered vnto Thelamowne,
For that he entred first into towne.
And he his gift receyued hath at gree,
Bycause she was surmounting of beautee.
And treated her after as he would,
Not like as he a kinges doughter shuld.
For syth he hath her wonne by victorye,
For his worship and his owneglorye,
Hauing regarde to her highe degree,
He shuld rather of knightly honestee,
And of knighthode wedded her therfore,
Sith that she was of blode so gentill bore.
Than of false lust agayne all goodlihead,
Used her beautye and her womanhaede,
Dishonestly and in such sinfull wise.
Of royall blode not lyke the high empryse.
Nor the doctrine of natures right.
Nor like to nurture of a gentil knight.
Consydered fyrst her birth and her kinrede,
Her grene youth and eke her maydenheade,
So good so fayre so womanly therto,
A kinges doughter of byrth she was also,
To haue her wed it coulde haue be no shame.
Now Thelamō in sothe thou were to blame,
For through the errour of thy gouernaunce,
There kindled was of ful highe vengeaunce,
So hote a sparke after of enuye,
That through ỳ world ỳ fire gan multeplye.
Which was not like to quenche of his yete,
For hatred olde to bren can not lete.
With newe flawme who so taketh hede,
If it not smoke it is the more to dread.
As in this storye hereafter shall be knowe.
& whī this towne was brēt & brought so low,
Bothe toure and wall w̄ ỳ soyle made playn,
And nothing stode of all that might be sein.
So vtterly the Grekes theym oppresse,
Makyng all waste like a wyldernes.
¶ For good treasour & ryches infynyte,
With many iewell full pleasing of delyte,
To theyr shippes out of the towne they lede,
And in shorte tyme homeward do they spede.
Wtih treasour stuffed & habūdaūce of good.
And when they sawe that the wether stode,
The wynd also at theyr lust they had.
They gā to saile and with thē home they lad.
Yong Exione and many a mayde mo.
That out of Troye into Grece go.
And sayling forth within a litell space,
They be escaped fro the sea by grace.
And vnto land aryued merely.
At whose commyng the Grekes vtterly,
So ioyfull be of theyr good spede,
And specially in Guido as I reade,
Theyr shyppes were w̄ golde & treasour lade.
Wherof in herte they were wonder glade.
And for they had outward so well thē borne,
To ouerthrowe and haue so fewe yborne,
Of theyr meyne they thanke theyr goddes al.
And of the grace that to theym is fall.
For w̄ ỳ treasour ỳ haue they home brought,
Full many pore was made vp of nought,
Throughout ỳ lād there was such habūdaūce
So much good and so great suffisaunce.
That no wight had among theim nede,
And many day this blessedfull lyfe they lede
From yeare to yeare by reuolucyowne,
And for theyr manhod & theyr high renowne
Theyr honour ran round the world about.
That theim toffende many lāde hath doubted.
For theyr knighthod & for they were so wyse,
Untill the storye last agayne deuise.
In this matter ferther to procede,
With the fauour of your goodlyhead,
I wil me rest for a lytel space.
And thā vpborne w̄ supporte of your grace,
For taccomplishe as I you vndertoke,
And here an ende of the first boke.

I

I make now with quakyng hand for dreade,
Onely for feare of you that shall it r[illegible]e,
Lest ye alas of hasty mocion,
Ne will not haue no compassyon,
Pytye nor routhe vpon my rudenesse.
Lowly besechyng to your gentilcesse,
Of mercye onely both nigh a[illegible]
Where ye finde that I fayle or erre,
For to correcte or ye further flyt.
For to your grace I hooly all commit.

¶ The Trauslatour complaineth the misfortune of the Troians in the losse of theyr City, liuely describyng the tykle estate of Fortunes gouernaunce, beginning in the same chappyter his secound boke persewing the matter of the sayd historye. Ca.x.

The enuious ordre of fortunat meuinge,
In worldly thynge false and flikerynge,
Nil suffer vs as in this present life,
To lyue in reste without werre or stryfe.
For she is blinde fikel and vnstable,
And of her course false and ful mutable.
Who sitteth highest she cā him downe encline,
Whē he least weneth and bring hym to ruine.
With the awaytes that gladly ben sodayne.
And with her face that parted is in twayne.
Shewe most hole whā she is lest to tryst,
That well were him that her deceytes wist.
And her engines and her trappes knewe.
That in her courte euery daye be newe.
Of which in sothe I well affirme dare,
No mortall man may in this life beware.
For she vneuen peysing in balaunce,
With counterfete and fayned countenaunce,
With loking playn & cheare of flatterye,
Unwarely can do blere a mannes eye,
And him begile this the very sothe,
With a face blandishing and smothe.
When she hath him frō high degre made low,
Full falsly smile and make to him the mowe.
And yet somewhyle most varyaunt of hewe,
She vnto some pretendeth to be trewe.
For she whylom to some is fauorable,
And to some false and like deceiuable.
She can reise one and bring another downe,
This false lady of transmutacyowne,
To some she giueth renowne & victorye,
And doth theym floure in honoure & glorie.
And some she can appayre with false fame,
And giltles perde put a man in blame.
To some she is goodly and beninge,
And of disdeyne she can also malygne,
Agayne an other and make hym lowte lowe,
And frō their see she can great kinges throwe
And theim auayle for all their high toures,
And she can plonge worthy Emperours.
From the hyll of hye prosperetye.
Into the vaile like of aduersytye.
The ryche emprishe of rancoure & dysdayne,
And eft the pore she can enhaūce agayne,
This false goddesse with her eyen blinde,
Set one afore another goeth behinde,
And doth one renne & maketh another halte,
And one she can high in riches exalte,
And an other plonge in pouertye,
In whom no man may haue securytye.
To some suger and hony she distilleth,
And to other some she the bottel fylleth,
With bytter gall mirre and aloes.
And thus this lady wilfull and rechles,
As she that is froward and peruers,
Hath in her seller drinkes ful diuers.
For she to some of fraude and of fallas,
Ministreth piment bawme and ypocras.
And sodeynly when the soote is past,
She of custome can giue him a cast,
For to conclude falsly in the fine,
Of bytter eysell and of egre wine.
And corrosyues that fret and perce depe.
And Narcotikes that cause men to slepe.
Thus she to theim that her can aproche,
After swete the bitter can a broche.
Thus in her reygne this quene of varyaunce,
Whose ioye alwayes fineth with mischaunce.
Who trusteth her she will him ouercast,
And him deceyue playnly at the last.
Of what estate soeuer that he be,
This double lady of mutabilitye.
Se here example of king Lamedon,
Whom she hath brought to confusion.
For litel cause and for a thing of nought,
Her crueltye he hath to deare abought.
Wherfore I reade euery man take hede,
To gin a quarell where as is no nede.
For litell fyre vnder ashes reke,
So may be kindled that it will out breake,

Into such flawme men may it not apease.
Who best can suffer moste shall haue his ease,
Morall. Therfore ye kynges and lordes euerychone,
Make you a myrroure of this Lamedone,
And be well ware to do no violence,
Unto straungers when they do none offence.
Whan they come fer into this region,
Ne suffer theim by none oppression,
Within your bondes for to haue no wrong.
For in your owne though that ye be strong,
And mightye eke among your lieges all,
Another daye perauntre may befall,
That when that ye ful lytell thynke on it,
Of sodeyne case thus may ye be aquyt.
And ythanked in another place,
Of auenture where ye may fayle of grace.
Therfore when ye may any such espye,
Do theym good cheyre of your curtesye.
And prudently consyder in your witt,
That to a lorde of gentilnesse it syt,
To euery straunger goodly him to haue.
There is nothing may more his honour saue.
Than to refreshe them frely and disporte,
Than may they after good of hun reporte.
By whose cõtrary hath much wo be wrought
Afore this tune if so it be well sought.
The first Troye thus vtterly destroyed,
And the people in sorowe and wo acloyed.
Lad into exyle a farre from theyr Cytye,
Lyuing in thraldome and captiuitye.
And Erycone as ye haue herde me tell,
Led into Grece with Thelamon to dwell.
For whõ there was as Guido cã you teache,
After take so great vengeaunce & wreche.
On eyther parte that in very trouthe,
For to heare it is to great a routhe.
As in this boke ye may hereafter rede,
Ceryously if that ye list take hede,
For gladly aye by reuolusyon,
Of fatall thing by disposicion,
So enuyous is and alway meynt with wo,
That in this world where so that we go,
We truely may aduert as in our thought,
That for the value of a thyng of nought.
Mortall causes of werres first begonne.
Strife and debate here vnderneth the sonne.
Were meued first of small occasyon,
That caused after great confusyon,
That no man can the harmes halfe endite,
And for a cause deare inough a mite.
Echeone is redy to destroye other.
A man for litel stryue will with his brother.
Blode is vnkynde which greatly is to drede,
Alas why ne will they take better hede,
For olde Troye and after that the newe,
Through smal encheso who the trouth knew,
Were fynally brought to destruction.
As olde bokes make mencion.
And many worthy and many noble knight,
Slayne in the felde by duresse of that fight.
Kynges and prynces at the siege ben deade,
Whã Attropos lyst breake theyr liues threde.
That for to tel the mischiefe and the wo,
I want connyng and I fele also,
My pen quake and tremble in my hand.
Lyst that my lorde dradde on sea & lande,
Whose worthines through ỹ world doth spredc
My rude makyng shal beholde and reade,
Whych of colour full naked is and bare.
That but if he of his mercye spare,
For to disdayne and list to haue pytye,
For feare I tremble that he shuld it se.
But onely mercye ỹ doth his hert embrase,
Byd me presume fully in his grace,
Seyng in hym most vertuous and good,
Mercye annexed vnto royall blode,
As to a prince longeth nigh and ferre,
Aye to fore ryght pytye to preferre.
For through the support of his high noblesse,
As now I will ayene my style dresse,
To wryte forth the storye by and by.
Of newe Troye in ordre serpously.
As mine auctour in latyn Guydo wryt.
Praying ỹ reader wher as my wordes missit,
Causyng the metre to be halte or lame,
For to correct to saue me from blame.
Let hym not wayte to haue curyosytye,
Sith that in rime Englyche hath skersytye,
I am so dull certayne that I ne can,
Guido ensewe that clerke and curyous man.
Whych in latyn hath by rethorike,
Set so his wordes that I cã not be lyke.
To sewe his style in my translation.
Worde by worde like the construction.
After the maner of gramariens.
Nor like the stile of rethoriciens.
I toke but on me this storye to translate,
For me to further Clio came to late.

That

That in such craft hath great experience,
I leue the wordes and folowe the sētence.
And trouthe of metre I set also aside,
For of that arte I had as tho no guide.
Me to reduce whan I went a wrong,
Taking small hede eyther of short or long.
But to the trouth and lette curiosite,
Both of making and of metre be,
Not purposyng to much for to varye,
Nor for to be dyuers nor contrarye,
Unto Guydo as by discordaunce.
But me conforme fully in substaunce.
Onely in meanyng to conclude all one.
Albe that I ne can the waye gone,
To sewe the floures of his eloquence.
Nor of peyntyng I haue none excellence.
With sundry hewes noble freshe and gay,
So ryche coloures byggen I ne may.
I must procede with sable and with blacke,
And in ennuyng where ye fynde a lacke,
I are mercy or that I fro you twyn,
And with your fauour I will nowe begyn.
And in all haste my stile forth right directe,
And where I erre I pray you to correct.

The same tyme whē that Troye towne,
Destroyed was & ꝑ king Lomedowne,
Was also slayne through the cruelte,
Of Hercules and that tofore his cyte.
He had a sonne the storye telleth vs,
Which was his heyre ycalled Priamus.
Wonder manly discrete eke and prudent,
Which at that time from Troye was absente,
When so his father lost hath so his lyfe.
For at that tyme with Hecuba his wyfe,
And with his sonnes aboute a castell laye.
And all his knightes to get it if they may.
That hath on theym mightely werreyed,
For they his father falsly disobeied.
And vnto hym be rebell wonder longe.
Albe Priam with sautes huge and stronge,
Theim had assayled oft and many syth.
His strength on them like a knight to kyth,
To get in armes worship and honour,
And theim to daunt like a conquerour,
He cast him fully or that he departe,
For day by day his life he gan Jeoparte,
Tofore their walles for to preue his mighte,
With many baron & many worthy knight.
For he was flowing yet lusty blonde,
And was of age flouryng in knighthode.
And at assautes and such maner strife,
On with the first auenture his life.
To herte his men him lyst not be behind.
For dread of death sothly as I find.
Afore the castell hygh & thyck ywalled,
And by his wife that Hecuba was called.
This Priam had ful worthy of degre,
Fiue sonnes and ponge doughters thre.
¶ Of whych the eldest Hector called was,
Which also fer as Phebus in compase,
A naturall daye his cercle goeth about,
So fer of hym withouten any doubte,
Reported was the renowne and the name,
The worthynesse and the noble fame.
For like as bokes of him specifye,
He was the roote and stocke of chiualrye.
And of knighthod very souerayne floure,
The sours and well of worship and honoure.
And of manhode I dare it well expresse,
Patron & myrrour and of high prowesse,
Gunning and grounde & with all this yfeare,
Wonder benynge and lowely of his cheare.
Discrete also prudent and vertuous,
Of whom the dedes and actes merueilous,
Remembred ben of so long a gone.
For he alone excelled euerychone.
In olde Auctours reade and ye may finde,
Of his knighthod how yet they makē mynde.
¶ The next brother called was Paris,
To whom nature gaue to her deuys,
Of shape and fourme beautye & semelynesse,
That to recorde his excellent fayrnesse,
Hye in his time withouten any dread,
Ferre passed all that I can of reade,
And he was eke a full manly knight.
But most he vsed when so he should fight,
In his hand to beare a mighty bowe.
For such an archer no man coud knowe.
None might be foūd to seke both fer & nere,
That of shoting might hardely be his pere.
As he was founde whan he had a do,
And Alexandre called he was also.
¶ The third sonne hight Deiphobus,
A worthy knight and a chualrous.
And had in armes a ful great renowne,
And was a man of high discresciowne.
And wise of coūsail min auctour sayeth thus.

¶The fourth brother called was Helenus.
Sad and discrete and of highe prudence,
And was also a man of great scyence,
And renommed therwith in specyall.
In al the artes called lyberal,
For he in theym was full experte a ryght.
¶The fyfth sonne was a worthy knyght.
Freshe and lusty and yongest of theim all,
And as sayeth Guido Troylus men him call.
A manly man valyaunt in battayle,
And fearsely hote his fomen to assayle.
One of the best in his time yfounde,
For called he was Hector the secound.
For his manhode throughout Troye booke,
Within the werre ful oft vpon him toke.
Of his knighthode many high empryse,
As the storye lyke after shall deuyse.
¶And in his boke like as wryte Uergile,
The poete olde w souerayntye of style.
How that the king Pryam had also,
By Hecuba other sonnes two.
And by recorde of this Uergelius,
The one was named Pollidorus.
Whom Priamus in his grene youthe,
When that ꝑ cominge was of Grekes kouth,
To Troyewarde in all the haste anone,
With golde treasour and many ryche stone,
Hath sent him forthe besyde vnto a kinge,
Of ful great trust to haue him in keppyng.
Till tyme he sawe what conclusyonne,
There shuld befall after of the towne.
And eke what fine the werres shoulden take,
That vpon theym the Grekes tho did make.
But thilke kyng of false couetyse,
Of his treasour that ye haue herde deuyse,
Whan that he sawe fortunes varyaunce,
Toward Pryam and his vnhapy chaunce,
Lyke a tyrannt and murderer also,
The childes throte made do cutte a two.
And after that he full of crueltye,
Made his men to burye him priuelye,
That no man might his treason vnderstond.
Besyde a sea depe vnder the strond.
¶The other sonne also that I of reade,
In Uergile called was fayre Ganimede.
Whom Jupiter hath in a forest hente,
Upon a daye as he on huntinge wente.
And bare him vp aboue the sterres clere,
And in the heauens made him butlere.
Eternally with hym to wonnen there,
In stede of Hebes his owne daughter dere.
¶The fyrst doughter of kyng Pryamus,
Was hoote Creusa as sayeth Uergilius,
In his Eneydos sothely as it was.
And she was wedded vnto Eneas,
And eke this storye sayeth that this Enee,
Was wonderfull in his natyuytye.
Of whom the father as I fynde doubtles,
Was in his tyme called Anchyses.
That hym begat on Uenus the goddesse.
For after her he was of such fayrnesse,
That to no wyght could neuer yet be se,
A man that was more passyng of beautye.
Of whom this storye touchyng his worthyng,
Shall you declare many wonder thyng.
For it is he to whom so great a loos,
Uergyle hath giue in his Eneydos.
For he that booke in worshyp of Enee,
Compyled hath like as ye may se.
Of his knyghthood and many strong batayl,
By hym acheued before he wan Italye.
Full long time after that the royall towne,
Of Troy was brought to his confusiowne.
And of his conquest yf ye lyst take hede,
In this poete ye may by order reade.
And how in armes he wrought in al his age,
And of his comyng also to Cartage,
Fro Troywarde within a litell while,
Al this ye may behold in great Uergile.
¶Another doughter also it is founde,
Kyng Pryam had of birth the secound,
Called Cassandra of ful great sadnesse.
And was in maner a diunneresse.
And in eche arte had experience,
Of thynges future fully the prescience,
To tell afore what that shall betide.
Of whom the fame sprang in costes wide,
Which kept her chaste aye in virginitye,
And eke in prayers and in honestye.
She led her life and in deuocion,
After the rites and the religyon,
Of Paganisme vsed in tho dayes.
The obseruaunces keping of their layes.
¶The third doughter hight Pollicene,
Yongest of all and stil a mayde cleane,
She kept her selfe & honest in her lawe.
Unto the time that Pirrus hath her slawe.
Of shape of fortune was neuer by nature,

Wrought

Wrought to beholde a fayrer creature.
Eke as I fynde this noble kynge also,
Hadde thirty sonnes the boke saith & no mo.
Hardy in armes and noble founde at all,
That called were his sonnes naturall.
And they were all exceptinge neuer one,
Worthy knyghtes and manly men echone.
And their names who so lyste to knowe,
He shall them fynde wryte vpon a rowe,
After in story euerych after other,
Begynnyng fyrst at the eldest brother.
¶ And whiles Pryam at the syege laye,
Tofore the castell to gette it if he may,
And therabout hath many way sought,
The wofull tydynges be vnto him brought,
How the grekes haue taken Troye towne.
And slayne his father worthy Lamedowne.
And how the Citie of olde foundacion towne,
Full piteously was tourned vp so downe.
The worthy lordes and gentle men echone,
Taken and slayne and vlefte not one,
Of them a lyue through Grekes crueltie.
After the ruyne alas of their Citie.
And Exion his owne syster dere,
Lad in eryle with her eyen cleare.
¶ Wherfore the kyng in herte astoned so,
For very sorowe he nist what to do.
His sodayne wo gan hym so constrayne.
He sobbeth wepeth that of mortall payne,
He thought his herte wolde a sondre breste.
Of hye distresse for he myghte haue no reste.
And into teares he gan hym selfe destylle,
That for to deye was fynally his wyll.
¶ And fortune that can so falsly varye,
With drery herte gan bytterly to warye.
That she to hym was so decepuable.
So inly cruell and vnmercyable.
So dispyteous and so sterne of face,
So vengeable and so deuoyde of grace.
For of enuy with a raged thought,
She hath hir worst of malis on hi wrought.
And felly shewed what she myght do.
That in this worlde was neuer wight so wo.
As I suppose of no maner of age.
To reaken all her harmes and damage.
For whiche anone in all that euer he maye.
In hast he chaungeth all his ryche araye,
Tryste and heuy with deadly face pale,
So astoned with this mortall tale,
That his desyre was to haue be dead,
With counteuance enclined and with head.
This lyfe he lad and clad him all in blacke,
And sodaynly he the syege brake,
And wolde as tho no lenger there abyde,
But with his folke anone he gan to ryde,
That pyteously gan likwise w̄ him morne,
And toward Troy attones they efte returne.
¶ And whan that he hath the Cyty founde,
Plaine with the soyle & euen w̄ the grounde,
The hye walles whylom thicke and longe,
Ybeate downe that made were so stronge,
And his toures and paleys pryncypall,
That was in buildyng so excellent royall,
So famous rych and of great noblesse,
He founde tourned into wylderuesse.
His people slayne, his syster ladde awaye,
For very wo he ne wyste what to saye.
For the constraynt of his aduersytie,
And for his harmes that wyll not cured be.
For in that time he was right fully sure,
Upon no syde there foūde might be recure.
Wherfore he can nought do but sobbe & wepe
And fro his brest w̄ syghes sought full dede,
Broken out with pale and dead bisage,
And thus alas in this furious rage,
Full pyteously all his hoolste and he,
Without respite continued dayes three.
Tyll at the laste the darke skyes blacke,
Gan of their wo in partye for to slacke.
And the tempest some deale gan withdrawe,
And of their weppynge blādyshe gan ỹ wawe.
And whan the floode of wo is ouer paste,
The ebbe of ioye folowe must in haste.
To sorowe euer it wolde their hertes shende.
And at a terme euery wo must ende.
For though for frēdes mē may wepe & wayle,
After their deth their teares may not avayle.
Wherfore the kyng after all his care,
Hath sought a waye the Citie to repaire.
And caste hym fully if it wolde so be,
To make a vertue of necessytie.
And manfully after all his tene,
Whan that the eyre gan to weren clene,
Of the mystes of his cloudy sorowe,
And that some deale adawe gan the morowe
Of heuynesse after the derke nyght,
Chaced awaye with a sonne bryght,
Of newe ioye for aye the fyne of wo,

Must

Muste be gladnesse whan sorowe is ygo.
And so Pryam after a certayne space,
Whan his sorowe gan lyte and lyte to passe,
And of wysedome in all his pytious sinerte,
Gan prudently to plucken vp his herte,
And of his eyen the wawes gan to clere,
Anone he wrought as ye shall after here.

¶ Howe Pryam sonne to Lamedon and succedynge his father, buylded the Cytye agayne. Cap. xi.

The sorowe aswaged & the syghes olde,
By longe processe lyke as I you tolde,
This worthy kyng called Pryamus,
In his herte is nowe so desyrous,
Upon the playne that was so waste & wilde,
So stronge a towne of newe for to buylde,
At his deuyse a Cytie edifye,
That shall the assautes vtterly defye,
Of enmyes all and the mortall foone.
With riche toures and walles of harde stone.
And all aboute the countreyes enuiron,
He made seke in euery regyon,
For suche workemen as were curyous,
Of wyt inuentife of castyng meruaylous,
Or suche as coulde crafte of geometrye,
Or were sotyll in their fantasye.
And for euery such as was a good deuysour,
Mason, hewer, or crafty quarreour,
For euery wryghte and passyng carpenter,
That may be founde eyther ferre or nere,
For such as coulde graue groupe or carue,
Or suche as were able for to serue,
With lime and stone for to reyse a wall,
With bataylyng and crestes marciall.
Or such as had connynge in their head,
Alabaster other white or read,
Or marbell grey for to pullysche playne,
To make it smothe of baynes and of grayne,
He sente also for euery ymageour,
Both in entayle and euery portreyour,
That coulde wel drawe or w colour peynte,
With hewes freshe ꝑ the worke not feynte,
And suche as coulde w countenaunce glad,
Make an ymage that wyll neuer fade.
To counterfeate in mettall tree or stone.
To sotill worke of hym Pygmaleon.
Or of Appollo whiche as bokes do tell,
In ymagerye all other did excelle.
For by his crafte and worykyng curyous,
The tombe he made of kyng Darius.
Whiche Alixandre dyd on heyght reyse,
Only for men shulde his fame preyse.
In his conquest by Perce when he went.
And thus Pryam for euery mayster sente,
For eche carner and curious ioyner,
To make knottes w many a queynt floure.
To sette on crestes within and eke without,
Upon the wall the Citie rounde aboute.
Or who that were excellyng in practike,
Of any arte called mecanyke.
Or had a name flowryng or famous,
Was after sente to come to Pryamus.
¶ For he purposeth this noble worthy kyng,
To make a Citie royall in buildyng.
Brode, large, and wide, & lest it were assailed,
By werre about proudely enbatayled.
And fyrst the grounde he caused to be sought,
Full depe and lowe that it fayle nought.
To make sure the foundacionne,
In the place where as the olde towne,
Was fyrst ybuylded he the walles sette.
And he of lande many myle out mette,
About in compasse for to make it large.
As the maisters that toke on them the charge
Deuysed haue the settynge and the syte.
For holsome eyre to be more of delyte.
¶ And when the soyle defouled with ruyne,
Of walles olde was made playne as a lyne.
The workmen gan this Citie for to founde.
Full mightly with stones square and rounde.
That in this worlde was none vnto it lyche,
Of workemanshyp nor of buylding riche.
Nor in crafte of curyous masonrye,
I can no termes to speke of geometrye.
Wherfore as now I must them sette a syde,
For certaynly I neuer redde Enclide.
That the maister and the foundour was,
Of all that worke by square or by compasse.
Or keye their measure by leuell or by lyne,
I am to rude as clearely to diffyne,
Or to discriue this worke in euery parte.
For lacke of termes longyng to that arte.
But I dare well of trouth affyrmen here,
In all this worlde ne was there neuer pere.
Unto this Citie and write it for a sothe.
As in his boke my maister Guydo dothe.

And

And that it myghte in his prosperitie,
In hyghe honour and in felicitie,
From all assaut perpetually contune,
It rayled was in worshyp of Neptune.
And named Troye as it was tho forne,
Like the first that was through grekes lorne.
The length therof was shortly to conclude,
Three dayes iourne and lyke the latitude.
That neuer erst I herde make mencyon,
Of suche a nother of foundacion.
So huge in compase nor of such largesse,
Nor to counte so passyng of fayrenesse.
So edifyed or lusty to the syghte,
And as I read the walles were on heyght,
Two hundred cubytes all of marbell grey.
Wagecolled without for sautes and assaye.
And it to make more pleasaunt of delyte,
Amonge the marbel was alblaster whyte,
Beynt in the walles & rounde ỹ towne about
To make it shewe within and eke without.
So freshe so ryche and so delectable,
That it alone was incomparable.
Of all Cities that any mortall man,
Sawe euer yet syth that the world began.
And at the corner of euery wall was sette,
A crowne of golde with ryche stones yfrette.
That shone full bryght againe ỹ sonne shene.
And euery towre bretered was so clene,
Of chose stone that were not ferre a sonder,
That to beholde it was very wonder.
Therto his Citie compassed enuirowne,
Had gates. vi. to entre into towne.
The fyrst of them and strongest eke withall,
Largest also and most principall,
Of mighty buildyng by him selfe pereles se,
Was by the kyng called Dardanydes.
And in story lyke as it is founde,
Tymbrya was named the seconde.
And the thirde was called Helyas,
The fourth gate hyght also Cetheas.
The fifth Troiana the syxth Antinorydes,
Stronge & mighty both in werre and peace.
With square toures set on euery syde,
At whose corners of very pompe and pryde,
The workmen haue with sterne & fel visages,
Of riche entayle vp reysed great ymages.
Wrought out of stone and neuer lyke to fayle,
Full curiously enarmed for batayle.
And through the wall their fomen for to lette,
At euery toure were great gonnes sette.
For assautes and sodayne auentures.
And on eche tourettes were reysed vp figures
Of sauage beastes as Beares & of Lyons.
Of Tygers, Bores, of Serpētes & Dragons
And Hertes eke with their brode hornes,
Of Elyphauntes and large Unicornes.
Bugles, Bulles, and many great Gryffon,
Forged of brasse of coper and laton.
That cruelly by sygnes of their faces,
Upon their foon made felle menaces.
Barbycans and also bulwerkes huge,
Afore the towne made for hyghe refuge,
When nede shulde be early and eke late.
And portekoles stronge at euery gate.
That of assautes they nede take no charge,
And the lockes thycke brode and large.
Of al ỹ gates wel wrought of shyning brasse.
And eke within the mighty shytting was,
Of yren barres stronge square and rounde.
And great barres pytched in the grounde,
With huge cheynes forged for diffence.
Whiche ne wolde breake for no violence.
That harde it was through theym for to win.
And euery house that buylded was within,
Euery paleys and euery mansyowne,
Of marbell were throughout all the towne.
Of crafty buildyng & werking most royall.
And the highte was of euery wall,
Sixty cubytes from the grounde accounted.
And there was none ỹ other hath surmoũted.
In the Citie but of one hyght aliche,
In very soth both of pore and ryche.
That it was harde of hye estate or lowe,
House or paleys a sonder for to knowe.
So egally of tymbre and of stone,
Theyr houses were reysed euerychone.
And yf I shuld reherse by and by.
The corue knottes by craft of masonry,
The freshe enbowig vb verges right as lynes
And the housyng ful of backewines.
The ryche coyning the lusty tablementes,
Vinettes ronning in casementes,
Though ỹ termes in Englische wolden rime,
To shewe theim all I haue as now no time.
Ne yet language picked for the nones,
To tell the sotyll ioynyng of the stones,
Nor howe they put in stede of morter,
In the ioyntoures coper gylte full clere.

To

To make them ioyne by leuell and by lyne,
Amonget he marbell freshely for to shyne.
Agaynst the sonne whan his shene lyght,
Smote on the golde that was burned bright.
To make the worke gluster on euery syde,
And of this towne the stretes large & wyde.
Were by crafte so prudently prouyded,
And by workmen sette so and deuyded,
That holsome eyre amyddes myght enspyre,
Erely on morowe to them that it desyre,
And zephirus that is so comfortable,
For to nourysshe thinges that bene vegetable,
In tyme of yere throughout euery strete,
With sugred sauour lusty and so swete,
Woke pleasauntly in the eyre gan smyte,
The Citezeynes onely to delyte.
And with his breth them to recomforte,
Whan they lyste walke theim selfe to disporte.
And through the towne w crafty purueiaunce,
By great auise and discrete ordenaunce,
By compase cast and squared out by squyers,
Of pulliched marble vpon stronge pyllers,
Deuysed were longe large and wyde,
Of euery streate in the fronter syde,
Fresche alures with lusty hye pynacles,
And moustryng outward costly tabernacles.
Vauted aboue lyke to reclynatories,
That called were deambulatories.
Men to walke togithers twaine and twaine,
To kepe the dyre when it happed to rayne,
Or them to saue fro tempest winde or thundre
If that them lyst shroude the selfe there vnder
And euery house couered was with lead,
And many gargoyle and many hydous head,
With spoutes thorough & pipes as they aught
From the stone worke to the canell raught.
Voydyng fylthes lowe into the grounde,
Thorough grates made of yron perced roud.
The stretes paued bothe in length and brede,
In cheker wyse with stones whyte and reade.
And euery crafte that any maner man,
In any lande deuyse or reken can,
Kyng Pyramus of hye discrecionne,
Ordeyned hath to dwell in the towne.
And in streates seuered here and yonder,
Euerych from other to be set a sonder.
That they myght for there more commoditie,
Eche by hym selfe worke at his lybertye.
Goldsmythes fyrst and riche Jewelleres,
And by theim selfe crafty brouderers,
Weuers also of wollen and of lyne,
Of clothe of golde damaske and satyn.
Of veluet sendell and double sampt eke,
And euerych clothe that men lyste to seke.
Smythes also that coulden forge wele,
Pollaxes, swerdes, and spercs sharpe of stele.
Dartes daggers for to mayme and wounde,
And quarelheades sharpe & square ygrounde.
There were also crafty armerers,
Makers of bowes and also these fletchers,
And suche as coulde make shaftes playne.
And other eke that dyd their busy payne,
For the werre to make also trappures,
Baners beate and royall cote armures,
And by diuers Standardes and penouns,
And for the fyelde fresche and gaye getouns.
And euery crafte that may reckened be,
To tell shortly was in this Citie.
And through this towne so ryche & excellent,
In the myddes a large ryuer went,
Causynge to them full great commoditie.
The whiche on twayne hath parted the Citie.
Of course full swyfte w freshe stremes clere,
And hyght Xantus as Guydo doth vs lere.
And as I rede that vpon this flode,
On eche a syde many a mylle stode.
Whē nede was their graine & corne to grinde,
Them to susteyne in store as I fynde.
This ryuer eke of fysshe full plenteous,
Deuided was by workemen curious,
So craftely through castynge souerayne,
That in his course the stremes might attaine,
For to areche as Guydo doth conuicte,
By arches stronge his course for to reflecte.
Through condite pypes large & wyde withal,
By certayne meanes artificiall,
That it the made a full purgacion,
Of all ordure and fylthes in the towne.
Washyng the stretes as they stode a rowe,
And the gutters in the earth be lowe.
That in the Citie was no fylthe ysene,
For the canell scoured was so clene.
And eke denoyded in so secrete wyse,
That no man myght espye or deuyse,
By what engyne the fylthes fer nor nere,
Were borne awaye by course of the ryuer.
So couertly euery thyng was coured.
Wherby the towne was vtterly assured,

From

From engendryng of all corruption.
From wycked eyre and from infexion,
That cause ofte by their violence,
Mortalitie and great pestilence.
And by example of this flode there was,
Made tyre at Rome and wrought by Eneas
The whiche also departeth Rome a two.
Myne auctour saith. I note if it be so.
And tenhabite this royall chiefe Citie,
Kynge Priam hath about in eche countre.
Made for to serche with all his hole entent,
And in prouinces that were adiacent,
In borowes townes and in smales byllages,
Ygathred had out of all maner ages,
And of thropes folkes full dyuers,
Of suche as were vacant and dispers,
About Troye in any regyowne,
Ye made hath to entre into towne.
Great multitude what of ponge and olde.
It tenhabyte as ye haue herde me tolde.
And those that were afore to hun forepnes,
He hath in Troye made them Citezepnes,
Full discretly lyke as it is founde.
And whan they gan with people to abounde,
Kynge Priamus of hye affectiowne,
After the buyldyng of this myghty towne,
Hath in his harte caughte a fantasye,
His newe Cytie for to magnifye,
And it to put the more in remembraunce,
He fully caste to do some obseruaunce,
To myghty Mars sterne and ferse of hewe.
And specially with certayne playes newe,
On horse and foote in many sondry wyse,
To gyue his men in knyghthode exercyse.
Euerych to put other at assaye.
In iustes lystes and also in tourney.
To preue their force whā they happe to mete,
The which plaies were founded first in Crete
And in that lande of hye and lowe estate,
In Martys honour they were dedicate.
And in palastre on wakes on the nyght,
Were other plaies as men tassaye their might,
Only on foote with many sotyll poynt,
And some of them were naked and enoynt,
To wynne a pryse they dyd their full entent.
And there was founde by clerkes full prudent
Of the chesse the playe moste glorious,
Whiche is so sotill and so meruaylous,
That it were harde the matter to discryue,
For though a man studied all his lyue.
He shall aye fynde dyuers fantasyes,
Of wardes makynge and newe iuparties,
There is therin so great diuersytie,
And it was fyrst founde in this Citie.
During the syege lyke as sayth Guydo,
But Jacobus de vitriaco,
Is contrary in his opynyon.
For lyke as he maketh playnly mencion,
And affyrmeth at full in his aduyse,
How Philometer a philosopher wyse,
Unto a kynge to stynte his crueltee,
Foūde first this playe and made it in Caldee.
And into Grece from thence it was sent.
Also in Troye by great auisement,
The playe was founde first of dyce & tables,
And castynge the chaunces deceyuables,
That cause haue byn full ofte of great debate,
For if that one be now founde fortunate,
To wynne a whyle by fauour of his chaunce,
Or he be ware with sodeyne varyaunce,
Unhappely he is put cleane a backe.
And other folke that stode vpon the wracke,
And by their losse were plonged in distresse,
They reysed haue in haste to hye rychesse.
Gladnesse of one is to an other rage,
A deuaunt of hasarde and passage.
If one haue ioye a nother suffreth wo,
Lyke as the bones ronnen to and fro,
An hundred syth in a daye they varye.
Now blandyshing & now they be contrary,
No man with them assured is in ioye.
¶ And first also I read how that in Troye,
Were songe and red many freshe comedies,
And other dities that called ben tragedies.
And to declare shortly in sentence,
Of bothe two the fynall difference.
¶ A comedye hath in his gynnynge,
A pryme face a maner complaynynge,
And afterwarde endeth in gladnesse.
And it the dedes onely doth expresse,
Of such as be in pouerte plonged lowe.
¶ But tragedye who so lyste to knowe,
It styll begynneth in prosperitie,
And endeth lykewyse by aduersytie.
And it doth also of the conquest treate,
Of ryche kynges and of lordes great.
Of mighty men and olde conquerours,
Which by fraude of fortunes sodeine shoures,

Be ouer caste and whelmed from their glory.
And whylom thus was halowed ỹ memorye,
Of tragedyes as bokes maken mynde.
When they were red and songe as I fynde.
¶ In the theatre there was a smale aulter,
Amyddes sette that was halfe Circuler,
Which into East of custome was directe,
Upon the whiche a Pulpet was erecte,
And therin stode an auncient poete,
For to reherse by rethorykes swete,
The noble dedes that were hystoryall.
Of kynges & prynces for memoryall.
And of these olde worthy Emperours,
The great empryse eke of conquerours.
And how they gate in Martes hye honour,
The lawrer grene for fyne of their labour.
The palme of knighthod disserued by old date
Or Parchas made them passen into fate.
¶ And after that with chere and face pale,
With style enclyned gan to tourne his tale,
And for to synge after all their loose,
Full mortally the stroke of Attropose.
And tell also for all their worthy head,
The sodeyne breaking of their liues threde.
How piteously they made their mortall ende,
Thrugh false fortune ỹ al ỹ world wil shende.
And how the fyne of all their worthynesse,
Ended in sorowe and in hyghe tristesse.
By compassynge of fraude or false treason,
By sodaine murder or vengeaunce of poyson.
Or conspyryng of fretyng false enuye,
How vnwarely that they dydden dye,
And how their renowme & their mighty fame,
Was of hatred sodeynly made lame.
And how their honour dawnward gã decline,
And the mischiefe of their vnhappy fyne.
And how fortune was to them vnswete,
All this was tolde and red of the Poete.
And whyle that he in the pulpet stode,
With deadly face all deuoyde of blode,
Synging his ditees with muses all to rent,
Amyd the theatre throwded in a tent,
There came out men gastfull of their cheres,
Disfygured their faces with viseres,
Playing by sygnes in the peoples syght.
That the Poet songe hath on heyght,
So that there was no maner discordaunce,
Atwene his ditees and their countenaunce.
¶ For lyke as he alofte dyd expresse,
Wordes of io ye or of heauinesse,
Meaning and chere beneth of theim playing.
From poynt to poynt was alway answering.
Now triste, now glad, now heuy, & now light,
And face ychaunged with a sodeyne syght.
So craftely they coulde them transfygure.
Conformyng them to the chante plure.
Now to synge and sodaynely to wepe,
So well they coulde their obseruaunces kepe.
And this was done in Apryll and in May,
Whan blosmes new both on bushe and hey,
And floures freshe gynne for to sprynge.
And the byrdes in the wood synge.
With lust supprysed of the somer sonne,
Whan these playes in Troye were begon,
And in the theatre halowed and yholde.
And thus the rytes of tragedyes olde,
Priamus the worthy kyng began,
Of this matter no more tell I can.

But I wyll forth of this storye wryte,
And on my matter boystously endyte,
How Priamus was passyng dylygent,
Ryght desyrous and inwardly feruent,
If so he myght amonge his workes all,
Do bylde a palays and a ryche hall.
Whiche shulde be his chose chyefe dungyon.
His royall see and soueraine mansyon.
And whan he gan to his worke approche,
He made it builde hye vpon a roche.
It for to assure in his foundation,
And called it the noble Ylion.
The syght of whyche iustly circuler,
By compasse cast rounde as any sphere.
And who that wolde ỹ content of the grounde
Truely acounte of this place rounde,
In the theatre fyrst he muste entre,
Takyng ỹ lyne ỹ carueth through the centre.
By geometrye as longeth to that art.
And trebled it with the seuenth parte,
He fynde myght by experience,
The measure hole of the circumference.
What lande also playnly eke with all,
Conteyned was within the stronge wall.
The crest of which in place where lowest was,
Upreysed was full syxe hundred pase.
Builded of marbell ful royall and ful stronge.
And many other ryche stone amonge,
Whose toures were reysed vp so hye,

That

And who that lyst by greces vp assende,
Ye there might se in his inspection,
The fayre boundes of many regyon,
And prouinces that stode rounde about.
And the walles within and eke without,
Endlonge were with knottes grauen cleane,
Depeynt with asure, golde, cinople, & grene.
That verely when so the sonne shone,
Upon the golde meynt amonge the stone,
They gaue a lyght withouten any were,
As doth Apollo in his midday sphere.
And all the windowes and eche fenestrall,
Wrought were of beryle & of cleare crystall.
¶ And high amiddes this noble Ylion,
So ryche and passing of foundacion,
Whych clerkes yet in theyr bokes prayse,
Kyng Priam made an hall for to rayse.
Excelling all in beaute and in strengthe,
The latitude accordyng with the lengthe,
And of marbyll outward was the wall,
And the tymbre noble in speciall,
Was halfe of Cedre as I reherse can,
And the remnaunt of the ryche Heban.
Which most is able as I dare specifye,
With stone to ioyne by craft of carpentrye.
For they of tymber haue the soueraynte.
And for to tel of this Heban tree,
Lyke in bokes sothely as I finde,
It cometh out of Ethiop and ynde.
Blacke as is geate and it wyll ware anone,
Whan it is korue as harde as any stone.
And euermore last wil and endure,
And not corrupt with water nor moysture.
And of this hall further to diffine,
With stones square by leuel and by line,
It payed was with full great dilygence,
Of masonrye and passyng excellence,
And all aboue reysed was a see,
Ful curyously of stones and perre.
That called was as chiefe and pryncipall,
Of the reygne the seate most royall.
Tofore which was set by great delyte,
A borde of Heban and of yuerye white.
So egally ioyned and so clene,
That in the worke there was no ryft yseene.
And sessyons were made on euery syde,
Onely the estates by order to deuide.
Eke in the hall as it was conuenable,
On eche partye was a dormaunt table,
Of yuerye eke and of this Heban tree.
And euen agayne this kynges royall see,
In the partye that was therto contrayre.
Praysed was by many crafty stayre,
High in the hall in the other syte,
Ryght as lyne in the opposytr,
Of pured metall and of stones clere,
In brede and length a full rych aultere.
On which there stode of fygure and vysage,
Of massy golde a wonderful ymage,
As to be honoured in that high seate,
Onely in name of Juppter the great.
¶ And the statue for all his huge weyght,
Fyftene cubytes compleyt was of heyght.
A crowne of golde high vpon his heade,
With beauẽly saphyres & many ruby redde,
Fret enuyron with other stones of Inde,
And amonges were medled as I fynde,
Whyte pereles massye large and rounde.
And for most chefe all dirkenesse to confound,
A Carbuncle was set as kyng of stones all,
To recomforte and gladden all the hall.
And it to enlumine in the black night,
With the freshenes of his ruddy light.
The value was therof inestymable,
And the ryches playnly incomparable.
For this ymage by diuision,
Was of shape and of proporcion,
From heade to foote so maysterly entayled,
That in a poynt the worknā hath not failed,
It to parfourme by crafty excellence.
Whom Priamus with dread and reuerence,
Honoured hath aboue the goddes all,
In all mischiefe him to clepe and call.
For in him was his hole affection,
His soueraygne trust and chefe deuocion.
His hope also and his affyaunce,
His welth his ioye and his assuraunce.
And his welfare and his prosperytye,
Ye hath committed to his deyte.
Wening in herte wonder sykerly,
To be assured from all mischefe therby.
And diffended in eche aduersytye,
And holde his reygne in high felicitye.
And in honour contynually to shyne,
While Juppter through his power diuine,
Hym and his hath in protection.
This was his trust and full opinion.
And thus this worke to the ende achyeued,
Whereof Priam with ioye full releued.
That he his Citye and noble Ilion,
Hath fully brought vnto perfection,

Lyke his entent whā he therof began.
And thus Pryam this king this worthy man
Full many a day in this newe Troye,
With his lyeges lad his lefe in ioye,
Where I hym leue in his royall sete,
Souerayngly reygning in quyete.
Procedyng forth if so ye list to heare,
Unto the effect anone of my matere.

¶ How king Pryā sende Anthenor into Grece to haue restored ayen his sister Exion. Ca. xii.

O hateful harme which most is for to dred
Kindled so longe o sparke of olde hatred
Roote and debate grounde of enuy and yre,
With newe flawme hertes for to fyre.
O grayne of malyce causer of all offence,
Of rancour rusted of impacyence.
Which hast of newe made festred sores smert,
Whan thou art ones raked in an herte.
Which for disdayne of mercye mayst not lete,
A man no whyle to lyue as in quyete.
But deluest vp malyce manyfolde,
Debates newe that buryed were of olde.
And falsly quyckest strikes to restore,
That enuious serpēt that was slayne of yore,
Which felly hath this addre enuyous,
Out of his rest awaked Pryamus.
And with his venim so persyng and so ille,
Made hym wery to lyue a lyfe tranquille.
And meued hym of his iniquitee,
Upon the Grekes auenged for to be.
For where as he in peace held his reygne,
With his lyeges in ioye souereygne,
Without anoye or any perturbaunce,
This serpent hath wyth newe remembraūce,
Without aduyse or discrete areste,
So hote a flawme kindled in his breste,
Of olde enuye with freshe rancour meynte,
That lykly is neuer to be queynte.
For Pryam nowe in his entencionne,
Cast and compasseth reuoluing vp & downe,
Howe strong he was of ryches and meyne,
How noble and mighty was his newe Citye,
And habundaunt shortly to conclude,
Both of plentye and of multitude,
Of men of armes and of chyualrye.
Which stered him to haue a fantesye.
Alas the whyle to his vnhappy chaunce,
That to be dead he take will vengeaunce,
Upon his foon the fyre of hote enuye,
So brent him inward by melancolye,
Standing in purpose ỹ no man chaūge may,
Of his domages auenged be some day.
And of iniuryes ỹ thei on him haue wrought.
¶ And when that he had a tyme out sought,
To his purpose most conuenient.
Anone he hath for all his lordes sent.
And his knightes called euerychone,
To come in haste excused was not one.
Namely of theim that were of hygh degre.
And they obeying with all humylitye,
His bydding hooly and made no delay,
To come echeone agayne a certayne day,
And his sonnes were also tho present,
Hector except that was that tyme absent.
In the stronge and mighty regyon,
Of Panompe which in subiection,
Kinge Pryam held through his worthynesse,
And to amende thinges and redresse,
Hector was gone into this Panompe.
Certayne causes for to iustifye.
As in his reason he thought for the best,
To settle theum in quiet and in rest.
For he was aye so iust and so prudent,
So well aduysed and so pacient,
And so demeaned in his gouernaunce,
That him was lothe for to do vengeaunce,
Where as he might in easy wise treate.
For to reforme thinges small and great.
For lothe he was this noble worthy knighte,
For any haste to execute vnright.
Or causeles by rygour to condempne.
And in this while full worthy and solempne,
Kinge Priamus of lordes great and small,
Within Troye held a court royall,
As he that lyst for no cost to spare.
And openly his meaning to declare,
He in his see his lordes enuyron,
Gan to shewe his hertes entention.
¶ O worthy lordes assembled here present,
Faythfull and trewe of herte and of entēte.
It is well knowen to your discrecion,
The great domages and foule oppression,
Which that ỹ Grekes haue vpon vs wrought
Without cause for a thinge of nought,
This other daye as who sayeth yet but late.
That as I trowe so newe is yet the date,
That it is fresshe remembred in your mynde,
Unto your blode if so that ye be kinde.
For I suppose no forgetfulnesse,
May put away the mortal heupnesse,

Of harmes olde whych aye renewe agayne.
As in my mynde I saye you in certayne.
And as I trowe playnly in your thought,
It yet is grene and ne dyeth nought,
How they haue slaine our olde progenitours,
That whylom were so noble werreours.
Our Cytye brent and brought vnto ruyne,
And robbed it fallsly by rauyne,
And tourned all into wildernesse,
And into Grece caryed our rychesse.
My father slayne that hyght Lamedon,
Without cause or iuste occasyon.
And raught frō him his golde & his treasour,
Which as me semeth is a foule errour.
We might of ryght amendes well chalenge,
And eke desyre to be fully aduenge,
Afore the goddes of full high offence,
Onely of reason and of conscience.
And passyng all theyr mortall crueltee.
There is one thinge that most greueth me,
That they vngoodly agaynst all gentylesse,
Without regarde as to the worthinesse,
To the byrth ne the royall blode,
Of her that is so fayre and eke so good,
I meane my syster called Eryon.
Whom they alas to theyr confusyon,
Disuse and kepe not like to her degre,
From day to day in such dishonestee,
Where thrugh her honour & her name is lorn
Cōsiderig nought of what stock she was born
For they are blinde for to take hede,
Or to aduert the roote of her kindred,
Of surquidrye they be so indurate.
And syth that she borne of so highe estate,
Ytreated is like as ye may se,
We may coniecte that those of lowe degre,
Gouerned be passing dishonestly.
For ye may thinke and demen truely,
How wyues and maydens in that companie,
With other eke that be of your allye,
Yhaunted be and vsed at theyr luste.
On the Grekes I haue no better truste.
For they ne spare nother blode nor age,
And thus they line in torment & seruage.
Without routhe mercy or pitee.
The which toucheth you as well as me.
And as me semeth of equite and of ryght,
Ye ought echone with all your ful might,
Of the wronges with which ye be offended,
To seke a waye how it might be amended.
And that we worke all by one assent,
And sins procede like to our entent.
Of theyr malyce and cursed crueltee,
All at ones auenged for to be.
And that we be in herte wil and thought,
Of one accord and ne varye nought.
For then our force is doubled and pouste,
For right and reason and good equite,
Requyre vengeaunce on him ỹ doth ỹ wrōge,
Though it so be we differre it longe.
I truste also the goddes rightwisenesse,
That they shall helpe our harmes to redresse.
And fauour vs in our innocence,
To chastice them that wrought this offence.
Also ye knowe how that this our Cytye,
Is stronge mighty and of great suertye.
With toures high & walled for the werre,
That also fer as shineth sonne or sterre,
There is none like for to reken all.
That may in force be therto peregall.
Ye knowe also as it shall eft be founde,
With cheualrye how that we habounde,
Except in armes and of olde assayed,
That yet for dreade neuer were dismayed.
And we haue plenty also of vytayle.
Of frendshyp eke that ne will vs fayle,
With all theyr might to do to vs succour.
Wherfore I reade without more soiour,
To set vpon theim sith we be well able,
And time is nowe me semeth conenable,
For manhode byd to make no more delaye,
To venge a wronge hap what so euer maye.
For in differring is oft drawen in domage,
To worke in time is double auauntage.
For to our purpose lacketh neuer a dele,
And through our manhod we be assured wel,
But that we be not holde to hasty,
Or to rakell to worken wilfully.
And werre also stant in auenture,
For aye of Mart doubtous is the eure.
I reade first to Grekes that we sende,
To wyt if they our harmes will amende,
Without stryfe werre or more debate.
Then may we sayne that we be fortunate.
And yf they be contrarye of reason,
To condiscende to this conclusyon,
To graunte our askyng of equite and righte,
Then haue we cause for to preue our might.

But are that we proceden by rygour,
We shall assaye them fyrst measure,
As fer as ryght and reason eke requere.
And of disdeyne yf them lyst not here.
Than our quarell deuoyde of wylfulnesse,
Yrooted is vppon good sykernesse.
And if that we of their great offence,
Demaunde amendes fyrst in pacience,
God and fortune I hope wyll not assent,
That in the ende we shulde the same repent.
And it is better by peace to haue redresse,
Than gyn a werre without auisenesse.
Therfore let vs our wofull auenture,
Paciently aye suffre and endure.
And in our porte both humble be & playne,
Tyll they to vs their answere send ayene.
For though so be in myne entencion,
I meaued am by iuste occasyon,
In Irous sort proceadyng to vengeaunce,
I wyll put all out of remembraunce,
And letten slyde by forgetfulnesse,
The wronges do and voyde all heauinesse,
Toward grekes and axe of them no more,
But that they wyll Exiona restore.
To vs againe whiche is to me most dere,
Only to stynte hatred debate and werre.
For the surplus of our mortall eure,
We shall dessymule and prudently endure,
Our harmes olde forth in pacience.
If ye accorde vnto my sentence.
Saye here vpon as ye be full auysed.
For yf this sonde be of them despised,
And that them lyste to reason not obeye,
Than we may iustly seke a nother waye,
To haue redresse for now there is no more.
Saue I purpose to senden Anthenore,
Whiche is a man discrete and well auysee,
And specially in mater of treatee,
For he is both wyse and eloqnent,
As ye well knowe and passyngly prudent.
And whan the kyng had tolde his tale anone,
To his counseyle they consent echone,
That Anthenor this iourney vndertake.
And he in hast gan him ready make,
Without abode and wyll not ones denye,
To take on hym this embassadrye,
Full well auised in his discrecion,
Toke or he went informacion,
From poynt to poynt of this great charge,
For he hym caste to stande at his large,
Without errour as he that coulde his good,
For the effecte full playnly vnderstode,
And euery thyng he prynted in his thought,
Or that he went & hath forgat ryght nought.
For of a worde he caste hym not to fayle,
To shyppe he goth and began to sayle,
And in short tyme he and his companye,
Aryued be vp into Thesalye,
At a citie called Monosyus,
Where by fortune was kynge Pelleus,
The same tyme and Anthenor anone,
Unto the kynge the right way is gone.
Of whom he was as Guydo hath conceiued,
At prynce face right beningly receyued.
But whan he knewe the cause of his comyng,
He bad in hast without more tarying,
To Anthenor with a fell visage,
Shortly to saye the effecte of his message.

THis Troian knight astoned neuer adel,
But full demure and auysed well,
Not to hasty nor rakle for to sayne,
But abydyng with loke and face playne,
To Pelleus with a manly chere,
Sayde in effecte right thus as ye shall here.
¶ The worthy kyng called Prymus,
So wyse, so noble, so manly and famous,
And of knighthod passyng excellent.
Hath fyrst to you in goodly wyse sent,
Out of Troye his royall chiefe Citie,
His full entent and message here by me,
As I shall saye to you in wordes playne.
If it so be that ye not disdayne,
Pacently to gyue audience.
Remembryng fyrst in your aduertence,
Of the harmes not full longe ago,
And the wronges that ye wrought also,
Full cruelly with other eke of yours,
In Troye lande on his progenitours.
What iniurves and what destruction,
Causeles without any occasyon,
Ye shewed haue of very cruelty,
And mercyles destroyed his Citie.
Slayne his father named Lamedowne,
And his cytie brent and beat adowne,
And nother lefte paleys house nor toure,
And lad awaye his rychesse and treasour,
And nother spared as I reherse can,

In

In your slaughter woman childe nor man.
There might none from your swerde astert.
And yet one thynge ỹ most he hathe at herte,
That his syster called Eryon,
Is hold and kept of kinge Thelamon,
Dishonestly agayne all gentrye.
To great dishonour and great vyllanye,
Of her kindred lyke as ye may se.
Treated nor cherished like to her degre.
Wherfore syth ye be so wyse a knight,
ye ought aduert and to haue a syght,
To such thinges of iust affection.
And consydre in your discrecion,
Of gentilnesse and of equite,
How such wronges might amended be.
Wherfore Priam of great auisenesse,
As he that fully with all his busyuesse,
Of herte and will desyreth peace and reste,
Sendeth to you besechyng for the beste,
That ye wil do your busy diligence,
To make to hym this litell recompence.
That he may haue the restytucion,
Through your knightly mediacion,
Of his syster withouten longer space.
And the remenaunt he wyll let pace,
Strife and werre onely to eschewe.
For he desireth fully for to sewe,
Peace and quyete of hole affection.
And to pursue measure and reason.
And finallye lyke as ye may se,
All occasyon of werre for to fle,
Consyder this that holdē be so sage,
For this the fine fully of my message.
¶Whan Pelleus hym playnly vnderstode,
Of sodayne yre in hert he waxed woode,
Of cheare and loke fell and furyous.
And of rancoure right melancolyus.
That he ne might attempre nor appease,
The hasty fyre that gan his herte sease.
For he anone in full dispytous wise,
Gan Priamus threten and despise,
And of malyce set his sond at nought,
With al the meanes ỹ Anthenor hath sought.
And gan also this Troian knight manace,
And bad in haste that he auoyde his place,
Upon peryll that after fall might.
And he anone went out of his syght,
And in all haste he and his meynee,
Without abode taken haue the see.
And gan to saylen out of Thesalye,
And in theyr waye so fast they gan theim hye,
That in shorte tyme they aryued be,
Up at Salerne a mighty strong Citye.
Where by fortune in this royall towne,
This Anthenor fonde king Thelamowne,
And to his paleys he hath the waye nome.
And first I finde that when he was come,
He was accepted vnto his presence,
Beningly without all offence,
For Eryone was present in that tyde.
Of auenture standing by his syde.
And at reuerence of her womanheade,
Of Anthenor he toke the better hede.
Albe of custome that kyng Thelamon,
Had hye despyte and indignacion,
Of euerye Troyan that he could espye.
For specially to them he had enuye.
Of rancour onely through the bytter rage,
Which in his hert might neuer yet aswage.
But for al that he in pacience,
To Anthenor hath giuen audience,
The which anone in ful sobre wise,
His tayle gan as I shall deuise.
¶Syr quod he with supporte of your grace,
So ye me graunt oportune space,
For to declare the cause of my cominge,
I will reherse without more tarying,
My matter hole brefely in sentence.
To make it kouthe to your magnificence.
Signifying without displesaunce,
That Priamus which hath the gouernaūce,
Of Troye towne hath vnto you sent,
Of faythfull meaning and of clene entent,
Besechyng first to your goodlyheade,
All other wronges forgotten and eke deade,
That ye onely of your hygh noblesse,
Of equite and of gentilnesse,
Ye will restore Eryona agayne.
Which that ye hold to speake in wordꝭ playn,
In very sothe not like to her estate.
Wherfore he prayeth to stinten all debate.
And euery harme to put from memorye,
Of knightly honour for your owne glorye,
To sende her home and make delyueraunce,
Goodly of her withouten baryaunce.
Whom ye haue holde so many longe dayes,
Ne tarieth not nor setteth no delayes,
Ne let in you be founden any slouthe.

For sothfastly it is to great a routhe,
As to recorde how ye haue her abused,
It may of trouthe not goodly be excused.
Which we shall lett lightly ouerslyde,
So that ye beningly list prouyde,
To sende her home like as I haue sayde.
Lo here the charge that was on me layde,
Without more abiding in certayne,
What goodly answere ye will sende agayne.
¶ Whan Thelamon herkened had his tayle,
For hasty yre he gan to wexen pale.
The fyery collor hath him made so woode,
That from his face aualed is the blode,
Within his herte and gan to frete and bite.
Wyth loke askoye and tourned vp the whyte.
Of hye disdayne with face dispytous,
With pale smylyng and laughter furyous.
Gan rake out the fearful mortall fyre,
Of fretinge hate that brent in his desyre.
And shortly made in conclusyon,
To Anthenor put this ilke obiection,
And sayde frende what euer that thou be,
I wonder greatly for meruayle is to me,
What auenture or sodaine newe thinge,
Unprudently meueth nowe thy kinge,
Unto me to make such a sonde.
Thou were a foole whā so thou toke on hōd,
Eyther vnhappy or elles infortunate,
To me to bring this proude embassete.
For I with him wyl nothing haue a do,
Nor he with me and loke thou say him so.
For we ne be aqueynted but a lyte,
Nor I nothing platly me delyte,
At short wordes if thou list to heare,
To do for hym nor ought at his prayer.
For I ne haue delyght ioye ne feste,
To do the thinge wherof he maketh requeste.
This wote I well that but a whyle a go,
I was at Troye my selfe and other mo.
For to reforme a thinge that was amys.
Through your offence shortly thus it is.
For certaine thing wrought by Lamedowne,
And by our manhod wonnē there ỳ towne.
And slewe the kyng & all that with him helde,
In knightly wise him meting in the felde.
And for that I as euerye man might se,
Did ieoparde first to enter that Cytye,
It was to me graunted for memorye,
In onely signe of mine hygh victorye,
Without en any contradiction,
By all the Grekes to haue possession,
Of her that is to me the most entere,
Eriona whom nowe thou claymest here.
But be well syker thyne asking is in vayne.
For truste me this & be right well certayne,
Thou gettest her not at one worde yf I may.
For there shal first be made full greate affray.
Or I her leue during all my liue.
Who euer grutche or there agaynst striue.
It were not sittyng me to leue her so,
For whom I had whilom so great a do.
Or I her gat with spending of me blode.
For who so wrothe be therwith or wood,
I will her kepe as it shall be founde,
For whom I had so many mortall wounde.
At Troye towne or that I her thense wan.
And in good fayth as fer forthe as I can,
She shall not lightly fro my handes pace.
For she alone so standeth in my grace,
For her beaute and her semelyheade,
For of her bounte and her godlyheade,
That if I shal my reason shortly fine,
She is in sothe the most feminine,
That euer I sawe and without dreade,
Of porte & conning and of womanheade,
She hath alone in very existence,
The souereynte and perfect excellence.
That Priamus for ought that thou cā sayne,
While that I lyue getteth her not agayne.
But he her bye with many deadly wounde.
With sharpe swerdes & square speres groūde.
For there shal first be reysed such a strife,
That it shall cost many mannes lyfe,
Or she to him agayne restored be.
Take this forsothe ỳ gettest no more of me.
And when him list he may wel beginne,
But I supose he shall but litell winne.
None otherwise but as I haue the tolde.
And wotest ỳ what a great foole I the holde,
The to put thy selfe so ferre in Ieopartye,
To execute this his embassadrye.
The manly Grekes so boldly to offende.
Beware therfore that he no more the sende.
Upon thy selfe for rancoure nor for pride.
Now go thy waye for yf that thou abide,
Any longer sothly in my syght,
Thou wotest ỳ pryse ỳ I haue the hyght,
Thou scapest not who that be liefe or lothe.

Than

Than Anthenor anone to shyp he goth.
And forth sayleth hym list not to delaye,
Towarde an yle that called is Achaye.
And whan that he taken hath the lande,
At his ryuayle of auenture he fonde,
The worthy kynges Pollux and Castor.
And ryght anone this Troyan Anthenor,
Without abode to the courte is fare,
Unto them his message to declare.
And together when they were present,
Right thus he sayd as in sentement.
¶The noble kynge of Troye the Citee,
Hath vnto you sent his wyll by me.
Besechyng you in full lowe maner,
That she vouchesafe as vnto his prayer,
Of equitie for to condescende,
And goodly helpe a certeine wrong to mende.
Touchyng his syster called Exion,
That he may haue restitucion,
Of her agayne by your discrete aduyse.
For syth ye be so manly and so wyse,
It lykely is in his oppynion,
That ye by your good medyacion,
May easely agayne restored be.
For to cherysche peace and vnitee.
Wherfore he prayeth w all his herte entere,
In goodly wyse to done your deuere,
That holde hym so knyghtly and so sage,
And he wyll playnly all the surplusage,
Of wronges olde put as in suspence.
For he desyreth of knyghtly hygh prudence,
To stynte warre and to nourysche peace.
For he is nother rakle nor rekles.
But euell auysed in his worckes all,
To caste afore what that shall after fall.
And thynges future aduertynge from a ferre,
And seeth what peryll that there is in werre.
Wyll hym conforme vnto peace and reste,
For he conceyueth that it is the beste.
For euery man vnite to sewe,
And prudently also to eschewe,
Of all debates the hole full occasion.
Lo here the fyne of this entencion,
Which I commyt vnto your iugement.
¶This Castor then of yre impacient,
For hastinesse ne might not abyde,
His cruell herte so swolen was with pride.
Brake out anone with right despiteous face,
And sayde frende I knowe of no trespace,
That euer grekes did vnto thy kynge,
To are amendes it is a wonder thynge.
Of vs that neuer dyd him none offence.
Saue that we made a maner recompence,
Of a wronge wrought by Lamedon.
The whiche syste sought occasyon,
Agaynst grekes in vngoodly wyse,
That caused vs vpon hym tho to ryse,
All at ones and manly on hym sette,
Of due ryght for to quyte our dette.
Lyke his deserte we haue him playnly serued,
And nothig wrought but as he hath deserued
To are amendes he gynneth now to late.
For we coueyte more his mortall hate,
His vtter malys and his enmyte,
Then outher peace accorde or vnite.
As in effecte hereafter he shall fele,
If so he dare hereafter with vs deale.
The bargayne shall full dere ben abought,
And we his frendeshyp sothly set at nought.
And ouermore I speake now as to the,
It lykely is as semeth vnto me,
That Pryamus they loued but a lyte,
Not as I thincke, the value of a myte,
Whan he the sent forth on this message.
And thou of folye dyddest great outrage,
To take on the so hyghe a perylous thynge,
Unto grekes to bryngen suche tydynge.
Where thrughe thy lyfe is put in iupartye.
But I the counsayle faste that thou the hye,
Out of my syght lest that thou repente.
¶And Anthenor forth to shyp went,
And with the wynde gan to sayle anone,
Towarde an yle that called was Pylon.
And in all hast whan he dyd aryue,
He shope hym forth to the court as blyue,
Where duke Nestor in all maner thynge,
His housholde helde royall as a kinge.
And Anthenor full sad and auysee,
Tofore Nestor syttyng on his see,
Whan that he was admytted for to sayne,
His tale he tolde full openly and playne.
From poynt to poynt as ye herde afore,
It were but vayne for to reherse it more.
For he alway concluded hath in one,
As ye haue herde touchyng Exion.
¶But duke Nestor with face nothyng red,
But of hewe of any asshes dead,
Fret with collor so inwardly was he,

That

That his blode from eche extremitee,
Withdrawen is downe alowe vnto his herte.
Which for his yre so sore made hym smerte,
That he gan quake in euery ioynt and vayne.
That he his hande vnneth may restreyne,
For melancolye a venged for to be.
Lyke a Lyon so wood and wroth was he.
Fer from hym selfe he was so alyenate,
And inwardly of rancour passyonate,
With loke reserued and furious of syghte,
That tho to rule hym selfe vnneth he myghte,
He felte of anger so great aduersytie,
And syth amyddes of all his crueltie,
Of sodeyne haste at ones he out brake,
And euen thus to Anthenor he spake.
¶ O thou quod he with al thy wordes whyte,
As I suppose that thou wottest full lyte,
To fore whom thou haste thy tale tolde.
For I meruayle howe thou arte so bolde,
Thus to presume myne eares to offende.
And for Priam so proudely to pretende.
A maner tytle in thy kynges name,
The worthy grekes for to put in blame,
And vniustly of foule hardynesse.
Requere of them for to haue redresse,
Of Iniuryes wrought by Laomedon.
Boldely affyrmyng of false presumpcion,
Upon grekes wronkes outragious.
Whiche in myne eres be so odyous,
So fretyng eke so bytyng and so kene,
For to lyste that I may not susteyne,
In my hearyng so hatefull is the sowne.
That ner the honour of my hye renowne,
Refrayned me I shulde in cruell wyse,
Execute full hastely Justyce.
Through the rygour of my moztall law,
With bestes wylde fyrste to do the drawe,
And therupon for thy fayned tale,
Dismembre the all on peces smale,
In despyte of Priamus thy kynge.
To teache other to bryng more tydyng,
Presumptuously or any tales newe,
To any lorde but he hym better knewe.
Thus shuldest thou haue for thy presūpcion,
Thy last mede and fynall guerdon,
Without mercy lyke as I haue behyght.
And in all hast bego out of my syght,
For vtterly it doth to great offence,
Unto myne eye to haue the in presence.
For through disdeine it causeth myne vnreste.
¶ Than Anthenor thought as for the best,
It was not holsom longer to abyde.
But caste wysely for rancour or for pryde,
That it was beste for to beare him fayre,
And to his shyppe he gan anone repayre,
And in all haste by possybilitee,
Without abode he taken hath the sea.
And gan to sayle and homeward faste drawe,
But sodeynly to boylen gan the wawe,
The seas to ryse and the cloudes blacke,
For to appere and the wynde a wake,
Wonder gastfull also was the heauen,
With dredfull fyre of the bryght leuen,
The thonder smote. so gan the tẽpest driue,
That toppe and mast asunder gynneth ryue.
Now alofte and now in poynt to drowne,
The fell wether gan so on theim frowne,
That naught they awayte but on the death.
Euen at the poynt of yeldyng vp of the brethe.
For they ne sawe none other remedy,
Styll amonge they gan to clepe and crye,
Unto their goddes and auowes make,
And deuoutly for to vndertake,
Eche of them as he was growen of age,
If they escape to go on pylgremage.
Lyke the rytes of their paynym wyse,
To the goddes to do their sacrifyse.
So as they were of substaunce & of myght,
And sodeinly the wether derke as nyght,
With newe lyght by grace gan adawe.
The sea ware calme and smothē gan ꝑwawe.
So that of happe amonge euerychone,
For all the tempest perished not one.
But tofore Trope within a lyttell space,
They be aryued euerychone by grace,
Eschaped safe from euery ioppardye.
Bothe Anthenor and all his companye.
And to the temple he toke the ryght way,
And in his prayer there full longe he laye.
With many another also for his sake,
Thankyng their goddes ꝑ lysten so to slake,
Euery peryll and tempest of the sea.
And after this vnto the kynge goeth he.
That with his lordes about him full royall,
In his paleys and dongyon pryncipall,
Sat and abode full solempnelye.
To heare reporte of this embassadrye.
And this knyght of all that hath hym fall,

Hath

Hath tolde the kynge tofore his lordes all.

THis Anthenor hath fyrst made mencion,
Tofore the kynge by iuste relacion,
Of his exployt by ordre by and by,
And in what wyse and howe vncurteously,
He was receyued of kynge Pelleus.
Of the thretes, and wordes despyteous,
That he had suffred of kyng Thelamon,
As ferse and cruell as a wood Lyon.
And afterwarde he gan also complayne,
Of the despyte of the bretherne tawyne,
Of his rebuke and his great dread,
And at Nestor howe he happed to spede,
That with his lyfe he myght vnneth escape,
All this he tolde and gan an ende make,
Of his iourney and eke of his repayre.
Wherby Pryam was fully in dispayre,
Outher by force or yet by aduenture,
That he his syster neuer might recure.
For he conceyueth in his aduertence,
By cleare reporte of experte euydence,
That aye the more he was to theim beninge,
The more vngoodly ayen him they malinge.
& where he sheweth him selfe most debonayre,
There he ayeneward fond thē most cōtrayre.
So frowardly euer they theim quite.
Shewing by sygnes that they set but lyte,
By his frendshyp for ought he could aduerte.
Wherof he was ful sorowfull in herte,
That he constrayned ryght of very nede,
Was tho compelled iustly to procede,
To haue redresse onely by rygoure:
For profered peace myght haue no fauour.
To be admitted by tytle of rightwysenesse,
Through hygh despite of hasty wylfulnesse.
For euery meane of measoure was in vayne,
Saue onely werre engendred by disdayne,
Began and caused all of olde hatrede.
Which gan anone such a broyle to brede,
Of newe enuy within the kynge his breste,
That Priamus without more areste,
So inly Irous and with rancour fret,
And with disdayne so sore ground & whet,
That where so be that he must lese or wyn,
Upon Grekes he wyll a werre begyn.
And therin Jeoparde manly as a knight,
His lyfe and deathe bycause he had ryght.
And cast hym first a naupe for to sende,
In hast to Grece his fomen to offende.
And like a knight his force there to haunte,
In knyghtly wise he cast him for to daunt,
The pompe of Grekes and the sturdinesse,
And fynally they pride to oppresse.
¶ But saye me Priam what infelycitye,
What newe trouble, what hap, what destiny,
Or from aboue what hateful influence,
Descended is by vnware violence,
To meue þ thus thou canst not liue in peace.
What sodayne sorte what fortune graceles,
What chaunce vnhappy without auisenesse,
What wilfull lust what fonde hardinesse,
Haue put thy soule out of tranquilitye,
To make the werye of thy prosperitye.
What sauourest þ in bitter more thē swete,
That canst not lyue in peace nor in quiete.
Thou art trauayled with wilfull motions,
And ouer maystred with thy passions.
For lacke of reason and of hyghe prudence,
Derked and blinde from all prouydence.
And full barayne to cast afore and se,
The harmes folowyng of thine aduersitye.
Thou were to slowe wisely to consydre,
For want of syght made the thus to slydre.
Through myst of errour falsly to forueye,
By pathes wronge from the right weye.
To boyde reason of wylful hastynesse,
Where was thy gyde where was thy may-
Discrecion so prudēt & so sadde, (stresse,
Auysely that should the there haue lad,
From the traces of sensualitee.
Though it ful selde in mannes power be.
By sufferaunce him selfe to refrayne,
Whan sodayne yre doth his herte strayne.
thou shuldest afore better haue cast thi chaūce
Wrought by counsayle & not put in balaunce,
Thy sykernesse alas why diddest thou so.
And haue symuled some dele of the wo.
And cast thy chaunge wel afore the prime,
To haue forgotten wronges of olde time.
And thought afore as in thine aduertence,
That oft it falleth in experyence,
That whiles men do most theyr busynesse,
Vengeably olde wronges to redresse,
With double harme or that they beware,
They fall agayne in a newe snare.
And domages that were forgotten cleane,
By false reporte of rumour fresshe & grene,

Renewed

Renewed be through the swyfte fame,
That fleeth fer to hurt a lordes name.
Namely whan so they to a purpose wende,
Only of head and not forsee the ende.
For of pryde and of sodayne heate,
They voyde them selfe out of all quyete,
Aduertyng not to worke auysely,
Nor the prouerbe that teacheth comonly,
He that stande sure enhaste hym not to meue,
For yf he do it shall him after greue.
And he that walketh surely on the playne,
Where if he stumble it is but in vayne,
Onlesse so be he lyste of his folye,
Be neclygent to put hym wylfully,
In auenture and of hym selfe to reche,
To eschewe peryll I holde he be a wreche.
For sothly Pryam thou were to rechelese,
For to commytte thy quyete and the peace,
So dredfully durynge by no date,
To cruell fortune or to fykell fate.
Whose maner is of custome comonly,
That whan a man trusteth most surely,
Of this goddesse blynde and full vnstable,
Then she to hym is moste decepuable.
Hym to abate from his royall stalle,
And sodeynly doth make hym downe to falle.
And with a tryp throwe him on the backe,
Who that gayne striueth shal haue lytle tacke.
She is so slyely with her gylefull snare,
That she can make a man for his welfare,
With her pantre that is with fraude englewed
Whā he least weneth for to be remewed.
Therfore no man may hope affyaunce,
In fortunes rule so full of varyance.
Ne lete no wyght his ease more Iuparte,
Then he ne recke how she the game departe,
To tourne his chaunce outher to well or wo,
For selde in one she doth the game go.
As ye may see example of Pryamus,
That of his foly is so desyrous,
To worke of head and folow so his wylle.
That troubled is the calme of his tranquille.
As in the boke hereafter shalbe founde,
Hym and his citie platly to confounde.
And vtterly to his confusyon,
That afterwarde by longe succession,
It shalbe red in story and in fable,
And remembred with dytees delytable.
To do pleasaunce to them that shall it here,
That by this sample they beware and lere,
Of hasty lust or of rasche voluntee,
To gyn a thyng wherin no suretee,
Dependeth aye as stryfe werre and debate.
For in such play vnwarely cometh check mate
And harme ydone to late is to amende,
Whose fyne is ofte other then they wende.
In this story as ye shall after see,
And lette Pryam alwaye your myrrour be.
Hasty errour by tymes to correcte,
For I anone my poyntill wyll directe,
After the maner of his traces rude.
Of this story the remnaunt to conclude.

THis worthy kyng euer of one sentence,
Aye more and more fyred with feruence,
Hath his breuettes and his letters sente,
For his lordes to holde a parlement.
And them cōmaunded in al the hast they may
To come anone at their assygned daye.
From euery warde and party of the towne,
For to assemble in noble Ilyowne.
Chiefe of his reigne & when they were echone
With hym present this noble kyng anone,
Tofore theim all as shortly as he can,
His wyll declareth and thus he than began.
Syres quod he bycause ye be so wyse,
It nedeth not longe processe to deuyse,
For to reherse of your compynge the cause,
But for to tell shortly in a clause,
What I meane and maketh no more delaye.
Ye wotte how I now this other day,
Sent into Grece by counsayle of you all,
A knyght of myne that Anthenor is call.
To haue recured Exiona agayne,
Whose message tho was not but in vayne.
For of grekes full vncurteysly,
He was receyued and dispyteously,
Threte and rebuked in poynt to haue be dead.
Vnneth he myght escape with his head.
They put on hym such hygh offence & blame,
That muche redoundeth to our alder shame.
And day by day it must encrease the more,
But we ordeyne some remedy therfore.
For there as we all measure haue them offred,
They haue to vs werre and stryfe yprofred.
Of hyghe despyte of rancour and of heate,
And of malys cruelly vs threate.
And where as we wold peace of thē purchace,

For wronges done they felly vs manace.
And for ỳ harmes ỳ they haue to vs wrought.
They not purpose playnly in their thought,
Other redresse nor amendes make.
But vtterly with werre vs to awake.
Whose ioye is fully encrease of our greuaunce
So wolde god they were with repentaunce.
Contryte in herte to stynten all myschiefe,
That lykely is to fall and eke the grefe,
On outher parte that it myght ouer slyde.
But they alas with rancour & with pryde,
Are swole of new to threaten more and more.
But god defende halfe deale of the sore,
By infortune that euer shulde be fall,
As they purpose to euery of vs all.
But syth they haue deuysed thus for vs,
We must resyste their wyll malicious,
Through myght of god as of necessitie,
In our deffence it wyll none other be.
And beste I holde vnto our entent,
To worke and do all by one assent.
So we our purpose sonest shall achieue,
Where is discorde there may no quarell preue.
For onthat part where hertes be not one,
Victorye may no way with them gone.
Chiefe of conquest is peace and vnitie.
Ryght as discorde is of aduersytie.
Wherfore I read that of a wyll and harte,
Lette vs set on to do the grekes smerte.
For sothfastly if so ye lyste to se,
I dare affyrme that we farre stronger be,
Than be the grekes vpon euery parte,
And haue of armes parfytly the arte.
And be accoũted of knighthod crop and roote,
And plenty haue of horsemen and on foote.
Arrayed well euerych in his degree,
And therwith also stronge is our Citie.
For to withstonde our fomon euerichone,
You counsayling. and syth ordayne anone,
Fyrst tassemble holy your nauye,
And stuffe them strongly w̃ our chiualrye,
And into Grece hastely them to sende,
The proude grekes manly to offende.
And of iuste cause and by tytle of tyght,
On theim to werre with all our force & might.
Their townes bren and their fyeldes waste,
With herte vnfayned also vs enhaste,
To quite them as they deserued haue,
For by my read we shall none of them saue.
But cruellyst to do on theim vengeaunce,
Ne hath no eare ne let be no greuaunce,
Though they tofore by fortune were victours
And slewe our fathers & progenitours.
For he that was of vnhap fyrste put downe,
Remounteth ofte and that to hyghe renowne.
As by the charge and duble variance,
Of werre and stryfe that aye is in balaunce.
For he that this day is assured wele,
We see to morowe cast downe of the whele.
The victor ofte lykewyse in aduenture,
And vanquished as by discomfyture,
Of hym that had afore the victorie.
Now vp syth downe in armes stant the glory.
In Martes chaunce no man may hun assure,
But as it cometh so must he take his eure.
For gery Mars by sudden influence,
Can gyue a man whylom excellence,
To wynne a pryse lyke a conquerour,
And sodaynly as falleth the soiner floure,
He can his honour make for to fade.
For whan that he all his aspectes glade,
From any man lysteth for to wythe,
His olde renowne goth away as blythe,
As after floode the ebbe foloweth aye.
As men deserue prayse them for the daye.
For though to day Phebus mery shyne,
To morow he may his bemes downe decline.
Through the thicknesse of the mistes trouble,
Ryght so of Mars are the chaunces double.
Now vp, now downe, now low, & now alofte,
As fortune will whiche that chaungeth ofte,
Lyst on her whele make a man assende,
And vnwarely downe agayne descende.
Stounde mele his honour to auauuce,
And with asweigh throwe him to mischaunce.
Now with fauour set him vp full hye,
Erst him auale with twyngling of an eye.
Her playe vnstable tourneth as a ball.
Whyle one goeth vp an other hath a fall.
She reyseth one and doth another loute,
For euery man whan it cometh aboute,
Must take his tourne as her playe requireth.
Who is experte and her fraudes lereth,
Shall with hir sugre fynde gall ymeynt.
And her houy aye with bitter spreynt.
In peace and werre in honour and in fame,
In dignities in renowne and in shame,
Be at her lykyng as her lyst to graunt,

There

Therfore no man his hap to muche auaunte.
¶ For though grekes whylom were a lofte,
It may them happe hereafter full vnsofte.
Wherfore echone shewe your worthynesse,
That so are named of strength & hardinesse.
And to fortune playnly you commytte,
And lette no feare your manly hertes flytte.
But stonde hole and be in meanyng playne,
And therupon let se what ye wyll sayne.
And at ones their voyce they gan reyse,
And his sentence hyghely for to preyse.
And of one herte manly gan expresse,
They wil at ones despende goodes & rychesse,
And their bodyes put in Jeopardye,
There was not one that wolde it tho denye.
And of this graunt he thanketh them echone,
And gaue them leue where them lyst to gone.
For he dissolued hath his parlement,
And euery man on his waye is went.
And repayred to his mansiowne,
The kynge alone lefte in Jlyowne,
Sole by hym selfe inwardly musynge,
How he his purpose myght about brynge.
For he in soth on nothyng elles thought,
And therupon in fyne thus he wrought.

Kyng Priamus makyng thus his mone,
As I you tolde in chambre all alone,
Many wayes castyng vp and downe,
For to perfourme his conclusyowne,
And to fulfyll the fyne of his entent,
Ye fyrste of all prudently hath sent,
For his sonnes to come to hym in haste,
As well for them that were borne in baste,
As for the other tassemble there yfeare.
For this purpose lyke as ye shall here.
To haue a counsaile for nedeful purueaunce,
Against grekes to maken ordenaunce.
Fyrst by them selfe alone pryuely,
And when they were in ordre by and by,
Euerych of them set in his dewesee,
Lyke as they were of age and of degree,
And Hector fyrst floure of chyualrye,
Repayred home out of Panonye,
Most acceptable in euery wyghtes grace,
Nerte his father taken hath his place.
¶ And whan Priam his lepter did espye,
With syghes sore castyng vp his eye,
To them echone syttyng enuyron,
Gan to declare his hertes mocyon.
But first or he might ought his wil expowne
In salt teares he gan hym selfe drowne,
So inly was his wo outragyous,
That for wepyng and sobbyng furyous,
Unneth he myght with any word out breake.
Nor vnto them for distresse speake.
Nor openly his inwarde meanyng shewe,
Tyll at the last he in wordes fewe,
Gan to abrade in all his pyteous fare,
Euen thus in sentence gynnyng to declare.
¶ My dere sonnes so louyng and so kynde,
As I suppose that ye haue in mynde,
And remembre discretly and aduerte,
And eke impzente full freshly in your herte,
How the grekes agayne all ryght and lawe,
With cruell swerde murdred haue and slawe,
Our auncetours whylom of hyghe renowne,
And destroyed brent and beate downe,
The fyrst Troye with his walles olde.
And how vngo odly also they withholde,
Myne owne syster called Exion.
To full great shame and confusyon,
And hyghe reprefe to your worthynesse.
That me semeth of very kyndenesse,
And of nature ye ought be agreued,
And inwardly in herte sore aneued.
To suffer her in hyndring of her name,
So to be treated for your alder shame.
Alas why nyl ye do your besyneſſe,
This highe despyte knyghtly to redresse.
You for tauenge vpon their crueltie,
Recure to fynde of her iniquitie.
Sith that ye be so myghty and so stronge.
Certes me semeth ye byden all to longe,
From day to day that ye so differre,
In knyghtly wyse to gyn on them a werre,
Your force and myght manly to assaye.
I am pure sory that ye lyste delaye,
You to conforme vnto my desyre,
That in their hate bren as hoote as fyre.
And vpon them lyke as ye may see,
Of frettynge yre auenged for to be.
Lyke their desert to quyten them their mede,
And ye alas that lysten take no hede,
Whyle your renowne doth so freshly shyne,
Unto my luste your hertes to declyne.
Consyderyng lyke as it is well kouthe,
How I my selfe from your tender youth,

yfostred

Yfostred you and brought you forth echone,
Fro thilke daye that first ye could gone,
As tenderly as I could or might,
To which thynge in your inward syght,
Ye shuld auuert alway newe and newe,
And of nature on my sorowes rewe,
To remedye this mine auuersytee.
Whych toucheth you also as wel as me,
Sith that ye wote how sore it doth me greue,
Ye shulden shape myne harmes to releue.
And sodeinly as he thus gan mourne,
Towardes Hector he gan his face tourne.
And sayd Hector my truste and all my ioye,
Myne heyre also, like to reygne in Troy,
After my daye and be my successoure,
And named art the very souerayne floure,
Of worthynesse and of manhod the well.
And al thy brethren in knighthod dost excelle.
And in armes lyke a conquerour,
Called the stock of worshyp and honour,
I hertely praye though thou sytte styll,
Be wyllinge now my purpose to fulfyll,
To execute that I desyre so.
For fynally in the and in no mo,
Is full my fayth to bryng this thinge about.
Now take on the and be nothinge in doubte.
To be chefetayne and also gouernour,
Of this purpose and vtterly socour,
Into thine hande this Journey I committe.
Hooly of herte so that thou ne flytte,
The to conforme by good auysement.
Up to performe the fine of mine entent.
For of reason best to the it syt,
Whych art so prudent and so ful of wyt,
Strong and deliuer flouryng eke in youthe,
Of whom ꝑ fame through ꝑ world is kouthe.
Yonge of yeares olde of discrecionne,
Eurous to loue, passyng of renowne.
Unto whose will thy brethren shall obeye,
And stande with the both to lyue and deye.
Now cõdescẽde to accomplyshe my request,
And what thou feleſt answere at the leste.
¶And whẽ the kinge hath shewed his cõtẽce,
Demure of cheare humble of reuerence,
This worthy Hector example of gentrie,
With soft speche as teacheth curtesye,
His answere gaue with sobre countenaunce,
The effecte of which was this in substaunce.
¶Myne owne lorde and my father dere,
Beningly if so ye list to heare,
After the force and the great might,
And after eke the summe of natures ryght,
Which euerye thinge by kinde doth constrain,
In the bondes of her large chayne,
It sytting is as she doth enspyre,
And to that ende that euery man desyre,
Of wronges done to haue amendement.
And to her lawe ryght conuenient,
Namely to such that with nobylytye,
Kinde hath endewed and set in high degre,
For to such great reuerence is and shame,
When any wronge be do vnto theyr name.
For eche trespasse must consydered be,
Iustly measured by the qualyty,
Of hym that is offended and also,
After the parson by whom the wrong is do,
Be it in werre in conteck or debate.
For greater grefe is to high estate,
To suffer harme of case or auenture,
Or any wronge vniustly to endure,
Or inurves compassed by malyce,
Is more offence by discrete aduyse,
To theim that be famous in manhod,
Well renoumed and borne of gentyl blode,
Than to such one that holde is but a wretch
Wherfore we must greatly charge and retch
Onely of knighthod our worshyp for to eke,
Of wronges done a mendes for to seke.
Our state consydered & our high noblesse,
And in what plyte we stand of worthynesse,
Whan that beastes of reason rude & blinde,
Desyre the same by iust instinct of kinde.
¶And for my parte trusteth in certayne,
Ye haue no sonne that would half so fayne,
Upon Grekes auenged be as I.
For here my trouthe I say you faythfully,
For yre of theim I brenn as doth the glede,
I thurst their blode more than other mede.
For ryght as I eldest am of age,
Amonge your sonnes so am I most ẅ rage,
I fret within iustly of knighthode,
With my right hand to shed the grekes blode.
As they shalle fele peraunter or they wene.
Whan time cometh the sothe shalbe sene.
¶But firste I rede wisely in your minde,
To cast afore and leue not behinde,
Or ye begyn discretly to auuert,
And prudently consydre in your herte,

All onely not the gynnynge but the ende.
And ỹ the middes what way in they wil wẽd.
And to what fine foztune will theim lede,
Iffye thus do amisse ye may not spede.
Foz that counsayle in mine opinion,
Is wozthy lytell by discrecion,
To haue a pzyse that cast not by and by,
The course of thinges by ozdze ceryously.
What waye they trace to woo oz to delyte.
Foz though a gynninge haue his appetite,
Yet in the ende playnly this no fable,
There may thig fall which is not cõmẽdable.
Foz what is wozthe a ginninge foztunate,
That causeth after strife and great debate.
Wherfoze in sothe begynninges are to dzead,
But mẽ well knowe what fine shall succede.
Foz a ginninge with grace is well foztuned,
Whan ende and middes a lyke be contuned.
But when that it in wele ne may conteine,
It is well better rather to absteine,
Than put in doubt that standeth in suerte.
Foz who so doth hath aduersitee.
But humble this to your estate royall,
Of herte I pzay let not offende at all,
That I am bolde to say my mocion.
Foz in good fayth of none entencion,
I nothing meue to do to you offence,
But onely this that your magnificence,
Pzocede not of heade to wilfully.
Ne that no hast you meue to foly.
To gyn a thing that after wil you shende,
Foz lacke that ye se not tofoze the ende.
Noz take hede in your aduertence,
To consydze by good pzouidence,
How Grekes haue in theyz subiection,
Europe and Affyke with many region.
Ful large & wide of knighthod most famous,
And of rychesse wonder plenteous.
Right renowned also of wozthinesse,
With your suppozte I dare it wel expzesse.
Ful perylious is theim displease oz disturbe
Foz yf that we our quyet nowe parturbe,
Which standeth fully in peace is to dzede.
Foz though all Assye helpe vs in our nede,
If it be loked on euery parte aryght,
They be not egal vnto Grekes might.
¶ And though also mine Aunte Exion,
Agayne all right be holde of Thelamon,
It is not good foz her redemption,
To put vs all vnto destruction.
I rede not that we bye her halfe so deare.
Foz many of vs perhappes that sytte here,
And other mo might foz her sake
Death vnderfonge and an ende make.
Which were no wisedome lyke as semeth me,
And it may happe also how that she,
In shozte tume her fatall course shall fine.
Whẽ Attropos the thzedde a two shal twine.
What had we then wonne and she were go,
But enmite, thought, sozowe and wo.
Slaughter of our men death and confusyõ,
Wherfoze I reade without discencion,
Without moze that we our wo endure.
And not to put our selfe in auenture.
This holde I best and wozke as the wyse,
But doubtles foz no cowardise,
I saye not this in your high pzesence.
But foz cause I holde it no pzudence,
To foztune knowen so ful of doubilnesse,
Syth we be sure to put our sykernesse.
Thus all and some the effect of my will.
And with that wozde Hectoz helde hym styll.

And whan ỹ Hectoz by ful high pzudẽce,
Cõcluded hath the fine of his sẽtence.
Ful demurely he kept his lippes close.
And therwithall this Paris vp arose,
And gan his tale thus afoze the kinge.
My lozde quod he so it be lykinge,
To your highnesse foz to taken hede.
As me semeth we shuld litell dzead,
In knightly wise foz to vndertake
Upon Grekes a werre foz to make,
All at ones theyz pzide to confounde.
Sith that we so passingly habounde,
Of chiualry here within our towne.
And haue plenty and possesspowne,
Of eche thinge that may to werre auayle,
Stuffe in our selfe and royall apparayle.
Of all that longeth to assautes marciall.
And with all this moze in speciall,
Helpe and succour of many region,
With vs to wozke to theyz destruction.
The pompe and pzyde manly to abate,
And of Grekes the malyce to amate.
Foz al that they of herte be so stoute,
Me semeth shoztlye that we nede not doubte,
Noz on no parte foz to be dismayed.

Wherfoze

Wherfore I reade let not be delayed,
Our shyppes fyrst ready for to make,
And I my selfe wyl fully vndertake,
So it to you be liking and plesaunce,
Of this empryse hooly the gouernaunce,
And you assure and put in certayne,
Eryona for to recure agayne.
And in what fourme that it shall be wrought,
I haue a waye deuised in my thought,
That likely is hereafter to be done.
Which vnto you I will declare anone,
First I haue cast with strōg & myghty hand,
For to rauysche some lady of that land,
Of high estate and make no taryinge,
And mightely into Troye her bryngе.
Maugre her might for this conclusyon,
That ye may haue restitucion,
By chaunge of her that ye desyre so.
And therupon shall not be longe ado,
I you behete for all the Grekes stronge,
And for that I shall not this tale prolonge,
I wil you sayne excluding euerye doubte,
How this aduise shal well be brought about.
First how that I shal this purpose fine,
The goddes haue thrugh their power diuine,
Shewed to me by reuelacion.
For therupon I had auisyon,
But late agone as I laye in a slepe,
Unto the which if so ye take kepe,
Ye may not fayle nor be in no despayre,
To haue recure of her that is so fayre.
For whom ye haue now so much care.
And the maner hoole I wyl declare,
Of this dreame to your magnificence,
If it so be ye lysteth giue credence,
To this my tale for I shal not dwelle,
Ceryously in ordre for to tell,
The bery trouthe and no fable fayne.
To you that be my lorde most souerayne.
First if that ye remembre in your minde,
This other daye when I was last in Inde
By your aduyse and commaundement,
For a matter which in your entent,
Was specially had in cheirte,
As it is knowen betwene you and me,
Of whych I toke vpō me tho the charge,
Within the bondes of that land large.
The same time your desyre to spede,
When that Titan with his beames rede,
From Geminy droue his chayre of golde,
Toward the Crabbe for to take his holde.
Which named is the paleys of Diane,
The bent moone that wex can and wane.
When halowed is the sonnes station,
Nigh the middes of the moneth of Juyn.
At which season early in the morowe,
Whan that Phebus auoiding nightes sorow,
Doth Pirrous his wayne vp to drawe,
And Aurora Estward doth adawe,
And with the water of her teares rounde,
The siluer dewe causeth to habounde,
Upon the herbes and the floures soote,
Ful kindly norysshyng both crop & roote.
Up I rose out of my bed anone,
Ful desyrous on huntinge for to gone,
Pricked in herte with lusty freshe plesaunce,
To do to loue some dewe obseruaunce,
And Diana that daye to magnifie.
Which called is lady of Uenerye,
And reuerendly rites to obserue,
Of Citherea her as tho to serue,
I and my feres our hertes to releue,
Cast vs fully til it drewe to eue,
Within a forest to playe vs and disporte,
And plesauntly vs to recomforte,
As it longeth to loue of lustynesse.
For thilke day to Uenus the goddesse,
Ysacred was by full great excellence.
With great honour and dewe reuerence,
Done vnto her both of one and all,
And on a fryday is this aduenture fall.
Whan we gā haste vs to the woodes grene,
In hope that day some game for to sene.
With great labour riding to and fro,
Til that we had full many bucke and doo,
By strengthe slayne as we might thē fynde.
The herte yehased with houdes & the hinde,
Through the downes and the dales lowe,
Till Phebus high vpon his dayes bowe,
Amid the arke was of Meredien,
For than his beames ful hote were and chene.
And we most busy were vpon the chase.
That me befell a wonder diuerse case.
For of fortune it happed sodeynly,
While I was seuered from my companye,
Sole by my selfe amonge the holtes hore,
To finde game desyrous euermore,
Or I was ware through thicke & thyn,

A ful great harte I sawe afore me ryn.
Downe by the launde and the vales grene.
That I in sothe ne might not sustene,
He was to swift for to nigh hym nere.
Though hym to sewe I pricked my coursere,
Nigh to ỹ death through many sundry shawe
Out of my syght so fer he can withdrawe,
For al that euer that I sewe myght,
That I anone lost of hym the syght.
In a wood that I da bare the name.
And I so faynt gan weren of that game,
And mine horse on whych I tho did ryde,
Fomyng full whyte vpon euery syde,
And his flankes all with blode distayned.
In my pursute so sore he was constrayned,
With my spores sharpe and dyed redd,
After the harte so pricked I my stede.
Now vp now downe with a ful busy thought,
But my laboure auayled me right nought.
Tyll at the last amonge the bowes glade,
Of aduenture I caught a plesaunt shade,
Ful smothe and playn and lusty for to sene,
And soft as velvet was the yonge grene,
Where fro my horse I did alight as fast,
And on a bowe aloft his reyne cast,
So faynte and mate of werynesse I was,
That I me layde downe vpon the gras.
Upon a bryncke shortly for to telle,
Besyde the ryuer of a cristall welle.
And the water as I reherse can,
Like quycke siluer in his streames ran.
Of whych the grauell and the bryght stone,
As any golde agayne the sonne shone.
Where rycht anone for very werynesse,
A sodayne slepe gan me so oppresse,
That syth the tyme that I first was borne,
I neuer was asleped so tofore.
And as I lay I heard a wonder sweuen.
For as me thought high downe from heaue,
The wynged god wonderful of cheare,
Mercurius to me did appeare,
Of whom I was some dele first aferde,
For he was gyrde with his croked swerde.
And with him brought also in his hande,
His slepy yerde as plyaunt as a wande.
With a serpent goyng enuyrowne,
And at his fete also lowe adowne,
Me semed also that there stode a cocke,
Singing his houres trewe as any clocke.
And to the mouth of this god Mercurye,
Were pypes set that songe wonder merye.
Of whych the swete sugred Hermonye,
Made to mine eares such a melodye,
That me semed tho in mine aduyse,
I was rauysched into paradise.
And thus this god dyuerse of lyknesse,
More wonderfull than I can expresse,
Shewed him selfe in his apparence,
Like as he is descryued in Fulgence.
In the boke of his methologies.
Where be rehersed many poesyes,
And many lykenesse like as ye may se,
And for to take the moralitee,
His longe yerde right as is a lyne,
Whiche on no syde wrongly may decline,
Signifyeth the prudent gouernaunce,
Of discrete folke ỹ through theyr purueyaũce
Cast a peryll or that it befall.
And his pypes loude as any shall,
That through musyke be entuned trewe,
Betokeneth eke with many lusty hewe,
The sugred dytees by great excellence,
Of Rethorike and of eloquence.
Of which this god is soueraigne & patrowne.
And of this cocke the swete and lusty sowne,
That instly kepeth the houres of the night,
Is vtterly the aduise of inward sight,
Of such as voyde by waker diligence,
Out of theyr court slouthe and negligence.
And his sworde which croketh so agayne,
That is not forged nor ymade in vayne,
Is to reuoke to the right weye,
Such as wrongly for trouthe forueye.
And the serpent whiche that I of tolde,
Which wrincled is as ye may beholde,
Upon the yerde and about goeth,
Signefyeth that falshode wood & wrothe,
That lieth in wayte by many sleyghty weye,
With his ginnes the trouthe for to werrey.
And of this god of eloquence the kinge,
Brought with him eke in his comminge,
Citherea whom these louers serue,
Juno and Pallas that called is Minerue.
And this Venus her lieges to delite,
About her head flikered douues white,
With loke beninge and eyen debonayre,
Aye circuling with snowy winges fayre.
For to declare sothly in sentence.

By the dounes very innocence,
Of theim in loue ỹ but trouth meane,
And ỹ theyr groũde shuld honeste be & cleane.
ytokned is clerely by witnesse.
Without soyling of any vnclennesse.
And the freshnesse of the roses redde,
That in somer so lustyly doth spryede,
And in wynter of theyr coloure fade,
Signifieth the hertye thoughtes glade,
Of yonge folkes that ben amerous.
Feruent in hope and inly desyrous,
Whan loue gynneth in theyr hertes floure,
Till longe processe maketh theim to loure,
With the wynter of vnweldy age.
That lust is palled and dulled with the rage,
Of feblenesse when somer is a gone.
As folkes knowe I wott well no than one.
And therfore Uenus fleteth in a see,
To shewe the trouble and aduersytee,
That is in loue and in her stormye lawe,
Whych is byset with many sturdye wawe.
Nowe calme now rough who so taketh hede,
As hope assayled aye with sodeyne dreade,
And next Uenus Pallas I beheelde,
With her spere and her bryghte shelde
And a raynbowe rounde about her head,
That of colour grene was blewe and rede.
And her tofore as I can discryue,
She growyng had a grene freshe olyue,
And therupon with his browes fowle,
In the braunches I sawe syt like an Owle.
And first the shilde of Pallas the goddesse,
Signifyed as I can expresse,
In vertue force by manly high diffẽce.
Agayne vyces to maken resistence.
And her spere sharpe and kene ygrounde,
By iust rygour was forged to confound,
Theim that be false and to put abacke,
And for that mercy shall medle wt ỹ wrack.
The shafte in sothe shauen was full playne,
Lest mercyles that right ne wrought in vain.
And after werre to make false release,
There was the Oline that betokeneth peace.
The Owle also so odious at all.
That songes syngeth at feastes funerall.
Declaring playnly fine of euery glorye,
Is onely death who hath it in memorye.
And the raynbowe grene read and perse,
Signifyeth the chaunges ful diuerse,
That oft falleth in werre and battayle.
Now to winne and sodeynly to fayle,
Now stable as blew chaũging now as grene,
For Pallas playe is alwaye meynt wt tene.
And alder last as nowe I haue in minde,
With her nimphes Juno came behynde.
Whyche of custome Fulgencius so telles,
Abydeth in floudes and in depe welles.
And this Juno as theise poetes sayne,
A mayden is and of fruyte barayne,
And the Pecock to this freshe quene,
y sacred is with his fethers shene.
Splayed abrode as large as a sayle,
With Argus eyen emprynted in his tayle.
¶ The waters ronninge in ryuer & in floud,
Is the labour that men haue for good,
The great trouble and the besyneſſe,
That day and nyght they suffer for rychesse.
That who so euer in these floudes rowe,
Let him beware for aye after the flowe,
Of nature ryght by courses it is dewe,
Folowing ỹ moone there must an ebbe ẽsewe.
The most dread is aye vpon the full.
Lest fortune do the freshe fethers pull,
Of ryche folkes that shine in golde shene,
Sith she of chaũche the lady is & quene.
¶ And Argus eyen that set are aye behynde,
Are nygardes hertes ỹ oft sythes be blinde.
Which not aduert of goodes to the ende,
That like an ebbe sodeynly wil wende.
Whyche they nothinge consydre in their sight,
For as the fayre lusty fethers bright,
Of a Pecock vnwarely fall awaye,
Right so ryches shortly at a daye,
Will theyr mayster sodeynly forsake,
Saying adewe & thens theyr leue take.
And as Juno barayne is of fruyte,
Right so naked bare and destitute,
Are these gredy hertes couetous.
Which to gather be so desyrous.
That in nothing can haue suffysaunce,
The fret of dred thẽ putteth i such mischaũce.
Imagening that the world wil fayle.
And in theyr feare agayne ỹ wynd they sayle.
Till all at ones they must departe there fro,
And thus of good aye the fine is wo.
Namely of theim that so pinche and spare,
For this no dread as clerkes can declare,
The fruite of good is to spende large,

And who so euer set but lytell charge,
But frely parteth his treasour in commune,
When he discretely seeth time oppoꝛtune,
He hath no ioye to put his good in mewe.
Foꝛ who in herte that fredome list to sewe,
Of gentylnesse taketh no hede therto.
¶And in this wyse Pallas and Juno,
With freshe Uenus be adowne descended,
Like as I haue shoꝛtly compꝛehended,
Under the guyding of Mercurius.
Whych vnto me began his tale thus.
¶Paꝛys quod he lyft vp thine eyen & see,
Lo these goddesses here in nombꝛe thꝛe,
Whych from heauen wyth theyꝛ eyen clere,
So dyuersly vnto the appere,
Were at a feast wherof I tell shall,
With all the goddes aboue celestyall.
That Juppter helde at his owne boꝛde,
Was none absent saue onely discoꝛde,
And foꝛ despyte she was not there pꝛesent,
To be auenged set all her entent,
And in her wyttes many wayes sought,
Tyll at the last euen thus she wꝛought.
Of olde Poets lyke as yt is tolde.
She toke an appel rounde of pure golde,
With Greke letters grauen vp and downe,
Whych sayd thus in conclusyowne,
Without strife let it be gyue anon,
Unto the fayꝛest of theim euerychone,
And of discoꝛde this lady and goddesse,
As she that is of conteke maystresse,
Hath this appel passyng of delyte,
Bꝛought to this feast of malyce & despyte,
And cast it downe among theim at the boꝛde.
With deynous chere speaking not a woꝛde.
But on her waye fast gan her hye,
And sodeynly so inly great enuye,
Into the courte this appel hath in bꝛoughte,
So great a werre & such a conteck wꝛought,
In the hertes of these ilke thꝛe,
That after longe may not staunched be,
Amonge theim selfe so they gan disdayne.
Whiche in beaute was most seueraygne,
And whych of theym hath most tytle of right,
Foꝛ to cõquere this burned apple bꝛyght.
And first they gan thus foꝛ beaute stryue,
That of rancour almost theyꝛ hertes ryue.
To wite of ryght who shuld it first possede.
¶Lo yet enuye reygneth in womanhede.
That one is fayꝛer than an other holde,
Foꝛ eche woman of her kinde would,
Haue on some parte pꝛise aboue an other.
In eche estate in sothe it is no other.
And eche of theim in her owne aduise,
Hath ioye in beaute foꝛ to haue a pꝛise,
Foꝛ none so foule doth in a myꝛrour pꝛye,
That shene is fayꝛe in her owne eye.
But like a foole he him selfe doth quite,
That aumber yelowe cheseth foꝛ the white.
A goundy eye is deceyued soone,
That any colour cheseth by the moone.
Foꝛ some colour with fyꝛe is made fiꝛe,
And some encreased with spices & wyth wine.
With oyntementes and with confections,
And on the night by false illusyons,
Some appeare wonder freshe and fayꝛe.
That loke full derke by day light in the ayꝛe.
There is no pꝛefe but early by the moꝛowe,
Of such as nede no beaute foꝛ to boꝛowe,
But as nature hath her selfe disposed,
Therfoꝛe fasting oꝛ boꝛes be vnclosed,
Make thy chose so byddeth the Ouide,
Whan euery dꝛugge and pot is set a syde,
Lest haply thou be after his sentence,
Deceyued lightly by false apparence.
Foꝛ now a dayes such craft is ful ryfe,
And in this wise first began the stryfe,
Betwixt Juno, Uenus, and Pallas.
That be decended foꝛ this sodayn case,
By one assent touchyng theyꝛ beaute,
The dome therof committed vnto the.
I speake to the that called art Paꝛys,
And holdē arte ful pꝛudent and right wyse,
Be wel auysed how thy dome shal syne,
Foꝛ they ne may to noꝛ fro decline,
But must obeyen all by one assent.
Without strife as to thy iudgement.
But hercke first oꝛ that thou pꝛocede,
Of eche of theim what shall be thy mede.
Consydꝛe a ryght and take good hede therto.
If thou the appel graunt vnto Juno,
She shall the gyue plenty of richesse,
Hyghe renowne of fame eke woꝛthynesse,
With habundaunce of golde and of treasour.
And do the reyse to so hyghe honour,
That thou alone all other shalte excelle.
Foꝛ thy guerdon lyke as I the telle.
¶And yf to Pallas goddesse of pꝛudence,

The lyst the fyne conclude of thy sentence,
That she may lady of the appell be,
For thy mede she shall assure the,
That of wyt and eke of sapyence,
Thou shalte hooly haue the excellence.
And of wysedome and of discrecion,
As to discerne by clereneſſe of reason,
Also fer as Phebus cast may his lyght,
There shall not be a more prudent knyght.
Nor in this worlde syth it fyrst began,
Of iust reporte a more manly man.
Nor to thy name none equipollent.
¶And if so Uenus of true and clene entent,
The lyste to graunt in this conclusyon,
Of the Appell to haue possessyon,
The freshe goddesse that syt so hyghe aboue,
Shall the ensue to haue vnto thy loue,
The fayrest lady that is or was tofore,
Or in this worlde hereafter shalbe bore.
And in Grece thou shall her knightly wynne.
Now be aduised or that thou begynne.
Iustly to deme and for no thynge spare.
¶And I anone gan loke vp and to stare,
Greatly astoned what me was best to do.
Tyll at the laste I spake Mercurye to,
And sayde certayne that I ne wolde there,
Gyue no dome but they naked were.
So that I myght haue fully lybertee,
Eueriche of them aduisedly to see.
And well consider euery circumstaunce,
Who fayrest were vnto my pleasaunce.
And goodlyest to speake of womanhede.
And after that wolde to my dome procede.
¶And they anone as ye haue herde me seye,
To my desyre mekely gan obeye.
In all haste to do their busy cure,
Them to dispoyle of clothing and vesture,
Lyche as the statute of my dome them bonde,
For in no point they wolde it not withstonde.
That I myght haue full inspection,
Of fourme and shape and eche proporsyon,
For to discerne as I can remembre,
Avysedly by ordre euery membre,
And than at erst to iudge after the ryght.
¶But whan ỳ I of them had thus the syght,
I gaue to Uenus the Appell right anone.
Bycause she was fayrest of echeone.
And most excellyng sothly of beatie,
Moste womanly and goodly on to see.
Tho as I demed playnly in my syght.
For the stremes of her eyen bryght,
Yleche glade and of egall lyght,
Were like ỳ sterre ỳ sheweth towardes ỳ night
Whiche called is Hesperus so shene.
Uenus her selfe the freshe lusty queene.
The whiche anone this heauenly Empereſſe,
After my dome of harty hyghe gladneſſe,
That of the appell she hooly hath the glorye,
And wonne it thus iustly by victory,
Reioysed her more than I can tell.
That she her feares in beautie dyd excell.
And she in hast of trewe affection,
Concluded hath fully for my guerdon,
Full demurely lowe and not a lofte,
To Mercury with sobre wordes softe.
Deuoyde both of doubleneſſe and slouthe,
Lyke her beheſt holde wyll her trouth.
And sodaynly without more I murye,
They disapered and the god Mercurye,
Streyght to heauen the ryght waye he toke,
And I anone out of my slepe awoke.
¶Wherof my lord whom I most loue & drede
If ye aduerte and wisely taketh hede.
That this beheſt affyrmed in certayne,
Was vnto me assured not in vayne.
Of goodly Uenus lyke as I haue tolde,
Wherfore I rede ye be of herte bolde,
Me for to sende with stronge & mighty hande
Without abode into the Grekes lande.
After the fourme that I haue to you sayde.
For thus I hope ye shall be well apayde,
Whan I haue spede as Uenus hath behight.
And home retourne with my lady bryght.
So shall ye best me lyste not speake in vayne,
As by exchaunge your syster wyn agayne.
Whom Thelomon withholden hath of yore.
Lo this is all I can say you no more,
Touchyng theffect hooly of myne aduyse.
And after that tho satte hym downe Parys,
As he that had hym selfe full well aqwytt.
But saye Priam alas where was thy wytt,
Of neclygence for to taken kepe,
Thy truste to sette on dremes or on slepe.
Full thynne forsothe was thy discrecion,
To take a grounde of false illusyon,
For to procede lyke to the fantasye.
Upon a sweuen meint with flattery,
Alas reason was tho nothynge thy gyde,

For

For Pallas was wrongly sette a syde.
Not receyued with dewe reuerence.
And Juno eke for all her sapience,
For all her good and lokynge debonayre,
With her treasour and her hestes fayre,
Refused was alas of wylfulnesse.
And she that is of loue the goddesse,
And eke also of Vulcanus the wyfe,
In whose seruyce is euer werre and strife,
Preferred was the appell to possede.
Againe all ryght for Paris toke none hede,
Saue vnto luste and sette aside the trouth,
Where through alas & ỹ was ful great routh,
The myghty ryche and the noble towne,
Of Troye was brought to full confusyowne.
Only for he knyghthode hath forsake,
Prudence, and golde, and in his choyse ytake,
A woman only, and holde hym therto,
That after was the roote of all their wo.
As this story ceriously shall tell,
But I in dreames will no longer dwell.
But write forth how that Deiphobus,
That was the thirde sonne to Priamus,
His tale began in open audience,
And to the kynge shortly in sentence,
As he that lyste a trouthe not to spare,
Euen thus he gan his fantasye declare.
¶My lorde quod he if that euery wyght,
Aduerte shulde and caste in his syght,
Of future thynge the peryll and the doubte,
And serche it wel within and eke without,
From poynt to poynt alwaye in reasō,
To caste doubtes and tournen vp so downe,
Than shulde no wyght to no purpose wende,
In any matter for to make an ende.
Eyther presume by manhode in his thought,
Who casteth doutes achieueth lite or nought.
For if the plowman alway cast afore,
How many graynes in his fielde of corne,
Shalbe deuoured of foules rauynous,
That he doth sowe in fieldes plenteous,
Than shulde he neuer in vale nor in playne,
For cowardshyp throwe abrode his grayne.
Let all suche drede now be layde aside.
I holde it folye longer to abyde,
But ỹ Paris my brother make hym stronge.
With his shyppes for to venge our wronge.
Upon grekes with all his payne and might,
To preue shortly that he is a knight.
For of reason ye this consyder may,
How that no man iustly may saye nay,
But that Paris hath counsayled wele.
For by my trouth as fer as I can fele,
It were errour his purpose to contrary.
Wherfore let hym now no longer tarye,
But holde his waye with a stronge nauye,
For to auenge the shamefull delanye,
That grekes haue done if so ye lyst take hede,
In alder dayes to vs and our kynred.
And eke for fynall execucion,
Of the recure as touchyng Exion.
Whom they demeyne in such dishoneste wyse,
Agaynst all ryght and title of iustyce.
Wherof to thinke it giueth my hert a wounde.
The shame of which so newly doth rebounde,
Upon vs all that be of her ally.
Wherfore the best that I can espye,
Is that Paris take maye this voyage,
With suche as be of freshe and lusty age.
Manly to wende into grekes lande,
And by force of their myghtye hande,
Mauger the Grekes proude and most elate,
Rauishe there some lady of estate.
And thā ye may by knighthod of my brother,
If ye lyste after chaunge her for that other.
This is most redy and short conclusyon,
That I can se for restytution,
Of Eryon if so that Paris wende,
And of my counsayle shortly thus the ende.
¶And than as faste full discrete and sage,
Helenus the fourth sonne as of age,
Rose from his seate with humble reuerence,
Prayng his father graunte hym audience
That he may say in presence of them all,
Openly what after shalbe fall,
As he that most of secrete thynges can.
And soberlye thus he his tale began.
With cleane entent and trewe affection.
¶My lorde quod he with supportacion,
Of your grace wherin is most my trust,
Let none offence be vnto your luste,
Nor you displease yf so I my conceyte,
As now declare syth I meane no deceite.
For neuer yet fayled no sentence,
But that it fyll efte in experyence,
Lyke as I tolde in partie and in a
In prypye treate and eke in generall.
Without meanynge of any doublenesse.

That

That it folowed as I dyd expresse.
Remembryng you as ye shall fynde it trewe,
And yf god wyll I shall not now of new,
Spare for to say lyke as I conceyue,
Nor to be dede with fraude you deceyue.
Declaryng fyrst of trewe entention,
As it shall folowe in conclusion.
¶ That yf he Parys into Grece wende,
Trusteth me well it wyll vs all shende.
For the goddes so by reuelacion,
Haue made to me playne demonstration,
And eke I knowe it by astronomye.
For neuer yet as in my prophecye,
I was deceyued of that shulde after fall.
Nor none that lyste me to counsayle call.
So am I taught of thyng that shall betyde,
Wherfore I praye for rancour nor for pryde,
Nor for enuye wrought of olde hatred,
To take vengeaunce that ye not procede,
In your aduyse lyke as ye purpose.
I saye you playnly for me plyst not glose,
Ye shall repente if so ye Parys sende.
Into Grece the whiche god defende.
Wytte this full well for the conclusyon,
Shall fully tourne to our destruction,
And fynally vnto our ruyne,
Lyke as to you I gan afore deuyne.
For this the fyne that there folowe shall,
Subuercyon both of towne and of wall.
Of house and paleys here in our Citie,
Al goth to nought ye get no more of me.
For me semeth it ought ynough suffyse,
That I haue layd syth that ye be wyse.
For yf that ye aduerten to my sawe,
I doubte not that ye wyll withdrawe,
Your hande be tyme or that more domage,
Assayleth you by constraynte of this rage.
For better is betymes to absteyne,
From this purpose whiche is yet but grene,
Than of hede thus hastely assente,
To thynge for which we shal echone repente.
For plenerly there shall nothynge socoure,
That there shal folowe both of you and your,
Despyteful death, without exception more.
Of one and all abydynge in this towne.
Fyrst on your selfe playnly to endite,
Shall the vengeaunce of the grekes byte,
Through the fury of their mortall tene,
And your wyfe fayre Hecuba the queene,
Shall lede her lyfe through grekes cruelte,
In sorowe wo and in captyuite,
And your lyeges by the sworde shall pace,
Of cruell death withouten any grace.
And innocentes merciles shall blede,
In your aduyse if that ye do procede,
Of wylfulnesse a werre for to make.
And folyly thus for to vndertake,
As to parturbe your quyete and your rest,
Which shal retourne nothyng for the best.
But to ruyne of you and of vs all.
I can no more but or that mischyefe fall,
My counsayle is afore that ye prouyde,
And letteth wylfulnesse be sette aside.
Specially whan death as I you tolde,
Must be the fyne if ye your purpose holde.
Lo here is all without wordes mo,
Into Grece if so that Parys go.
¶ And in this wyse whan that Helenus,
Had playnly sayde as Guydo telleth vs,
Tryste and heuy with pale and deadly face,
Agayne resorteth to his syttynge place.
Of whose sentence astoned euerychone,
Sat in sylence stylle as any stone.
Powerles their hertes efte to resume.
To speake a worde no man dare presume,
Of all the prese but kept their lyppes close,
That at the laste Troylous vp arose,
Yonge fresche and courageous also,
And aye desyrous for to haue a do,
In armes manly as longeth to a knight.
And whan that he of chere ful glad and light,
Sawe his father and brethern euerychone,
So inly troubled thus he spake anone.
¶ Oh noble and worthy syttyng enuiron,
Of hyghe prudence and great discrecion,
Manfull also and of hyghe courage,
What sodein fere hath brought you i this rage
What new trouble is croped in your brest,
For the sentence of a coward preest.
Syth they echone as ye shall euer fynde,
Desyre more veryly of kynde,
To lyue in lust and voyde awaye trauayle,
And deadly hate to hate as of battayle.
For they their wyt fynally applye,
To sewe their lust and lyue in glottony.
To fyll their stomake and restore their mawe,
To reste and ease euermore to drawe.
And to sewe their inwarde appetite.

This

This their ioye and this their delyte.
In eatyng, dzynkyng, and in couetyse,
Is their studye fully to deuyse,
How they may folow their lust without moze.
Of ryght nought elles setten they no stoze.
Alas foz shame why be ye so dismayde,
And sytte mate astoned and afrayde,
Foz the wozdes of hym this Helenus,
Fearefull foz dzede as a lyttle mouse.
That he quaketh to here speake of fyght.
And mozeouer agayne all skylle and ryght,
In preiudice of the goddes all,
He taketh on hym to say what shall be fall.
Of thynge future foz to specyfye.
As yf he had a spirite of pzophecye,
Graunted to hym alone in speciall.
As though he were in connyng perygall.
To the goddes hauynge pzescience.
To shewe afoze thzough his sappence,
What shall betyde outher euyll oz good.
Let be let be foz no wyght is so woodd,
That hath his wyt to gyue therto credence.
That any man by craste oz by scyence,
That moztall is hath connyng to deuyne,
Foztunes course oz fates to termyne.
Suche causes hyd conceled in secree,
Reserued be to goddes pziuitee.
Men may dyuyne but all is but folye,
To take hede foz they do but lye.
Wherfoze I rede as in this mattere,
Both one and al and you my lozde most dere,
Exclude all dzede and all that may disturbe,
Out of your herte and let nothyng perturbe,
Your highe courage that Helenus hath tolde.
And yf that he of herte be not bolde,
As manhod wold to helpe benge our wzonge
Let hym go hyde him in the temple stronge.
And kepe him close in contemplation.
To wake and pzaye by deuocion,
Without socour on dayes and on nyghtes.
And sucker suche as be lusty knyghtes,
To haunte their youth and grene lustynesse,
Manly in armes to pzeue their hardinesse.
That they may haue the better acqueintaũce,
In tyme comyng foz to do bengeaunce,
On their ennyes and their cruell foen.
And sith cõmaunde ỹ Parys may fozth gone,
To execute the fyne of your entent.
Afoze purposed in your parlement.
Upon grekes foz their offention,
Foz to perfourme the payne of talyon,
Foz wzonges olde of whiche yet the fame,
Rehersed is vnto our aldershame.
Thzough out the wozld ye wote this is no lece
And therwithall Troylous helde his peace.
And sodeynly all that were pzesent,
Began at ones holly by one assent,
Troylus counsayle greatly foz to pzeyse.
And his manhode to the heauen reyse.
His freshe courage and his hygh pzowesse,
His feruent zeale and his hardinesse.
And of one herte greatly him commende,
And ryght anone there they made an ende.
Than Pzyamus whan that all was done,
Upon the tyme of the houre of none,
To mete goeth within great Ilyon,
All his sonnes syttyng enuyzon.
And after mete he called hath Parys,
And Deiphobus also that was full wyse.
And secretely bad they shulden go,
The same day with other lozdes mo,
To Panonye in all the haste they maye,
To make them ready agayne a certayne day,
Wyth all the araye of wozthy cheualrye,
That they maye get in their companye,
Towardes Grece to saylen hastely.
And after that the kynge sodeynly,
The next day made his counsayle call,
And euen thus he sayde afoze them all.
¶ Oh noble lyeges beynge nowe present,
My purpose is to saye you myne entent,
Without abode to here it if ye lyste,
Foz as I thynche to you is not vnwyste,
How the grekes of pzyde and tyzrannye,
Of malys olde compassed by enuye,
In many wyse haue agayne vs wzought,
Whiche is so grene that I fozget it nought.
Foz day by day encreasynge euer mo,
By remembzaunce renewed is my wo.
Whan I recozde and casten vp and downe,
Our greues all and how that Eriowne,
In seruytude amonge them doth sozourne.
Whiche ofte a day causeth me to mourne.
And hath my herte almost asonder ryue.
Foz to consyder and se it by myly
Whose crueltee we haue to dere bought,
And albeit that I haue meanes sought,
To haue had reste without any moze,

Whan

Whan into Grece I sent Anthenore,
Peasably my syster to recure.
And paciently the surplus to endure.
But all for nought they toke of it no hede,
What I offred them of goodlyhede,
It was not herde for lacke of gentilnesse.
Recorde of whiche doubleth my distresse.
Wherfore we must as teacheth surgerye,
With sharpe Irons seken our remedye.
To cutte away by the roote rounde,
The dead flesche festred in the wounde.
Whiche wyll not boyde wt oynetmentes softe,
Albe that they applyed be full ofte.
Right so we must attempte as by duresse,
To get recure whan that with fayrenesse,
We may none haue wherfore by your aduyse,
My purpose is in hast to sende Paryse.
Forth into Grece some lady there to wyn,
And bringe her home & we shal here within,
Strongly her kepe mauger who sayth nay.
Tyll that we see some agreable day,
That they be fayne lyke myne opinion,
To haue exchaunge for her of Exion.
My syster namely whom I loue so.
We may not fayle that it shal thus be do,
So that the goddes be to vs fauourable,
And this counsayle be also acceptable,
To you echone as it is to me.
For whan a thynge toucheeh a comonte,
Of wyttye men as it is affyrmed,
Of all the comon it ought to be confyrmed.
Thyng touchyng all shuld be fyrst apprcued,
Of euerychone or it were achieued.
Wherfore I caste by aduise of you all,
Plainly to worke. & forthwith there withall,
This noble Peyam was sodeynly in pease.
And after that amonges all the prease,
Whan all was whyshte in their alder syghte,
A knyght by rose and Percheus he highte.
That sonne was to great Eufrbius,
De transformatis as sayth Ouidius.
Into whom he sayneth that there was,
Whylom the soule of Pithagoras,
Hooly transsumed so as wryte Ouyde.
As touchyng that I wyll no longer byde,
But tell forth of this Percheus.
Afore the kynge whiche gan his tale thus.
O My lyege lorde vnto your hygh noblesse,
Displease it not nor to your worthynesse,
Though here in presence of your maiestye,
That I shall saye for to acquyte me,
Towardes you of my fayth and trouthe.
For sothfastly in me may be no slouthe,
Touchyng your honour that without dread,
With zeale of fayth I bren as doth the glede.
Of all harmes to byd you ye beware.
For doubtlesse this affyrme well I dare,
If so ye stande in your firste aduyse,
As ye purpose to senden forth Paryse,
I doubte it not that it shall you rewe.
For god well wote of olde and not of newe,
I had a father called Eufrbius,
Discrete and wyse and ryght vertuous,
And knowyng had afore of euery thynge,
By prescyence and before wyttynge.
To tell playnly through his philosophye,
So heauenly he sawe and that at eye,
That there nas thyng that might so secretely,
Be hyd from hym ne yet no pryuytee.
That he ne knewe he was of wyt so sage.
And at the laste whan he was of age.
An hundred yere with lockes grey and hore,
I well bethincke how he complayned sore,
And wepte also of pitie tenderly,
Fully affyrmyng if Parys vtterly,
Wente into Grece to rauysche hym a wyfe,
There shulde insue suche a mortall stryfe,
Upon vs all that sothly this citie,
Shulde into scindred asshes tourned be.
And that there shulde nothyng do vs socour,
But grekes swerde shulde cruelly deuoure,
Both hye and lowe and playnly spare none.
Wherfore I praye amonge you euerychone,
Of that I tell haue ye no despyte,
Your wronge to venge putteth in respyte,
And rancour olde I reade that ye lete.
And the tranquyll now of your quyete,
Of hastynesse that ye not submytte.
To fortune lyste that can so falsely flytte.
And trouble not for auncient enmyte,
With newe sterynge your felycitie.
For if that ye this Journey thus assente,
Ye euerychone full sore shall repente.
And yf ye wyll algates thether sende,
In Parys stede let some other wende.
Lest his voyage be to you no spede.
Loe this my counsayle and fully my rede,
Sayde vnder suppozte only of your grace.

And

¶ And sodaynly they gan echone to chace,
At Pentheus and loude agayne hym crye.
Reproeuynge hym and the prophecye,
Of his father to their confusyon.
¶ But oh alas the reuolucion,
Of ioye or wo or of felicitee,
For thing tofore ordeyned must nedely be,
The state of thynges w̄ fate is so englewed,
For that shall fall may not be eschewed.
Whiche caused them for assent in one,
In al the hast that Parys shulde be gone,
Unhappely w̄ hap they were enuolued.
¶ And thus concluding their counsaile is dis-
But casuelly loe it befell ryght than, (solued,
That this aduyse vnto the eres ran,
Of Cassandra and she with great affraye,
Of sodayne wo gan cryen welaway.
¶ Alas quod she alas what wyll ye do,
What and shall Parys into Grece go:
And with that worde she braste out to wepe.
Full piteously with inwarde syghes depe.
She gan to wayle and sowne for the payne,
And furyously with noyse to complayne.
With wofull rage and many pyteus sowne,
She made a mortall lamentatiowne.
For to be deade she might her not withholde.
With heare to torne and with fystes folde,
She sayde alas more than and hundred syth.
Ah stormy fortune why lyst thou to kythe,
Thy cruell force to oure aduersytie.
Upon vs all and eke on this Citie,
Of mortall yre and gery violence,
With sword of vengeaunce worse thā pestilēce.
¶ Oh Troye Troye what is the gylte alas,
What hast thou done what is thy trespas,
To be euersed and tourned into nought.
With wylde fyre thy synne is dere abought.
Ah Priam kynge vncely is thy chaunce,
What hast thou gylte outher do greuaunce,
To thy goddes or wyched through vnryght,
Them to prouoke to shewe their cruell might,
Upon thy bloud alas what hast thou do:
Oh mother myne Oh Hecuba also,
What maner cryme or inportable offence,
Hast thou cōmyt to haue such recompence.
The daye to abyde Oh noble worthy quene,
Of thy sonnes suche vengeaunce for to sene.
Oh wofull deth cruell and horryble,
Alas why are ye no more credible,
To my counsayle suche harmes to eschewe,
Your mortall purpose fully to remewe.
That he go not as it is ordeyned.
The thought of which my hart hath so cōstrai
That vnneth I may this my wo endure, (ned
And to her father this wofull creature,
Helde streight her way & falleth plat to groūd
And of her wepyng all in water drownde,
By her chekes so gan the teares rayne,
And as she myght for constraint of her paine,
Upon hym she gan clyppen and crye,
Besechynge hym to shape a remedye,
With pyteous voyce as she ꝑ knewe ful wele,
In this matter playnly euerydele,
What shall befall and had it full in mynde.
The sodeyne harmes that shal insue behynde,
But all her clamour was not but in vayne,
For that shall fall as some clerkes sayne,
Ne may not well of men eschewed be.
And eke fortune by great aduersytie,
Of hasty Ire furyous and wood,
And aye vnkynde vnto the Troyan bloud,
Causeleſſe agaynst them sore agreued,
And of rancour sodaynly ameued,
With blind awaite to catche them in a traūce,
By vyolence of her vnhappy chaunce,
Hath w̄ a sweyght tourned her whele vnsta-
As she that is enuyous and mutable, (ble,
To hasten Troyens to theyr confusyon,
Of wylfulneſſe and vndiscretion,
Agaynst grekes quarell for to make,
And therupon haue their counsayle take.
And haue achieued as ye herde deuyse,
Without assent of the most wyse.
For yf so they the diffynycyon,
Of Hector herde concluded in reason,
In this matter and of Helenus,
The counsayle take, and to Dercheus,
Aduerted wysely as to his sentence,
And without faynyng gyuen full credence,
To her Cassandra that neuer lyst to lye,
And by aduyse had harde the prophecye,
From poynt to poynt for to caste afore,
In such mischief they had not tho be lore,
But floured yet in theyr felycitie.
Without domage and aduersytie.
But fortune will fortholde her course alway.
Whose wyll abydeth who so sayth ye or nay.
For he it was that caused this voyage,

With

With forhead playne & blandiſching byſage.
With ſugre chad and venim in the roote,
Bytter of taſte and in chewing ſoote.
Wrynckled double like an horned ſnayle,
Fayth in her face & fraud ay in her tayle.
To haſte the Troyans to accorde into one,
That Parys chuld into grece gone.
As ye haue herde there is no more to ſayne,
For herupon they caſt theim to ordayne.

¶ How Priam the king ſent Paris Deiphobus and others of the worthies of Troy into Grece, to aduenge the rauiſhinge of his ſyſter Exion, & how they before their returne rauyſched the faire Heleine wife to Menelaus and brought her to Troye. Ca. xiii.

The time approched whē ỹ ſon chene,
His golden wayne whyrleth vp atwene,
The cleare ſterres of Hyades ſo read,
Which haue theyr ſcyte in the Bulles head,
And Pleyades the ſeuenth ſterre ſo brycht,
Of whych ſyxe appearen to our ſycht,
For the ſeuenth draweth her aſyde,
And couertly doth her beames hide,
Whylom for che hath done a great offence,
That vnto vs cauſeth her abſence.
For che dare not chewe her ſtremes cleare,
Nor with her ſyſtren openly appeare,
Whelom for che as with a god mortall,
A ſyn committed that was crymnall.
Which noyſed was & kouth thzughout ỹ heuē
That che alone amonge the ſiſtrē ſeuen,
Shroudeth to vs chamefeſtly her chere.
¶ And when as Titan in the zodiak ſphere,
Atwene theſe ſterres taken had his ſee,
Of the bul in the ſixtenth degre,
Upon the time of Joly grene Maye,
When that Flora with her hewes gaye,
Hath euery playne medowe hil and dale,
With her floures quicke & nothing pale,
Ouer ſpred and clad in lyuery newe.
And braūches bloſme with diuerſe luſty hewe
And byd vs fully to be glad and lyght,
For by aſſuraunce they their fruit haue hight,
Agayne Autumpne who ſo that liſt thē chake.
When on the vines ripeth euery grape.
For thus this ſeaſon moſt luſty of diſporte.
Embraſeth hertes with newe recomforte,
Onely of hope by kinde as it is dewe,
That holſom fruite chall the bloſmes ſewe.
Whan time cometh by reuolucion.
And thus in May ỹ luſty freche ſeaſon,
Whan byrdes ſynge in theyr hermonye,
The ſame time out of Paunonye,
Repeyred be Deiphobus and Parys,
And with theim brought choſen by deuyſe,
Thre thouſande knightes redy for to gone,
With theim to grece and chippes many one,
Ful vitayled of all that may theim nede,
And of theſe chippes the nomber as I rede,
Was two and twenty like as wryte Guydo.
And after this without more ado,
The kinge commaundeth vnto Eneas,
To Anthenor and to Polydamas,
In al the haſte that they theim redy make,
With Parys knyghtly for to vndertake,
As ye haue herde this Journey to acheue.
And on the time whan they toke theyr leue,
Priamus with chorte concluſyon,
Sheweth the effect of his entencion.
And ſpecially they theyr deuer done,
For to recure his ſyſter Exione.
As ye haue herde here tofore me tell.
What chuld I more in this matter dwell.
Whan they were ready without more ſoioure,
This Parys firſt as lord and gouernour,
Of this voyage made by Priamus,
And his brother called Deiphobus,
Theyr leue haue take as longed of deutye.
And after that to chip right manfully,
Without abode they gan theym ſelues dreſſe,
And in the name of Uenus the goddeſſe,
And mighty Joue they taken theyr Journey.
With anker hoiſt forth by the large ſea,
They gan to ſaile and haue the winde at wil.
The water calme blandiſching and ſtill.
Without trouble of any boyſtous wawe,
And to the coſtes they ginnen faſt to drawe,
Of grekes lande for nothing ne theim let,
And of fortune in theyr courſe they met,
A grekiſhe chyp mine Auctour telleth thus,
In whych there was the king Menelaus,
Towarde Pyram a famous ſtronge Citie,
For to viſite a duke of high degre,
That Neſtor hight and this Menelaus,
Was brother eke vnto the king famous,
The wiſe worthy great Agamenon.
Greateſt of name and reputacion,

Amonges the Grekes for his worthinesse,
And Menelay this storye beareth wytnesse,
Husbande was to the queue Heleyne.
And she was syster to the brethren tweyne,
Castor and Pollux whych as I you tolde,
Were of their hand so worthy knightes hold.
And in that time like to their degre,
In Strynester theyr most cheif Citye,
They helde a housholde solempne & royall.
The loue of whom was tho so speciall,
Of wyll and herte accordinge with the dede,
Atwixe theim two of very brotherhede,
That none from other could lyue alone.
With whom was eke the mayde Hermyone,
The yonge doughter of the quene Heleyne,
Of fayrenesse most inly souereyne.
Most passyngly excellyng in beaute,
¶ And thus the Troians sayling on the sea,
Towarde grece amonge the wawes wete,
Of auenture theim happed for to mete,
Kinge Menelaus sayling by theyr syde,
And none of theim list of very pryde,
For to enquere what that other was,
But passen forthe a swyft and lusty pase,
For none of theym could then other knowe,
And aye the wynde peasebly gan blowe,
The Troian flete causyng in a whyle,
For to approche to the noble yle,
That called is Cithera at this daye.
And in the hauen in all the haste they may,
They anker cast & boūd theyr shippes strōge,
And after that theim list not tarye longe,
To take the lande ful many lusty man,
Araying theim as freshly as they can.
¶ Now in this yle of passyng excellence,
There was a temple of great reuerence,
That buylded was of olde foundacion,
And honoured most as in that region,
Throughout the land both of fer and nere,
The feast day aye from yere to yere,
Like as it fil by reuolucion,
Repeyringe thither of great deuocion,
In honour onely of Venus the goddesse.
Whom the grekes with al theyr businesse,
Honoured most of euery maner age.
With giftes brynging and with pilgremage.
With great offryng and with sacrafise,
As vsed was in theyr paynem wise.
¶ For in this Phane as they knele & wake,
With herte contryte and theyr prayer make,
The statue gaue of euery questyon,
Perfect answere and ful solucion,
With ceremonies to Venus as they loute,
Of euery thinge wherof they were in doubt.
They hadden there ful declaracion.
And thus the grekes vpon Citheron,
Halowe this feast with riche & great araye.
With rytes dewe as fer forthe as they may.
In hope fully the better for to thryue.
¶ And of fortune when he did aryue,
Up to the land by aduenture or case.
The same tyme this feast halowed was.
Of many a greke coming to and fro,
From euery coste that to the temple go.
On pilgramage theyr vowes to acquite.
Of the place the reliques to visyte.
And after Parys all this did espye,
He chosen hath out of his companye,
The worthiest that he there chese may.
And to the temple he toke the right way.
Ful wel besene and in knightly wise.
And did his honour and his sacrafise.
Ful humble and to the Grekes liche,
With many an ouche and many iewel riche.
With golde and syluer stones and riche perre,
He spendeth there like to his degre.
And quit him manly in his oblacions,
And ful deuoutly in his orysons,
He him demeneth that ioye it was to se.
¶ Now was Parys of passing great beaute,
Amonges all that euer were alyue.
For there was none that might w̄ him striue,
Troian nor greke to speake of semeliheade,
Wonder freshe and lusty as I reade.
And in his porte full lyke a gentil knighte,
Of whose person for to haue a sight,
They gan to prease both of nigh and fere.
So royally he bare him in his gere.
And all prease both high estate and loowe,
What knight he was desyren for to knowe.
And of his men they asken busyly,
From whense he came and the cause why.
Of his coming enquyring one by one,
But prudently they kept theym euerychone,
That nothing was openly espyed,
In theyr answer so they them selues guyde.
That euery thing kept was secree,
Eueriche of theim was so auisee.

Albe that some openly declare,
What that he was and ne list not to spare,
But tolde playnly the cause of his comynge.
And howe Priam the stronge mighty kynge,
His father was most royall of renowne.
And how he came also for Eriowne.
Thus eche of theim gan with other rowne,
At pryme face whan he came to towne.
And therupon were ymagynatyfe,
Sore musyng and much inquisitife,
Eche with other as by suspection,
Demynge therof lyke theyr opynyon.
And ratheft they that nothinge ne knewe,
As folkes done of thinges that be newe.
And whyles that they of this matter treate,
In sondry wise among theyr wordes greate,
The saying of theim gan anone atteyne,
To the eares of the quene Heleyne.
Nigh there beside in that regyon.
And when she herde as by relacion,
And by reporte of them that come bytwene,
This fayre Heleyne, this freshe lusty quene,
Anone as she the sothe understode,
Without delay or any more abode,
She casteth her to this solempnytye,
The freshe folke of Phrigia to se.
Welmore god wote in her entention,
To se Parys than for deuocion.
Under colour of holy pylgramage.
To the temple she taketh her voyage,
With a great meyne and royal apparayle,
Parys to se for she wyll not fayle.
¶But oh alas what lusty newe fyre,
Her herte hath nowe enflawmed by desyre,
To go to vigiles other to spectacles.
None holynesse to heare of myracles,
Hath mened her that there shal befall,
But as the maner is of women all,
To drawe thether platly to conclude,
Where as they be sure that multytude,
Ygathered is at lybertye to see,
Where as they may finde oportunitye,
To theyr desyre ful narowe they awayte.
Now couertly theyr eyen for to baite.
In place where as set is theyr plesaunce.
Now pryuely to haue dalyaunce,
By some sygne or casting of an eye,
Or tokens shewing in hert what they drye.
With touche of hādes stole amonge the prese,
With arme or fote to catche vp in theyr lese,
Whom that them lyst, all be he free or bonde,
Of nature they can holde hym in honde.
Ayen whose sleyght auaileth wyt nor myght.
For what theim list be yt wronge or ryght,
They aye achieue who so sayth yea or nay.
Agayne whose lust defend him no man may.
¶Thus Guydo aye of cursed false delyte,
To speak thē harme hath caught an appetite
Throughout his boke of women to say yll,
That to translate it is agayne my will,
He hath aye loye theyr honour to ramuerse.
And I ryght sorye that I must reherse,
The fel wordes in his booke yfounde,
To all women I am so mikle bounde.
They be echone so goodly and so kynde,
I dare of theim not say but as I finde.
Of Guydoes write throughout Troy booke,
For when I redde for feare my herte quoke.
And verely my wyttes gan to fayle,
Whan I therof must maken rehersaule.
Like his decrete but Guydo now do wyte,
For ye shall heare anone how that he chit,
The quene Heleyne for cause that she went,
With herte deuoute her offryng to presente.
To the temple of Uenus the goddesse,
Thus word by word he sayth to her expresse.
¶O mortal harme that most is for to dread,
A fraude yeast by sleyght of womanhead.
Of euery wo ginning crop and roote,
Agaynst whych helpe may no bote,
Whan lust hath dryue in theyr herte a nayle,
Aye deadly venim seweth at the tayle.
Which no man hath power to restreyne,
Recorde I take of quene Heleyne.
That inly brent alas in her desyres,
Of newe lust to dele with those straungers.
Whom she knewe nat ne neuer sawe before,
Wher through alas ful many mē were lore,
Of cruel death embraced in a cheyne.
Without pyty now saye thou quene Heleyne,
What ghost or spyryte alas hath meued the,
Sole fro thy lorde in such royaltye,
Out of thy house to go among the preaſe.
Why were ỹ wery to liue at home in peace.
But wentest out straungers for to se,
Taking no hede vnto thine honestye.
Thou shuldest haue kept thy closet secretly,
And not haue passed out so folyly,

In the absence of thy lorde alas.
Thou were to wilful and rakel in this case.
To se afore what shuld after sewe,
For al to sone thou were drawē out of mewe.
That coulde not kepe at home tho thy boūdȝ.
Thou wētest out as hare among ỳ houndes.
For to be caught of very wilfulnesse.
And thy desyre coudest not compesse.
For though thy lust lyst not to refrayne,
O many woman hath caught be in a trayne,
By goyng out such halowes for to seke.
It syt theim better at home for to kepe,
Close in theyr chaunber and fle occasyowne.
For neuer shyp shuld in peryl drowne,
Nor ryue on rocke nor be with tempest rente,
Nor with Caribdis dreached or yshent,
Nor to go to wrake with no wethers yll,
If it were kept in the hauen styll.
For who wil not occasyons eschewe,
Nor dread no peryll for it is to sewe,
He must nedely as by necessytie,
Or he beware endure aduersytie.
And who can not his fote fro trappes spare,
Let him take hede or he fall in the snare.
For harme ydone to late is to compleyne,
For if whylom the noble quene Heleyne,
Her selfe had kept at home secrete and close,
Of her there ne had be so wicke a lose.
Reported yet grene freche and newe.
Whose chaūce vnhappi eche mā ought to rew
That cause was of such destruction,
Of many worthy and confusyon,
Of her husband and many other mo.
On grekes syde and those of Troye also.
In this storye as ye shall after reade.
¶ And so this quene as fast as she may spede,
To the temple hath the way ynome,
Full royally and whan that she was come.
Ful deuoutly within Citheron,
Made vnto Uenus her oblacion,
In presence and syght of many one.
With many iewell and many ryche stone.
¶ And whē that Paris had this thing espied,
To the temple anone he hath him hyed.
Ful thryftely in all the hast he myght.
Wher he forthwith as he had a syght,
Of the goodly fayre freche quene,
Cupides darte that is whet so kene,
Or he was ware hath him marked so,
That for astoned he nist what to do.
So much he meruayleth her semelinesse,
Her womanhead her porte and hēr fayrnesse.
For neuer erst ne wende he that nature,
Coud ought haue made so fayre a creature.
So aungellyke she was of her beaute,
So feminine so goodly on to se.
That sothly he her dempte as by liklynesse,
For her beaute to be some goddesse.
For so his herte did him aye assure,
That she ne was a mortall creature.
So heauenly fayre and so celestyall,
He thought she was in partye and in all.
And eft consydereth for auysely,
Her features all in order by and by.
So curyously aye in his reason,
Of euery thinge by good inspection.
Her golden heare like the sonne streames,
Of freshe Phebus with his bright beames.
The goodly heade of her fleshly face,
Full replete of beaute and of grace.
Ylike enewed with quickenes of coloure,
Both of the rose and the lyly floure.
So egally that nother was to wite,
Through none excesse of much nor of lite.
Within the cercle ynge of her eyen bryght,
Was paradise compassed in her syght.
That through eche hert ỳ beaute gā to perce.
And certaynly if so I shall reherce,
Her shape her fourme her features by & by,
As Guydo doth by order ceryously,
From head to foote clearly to deuyse,
I want englyshe that therto may suffyse.
It wil not be our tunge is nothing like,
I want also the floures of Rethorike.
To sewe his flourysshyng or his peynture,
For to discrye so fayre a creature.
For so my coloures feble be and feynte,
That nother can ennewe nor wel depaynte
Eke I am not acqueynted with no muse,
Of all the nine therfore I me excuse,
To you echone not all of neclygence,
But for defaute onely of eloquence.
And you remit to Guydo for to se,
How he descriueth by order her beaute.
To take on me it were presumpciowne.
¶ But I wil tell how Parys vp and dow
Gothe in the temple and his eye cast,
Towardes Heleyne and gan presen fast,

As he that brent hoote in loues fyre,
That was enflawmed greatly by desyre.
And oft he chaungeth coũtenaunce & cheare,
And euer he neygheth to her nere and nere,
ydarted through with her eyen tweyne.
And in likewyse this freshe quene Heleyne,
As hote she brent in herte pruely,
Albe no man it outward could espye.
For as her thought she neuer erst to fore,
Of all men that euer yet were bore,
Se none so fayre nor like to her pleasaunce.
On him to loke was hartes suffysaunce.
For in the temple she taketh hede of nought,
But compasseth and casteth in her thought,
How she may catche some opportunitye,
With him to speake at further lybertye.
This hooly was all her busyneſſe.
For him she felt so inly great distreſſe.
That oft she chaũgeth coũtenaũce & hewe,
For Uenus hath theim marked so of newe,
With her brondes fyred by feruence,
And enflawmed by sodayne influence,
That egally they brought were in rage.
And saue the eye atwene was no message.
Eche on other so fyre haue cast theyr sight,
That they conceyue and wyst anone right,
Within theim selfe what theyr herte ment.
And nere to her euer Parys wente.
To seke fully and get occasyon,
When as they might by ful relacion,
Theyr hertes conceyte declare secretly.
And so befell that Parys nigheth nye,
To the place where the quene Heleyne,
Stode in her see, & there atwene thẽ tweyne,
They broke out al & sum of theyr whole hert.
And gaue yssue to theyr inward smerte.
But this was done lest they were espyed,
Whan the people was most occupyed,
In the temple for to stare and gase.
Now here now there as it were on a mase.
They kept theim close that no worde asterte,
There was no man the treasõ myght aduert.
Of theim twayne ne what they would mene.
But at the last Parys and this quene,
Concluded haue wyth shorte auysement,
Fully the fine of theyr both entent.
And set the time betwyx theim in certayne,
Whan they appoynten for to mete agayne.
But lest men had to theim suspection,
They made an ende without more sermõ.
And syth departe albe that they were lothe.
And soberly anone this Parys gothe,
From the temple with brest in euery parte,
Fully through gyrt with loues fiery darte.
And to his shippes he helde the right way.
Where he anone in al the hast he may,
Whan that assembled was his chiualrye.
One and other and al his companye.
In fewe wordes as shortly as I can,
To fore theim all his tale he thus began.

LOrdinges quod he shortly to expresse,
The cause is kouthe as to youre worthi-
Why my father into Grece vs sent. (nesse,
For as ye knowe the chief of his entent,
Was to recure his sister Exion,
Out of the handes of mighty Thelamon.
The which thinge for ought I can espye.
Is unpossible shortly in mine eye.
By any waie as fer as I can se,
Ye is so great and strong in his countre.
Of his allyes aboute on euery side,
And in herte so inly full of pride,
To yelde her vp he hath not but disdayne.
Therof to treate it were not but in vayne.
Therfore the best that I can deuise,
Sith our power may not now suffise,
To werrey him in this regiowne,
We be not egall of might nor of renowne,
For lacke of men with him to holde a felde.
We may not win with spere nor w̃ shelde,
Tencountre him with all his multitude.
Wherfore the best that I can conclude,
Is sith fortune hath vs hither brought,
And the goddes haue eke for vs wrought,
So graciously to make vs for to londe,
At Uenus temple fast here by the stronde.
Whiche aboundeth with ful great richesse,
Of grekes offringe vnto the goddesse,
By londe and sea fro many sundry porte,
Of men and women that hyther haue resort,
To that place in worshyp of Uenus,
So that the wife of kinge Menelaus,
Is there present. ful riche and wel beseyne,
And if that we by manhod might atteyne,
To rauishe her and the temple spoyle,
And of theyr treasour chesen out and coyle,
The chefe iewels and chargen our somers,

Wyth golde and syluer and wyth prysoners,
And maugre theim to our shyppes brynge,
This same night without tarying,
We may not fayle who euer that saythe nay,
If ye assenten of a worthye pray.
Wherfore in haste that ye now redy make,
And euery man anone his harnes take,
And arme hym well in his best aray.
And they assente without more delaye,
And in theyr shyppes they bydē till at night,
Whē Phebus chaire wdrawē had his light,
Under the wawes and sterres did appeare,
On the heauen with theyr streames cleare.
And or the moone that time did aryse,
They shope theim forth in ful thrifty wise,
The manly Troians armed in stele bryghte,
To the temple holding theyr waye aryght.
For they casten no longer for to tarye,
But proudly enter in the sanctuarye,
Into the chappel called Citheron,
Without reuerence or deuocion.
Done to Uenus in her oratorye.
For it was cleane out of theyr memorye.
Honour and dread and all obseruaunce,
For fynally all theyr attendaunce,
As myn Auctour sothly can diffine,
Was to ryght nought but onely to rauyne.
They token all that came to theyr hande,
Rychesse and treasour that was in the lande,
Golde and syluer stones and riche Jewelles,
Releques sacred the holy eke vessels,
Without abode out of the sacrary,
And all yfeare to theyr shippes carye.
It is a wonder to thynke on the good.
They kil & sley all that theim withstode,
And likewyse pytie for to se theim biede,
And of the Grekes how they to ship lede.
That after lyued in captyuytie,
Ful many a yeare in Troye the Citye.
And there whiles goth Parys to Heleyne,
And her embraseth in his armes tweyne,
Full humble and with great reuerence.
In whom he found no maner resystence.
It sat her not she was so womanly,
For ther to Parys she yolde her vtterly.
Her herte in hap was yolde or he came there,
Therfore to yelde she had lesse feare.
She can not stryue nor no woman sholde,
And he anone as gentilnesse him wolde
Comforteth her as he best can or may.
And led her forthe without more delaye,
Unto the shyppes and there full busyly,
He set wardes to kepe her honestly.
While to the temple he retourneth agayne,
To spoyle and robbe and to make all playne,
Through the temple withe his walles wyde.
Nowe stode a castell fast there besyde,
Ystuffed well with Grekishe Souldeours,
The whych awoke wyth noyse of pyloure.
The same nyght and gan make a shoute.
And therwithall anone they yssue oute,
Armed in stele the temple to reskewe.
And manfully after theim they sewe.
And so befell whan they togyther mette,
Wyth speres sharpe and swerdes kene whet.
They ran togither as these Tygres wilde,
Like wood Lions or these Bores vnmilde.
There was no fayninge foūd in theyr fyght,
Albe the felde was not departed ryght.
For the Troians doubled them in nomber,
That vtterly the Grekes they encoumbre.
And at mischefe made theim fast to flee
And in pursute ful cruelly theym slee.
Without mercy to the castell gate.
There was no rescuse for they came to late.
Of this skermyshe for the fine was deathe,
Nowe here now there thei yeldē vp ỹ breath.
So mightely the Troians theim assayle.
That to withstāde it might not theim auaile.
For of manhod they the felde haue wonne.
And after that ryght cruelly begonne,
In hasty wyse to ransacke that castell,
And to shyppe they broughten euerydell.
Treasour & golde & what that they may win,
And on the morowe to salen they begyn.
Stuffed with good by the grekysche sea,
Towarde the costes of Troye the Citye.
The sea was calme and fully at theyr will,
Both of tempest and of stormes ill.
And cleare also was the bryght heauen,
That in space almost of dayes seuen,
At the castel called Tenedowne,
They are aryued sixe mile from the towne.
And glad and light they to land wente.
And after that I finde this Parys sente,
His messāger streyght vnto the kinge,
That him enfourmeth of his home cominge,
Of theyr explopt he tolde theim euery dele,

And

And Pryamus it lyketh wonder wele,
That so manly they haue borne them out,
And made to publyshe in all the towne about,
These tydynges new with great solempnitie;
To hygh and lowe through out the cytie.
And that for ioye the moste and eke the leste,
For remembraunce halowe and holde a feste.
And thanke their goddes in full humble wyse,
With obseruaunces and with sacrafyce,
On their aulters with great deuocion,
And all this whyle he at Tenedon,
Holdeth soiourne with the queue Heleyne.
The whiche her hap gan rewfully complain,
Her vnkouth life to dwellen with straungers.
Disconsolate amonge the prysoners.
Ferre sequestred away from her countrey,
All solytarye and in captiuitie.
She wepeth and cryeth with a pyteous chere
With wawes vpboyled from her eyen clere,
Wherof the stremes by her chekes rayne.
And for constraynt of her inwarde peyne,
Full often sythes her songe was welaway.
With sobbing voice that she so fer awaye,
Departed is from Menelaus,
For whose absence in rages furyous,
She hateth her lyfe and curseth eke fortune,
And in this wo she euer doth contune,
Without soiourne alway more and more.
And for her brethern Pollux and Castor,
And for the loue of her doughter dere,
Now pale and grene she wexeth of her chere,
That whylom was fresher for to sene,
Than is lyllye on his stalke grene.
Alas chaunged is her rosen hewe.
And aye elyche her wo encreaseth newe.
That lyke no woman she was to beholde,
For aye she wepte as she to water wolde.
¶ Till at the laste in all her heauynesse,
Parys to her came of gentylnesse,
To recomforte and to appese her rage.
He besyeth hym her sorowes to aswage.
Sayeng to her alas what may this mene,
That ye in one oh goodly freshe quene,
Lyst thus your selfe in sorowynge diffygure.
I wonder greatly how ye may endure,
So moche water causeles thus to shede,
That with weping haue dewed so your wede.
For like a conduite the streames ran a downe
And as a penitaunt in contriciowne,
Ye you disraye alas why do ye so.
Let be this fare and let it ouer go.
All your wepynge thought and heauinesse,
And be no more my lady in distresse.
Make here an ende now of your greuaunce,
For all the ease comforte and pleasaunce,
That men may do truste well ye shall haue,
It is but foly in sorowe thus to raue.
Lette passen ouer all these sharpe shoures,
And here my trouth ye and all youres,
Of what your lyste you shal haue suffysaunce.
As ferforth and more in haboundaunce,
Than haue ye had amonge the grekes there,
I you ensure and be nothyng in feare.
That I shall holde all that I haue hyght,
On my trouthe as I am true knyght.
In worde and dede with all my herte entire,
And she anone with a dolefull chere,
So as she myght forsobbyng tho suffyce,
Answered agayne in full lowly wyse.
¶ I wote quod she were me lothe or lefe,
Syth I am caught & take at this mischiefe,
Unto your wyll I may not now with seye,
I am so bounde that I must obeye.
Under your daunger that I may not flee,
In holde distrayned and in captiuitee.
¶ Ye wot also by nature out of dreade,
That it ne longeth vnto womanhead.
In straunge soyle to stryue or to rebell.
And namely there where as her quarell,
Shall haue no fauour nor susteyned be,
But yf ye lyste now to haue pitee,
On me or myne of your goodlyhead,
Ye may of god deserue thanke and mede.
That wyll rewarde iustly geue to tho,
And comforte them that be in care and wo.
¶ Now lady myne, than quod Parys,
What that maye lyke or be at your deuyse,
All shall be do trusteth me ryght wele.
For by my trouthe as ferre as I can feele,
In any thyng that may do you pleasaunce,
Ye shall it haue and that in habundaunce.
This I ensure of heste not fallyble,
Be not agaste but fully be credible,
To my wordes and hestes euerychone.
And therwithall he ladde her ryght anone,
Into a place of royall apparayle,
To comforte her if it wolde auayle.
And secretely there betwene them two,

This

This Parys fyrſte without more a do,
Spake vnto her and ſayde my lady dere,
I ſayne it not but ſpeake of herte entyer,
And that I hope ye ſhall hereafter fynde.
Wherfore I praye ententeth in your mynde,
What that I ſaye and in your remembraunce.
This is to ſaye ſyth ye by purueyaunce,
Ben of the goddes brought as now therto,
And fortune eke will that it be ſo,
I dare affyrme playnly for the fyrſte,
That they diſpoſed haue not for your worſte,
But for your good and ſo ye muſt it take,
Wherfore I reade ſuffer ouer ſhake,
All heauyneſſe and loketh that ye be,
As glad and lyght here in this countrey,
As though ye were in your owne lande.
For faythfully I do you vnderſtande,
Ye ſhall haue here as moche habundaunce,
On euery parte with full ſuffyſaunce,
Of all that you ſemeth to be pleaſaunt,
For of one thyng I dare me well auaunt,
That in this countrey as it ſhalbe founde,
In euery thyng we plenteouſly habounde.
And more at ful then do your grekes ponder,
And though ye ben farre from them aſonder,
Out of the lande that called is Achaye,
There is no cauſe whye ye ſhoulde diſmay,
Syth ye at worſhyp and more reuerence,
At more honour and greater excellence,
Here ſhalbe cheriſhed than ye were afore.
And where ye playne that ye haue forbore,
Your owne lord and be as now left ſole,
For whom ye maken al this wo and dole,
Ye ſhall in haſte be ſette at better eaſe.
For certaynly ſo it not diſpleaſe,
Nor offende vnto your womanhead,
In ſtede of hym I purpoſe out of dread,
To wedde you and be your trewe man,
To loue and ſerue in all that euer I can,
Without faynyng to my lyues ende.
And be to you as lowly and as kynde,
As dylygent and eke more laborous,
Than whylom was your Menelaus,
In euery thynge your luſtes to obeye.
Haue here my trouthe tyll tyme that I deye.
And though that I in wordes be but plain,
For the loue of god haue no diſdeyne,
Of my requeſt nor grutche not at all,
For at the leaſt of the ſtocke royall,
I am deſcended and come as hygh of bloud,
As Menelay and of byrth as good,
And can in loue to you be farre more trewe,
Than erſt was he and chaunge for no newe.
Wherfore leue of thus to playne and wepe,
And let ſome comforte in your boſome crepe,
Your wo appeaſe which is not worth an haw,
And lette ſome myrth in your herte adawe.
This I beſeche you and of womanhead,
To my wordes that ye lyſt take hede.
Alas quod ſhe how myght this befall,
That haue yleſte my frendes one and all,
In ſtraunge lande and here am al alone,
How ſhuld I thē but ſtil complaine in one,
I haue no cauſe god wote for to pley,
Nor yet my chekes for to kepe drey.
From ſalte teares alas it wyll not be,
That can none ende of myne aduerſyte.
For in good fayth it were agaynſt kynde,
So ſodaynly tabandon out of mynde,
Thilke thyng that eyther for ioye or ſmerte,
In all this worlde ſytteth nerte my herte.
For whom alas ſo ſore I am deſtrayned.
But ſyth the goddes haue as now ordeyned,
No better chaunce of hope vnto me,
I can no more I muſt it take at gre.
And humbly accepte alſo their ſonde.
For I am weake their power to withſtonde.
Wherfore I ſhal agayne my wyll now ſtriue,
Al be for wo my herte I ſele ryue.
For to conſent and lowly to admytte,
Thylke thynge fro whiche as now I may not
Maugre my wyll of neceſſytie, (flytte.
Fully to obey what ye lyſt do with me.
It wil not helpe although I ſayed you nay.
And thus ſhe playneth in al that euer ſhe may
Little and little her ſorowe to aſwage.
What ſhulde ſhe aye lyue in wo and rage.
To leſe her ſelfe ſo tender a creature,
In herte of ſtele ne myght it not endure.
But aye of women the maner is and kynde,
That they ran not of ſorowe make an ende.
Tyll they by leyſure wepte haue at full.
But at the laſte whan they gynnen dull,
To make ſorowe it happeth them as faſte,
That by grace they ſoone it ouer caſte.
And lyghtly catche comforte for their ſmerte.
They be ſo tender ẏ men may them conuerte,
Fro wo to ioye & thought from them diſſeuer,

There

There is no storme that may laste euer,
As clerkes wyse in bookes lyste discerne,
Thynge vyolente may nothyng be eterne.
For after stormes Phebus bryghter is.
And so by comforte and counsayle of Parys,
She is adawed of her olde sorowe.
For euen lyke as the glade morowe,
Of veray kynde seweth the dercke nyght,
So by processe her herte wexeth lyght.
And of her weppyng dryed is the well.
Lyke as the storye shall anone vs tell.

Howe Parys was receyued in Troye at his retourne, and of his maryage to Heleyne. Capitulo. xiiii.

VWhan so ỳ quene that called is Heleine,
Adawed was of her drery peyne,
And the wawes of her heauy cheare,
On her chekes gonnen for to clere:
Parys in herte freshe and amerous,
In haste hath sente to kyng Pryamus,
For horse and men and other apparayle,
Clothes of golde full noble of entayle,
Made for Heleyne, & wrought for the nones,
With ryche perle and many sondry stones,
Agayne her commyng into Troye towne.
And after that Parys from Tenedowne,
Shappeth him to lede her into Troye.
And Pryamus mette them on the waye,
Full royally as faste as he myght hye,
With many a lorde in his companye,
Full many lady freshe and well beseyne,
And many mayde that ryde them agayne,
Fyrst estates and after communers.
Nowe had Parys all his prysoners,
Set before in order tweyne and tweyne,
And he rode next with the quene Heleyne.
And Deiphobus vpon the other syde,
And his knyghtes enuyron him dyd ryde.
But nexte hym rode the worthy Eneas,
And the Troyan called Pollydamus,
His meane sunge eche in his degree,
So gentylmanly that ioye it was to see,
Eche from other keppyng a certayne space.
And forth they ryden but a softe pace,
Tyll that the kyng them mette sodaynly,
And them receyued hath full solempnely,
As he beste coulde and goodly toke the rayne,
Into his hande of the quene Heleyne.
And her conueyed forth to his Citie.
Great was the preyse that abode to see,
Of sondry folke that showed faste and croude.
The shrylle trumpettes were preysed loude,
Up to the skye goth the blyssfull sowne,
Whan all this people entreth in the towne.
And many a nother dyuers instrumente,
That all tofore in at the gates went,
In sondry wyse that made melodye.
That to here the heauenly armonye,
By musycke touched vpon strynge and corde,
So euen in one and iustly they accorde,
It wolde an herte rauysche into ioye.
And whan they weren entred into Troye,
Amydde his palayse Pryamus alight.
And then anone as faste as euer he myghte,
Into a chambre ryche and well besey,
The quene Heleyne in haste he dothe conuey.
Cõmaundyng eft with herte wyll & thought,
His offycers that her fayle nought,
Of any thynge that she can bethynke.
The spyces parted anone ỳ wyne they drynke.
And than the kyng toke leue tyll supper,
And she there whyles chaungeth her attyre.
¶But of the ioye that was in the towne,
In euery place where men went vp & downe,
I am to rude sothly all to wryte.
So muche in herte the Troyans them delyte,
That safe and sounde retourned in Parys.
They wende haue ben for ioye in paradyse,
That he so well sped in his iourne.
And hath not one loste of his meyne.
Wherof they be in herte glad and lyghte.
And in all haste after the nexte nyght,
As wryte Guydo without tarying longe,
Erely the morowe before the larke songe,
In Pallas temple as myne auctor sayth,
Assured was by othe and eke by fayth,
The bond of wedlocke of him and of Heleine,
For euermore to laste atwixte them tweyne.
The knotte is knitte of this sacrament.
And thus was done fully by thassent,
First of the kyng and also by thaduyse,
Of all the Citie in fauour of Paryse.
And so the feast and great solempnitee,
Continued was with muche royaltee,
Of this weddyng in myrthe and solace,
Through the towne by eyght dayes space.

What

What shulde I wryte the reuell or ỳ daunces,
The freshe aray or the countenaunces,
The scole touches the lokes amerous,
The prime grutche of them ỳ were Jalous,
The great iustes bourdes or tornaye,
Amydde palestre with many sundry playe,
The dyuers courses eke at euery feste,
The large plente done to most and leste,
The straunge meates the maner of seruyce.
I haue none englyshe all for to deuyce,
I passe it ouer for I was not there.
¶But whan this weddyng came vnto ỳ ere,
Of Cassandra and fyrste it dyd espye,
A thousande sythe alas she gan to crye,
Of pyteous wo with vntressed heeres.
And sayde thus albe spreynte with teeres.
O wretched Troye errynge in this case,
Within thy selfe to suffer this trespase,
For to consente vnto suche folye,
In susteynyng of foule auouterye,
That Parys shulde taken vnto wyfe,
The quene Heleyne whose husband is alyue,
Oh wofull Troye to cruell is thy fate,
For to beware it is almost to late.
The tyme is come thou shalte destroyed be,
For many father shall his sonne see,
Hole on the morne that shalbe slayne or eue.
Amyddes the fyelde that wyll him sore greue.
And many wyfe shall carefully bewepe,
To se her husband with large woundes depe.
Gryde through the body pale colde and grene
Alas how shall ye the sorowe mowe susteyne.
¶Ah wretched mothers how shall ye endure,
To se your children by cruell aduenture,
Afore you slayne withouten remedye.
It wyll not helpe though ye clepe and crye.
¶Ah mother myne Hecuba the quene,
How shalt thou byde ỳ sharpe stoundes kene,
Thy worthy sonnes to se afore the slawe.
And in the fyelde by cruelte ydrawe.
¶Ah blynde people of death ỳ takest no hede,
Why nylte thou worke and do after my rede,
And in this case more prudent be and wyse,
To take awaye this Heleyne fro Paris,
As right requireth withouten any more,
And to her lorde iustely her restore.
¶What trowen ye his theste & crist dede,
Shall passe thus nay nay withouten drede,
The sword of vengeaũce shal ful sharply byte
For his offence and we shall beare the wyte.
Paleys and house to se within a throwe.
And toures hye layde on the erthe alowe.
Alas alas I saye to the Heleyne,
Unhappy woman causer of our payne.
Harde, vnsely, and also graceles.
Unwealfull woman disturbler of our peace.
Thou hast vs brought in mischefe & in were,
Kyndled a bronde to burne vs all yfeare.
Alas thou arte the grounde and roote of all,
Of many drery feast funerall.
That shall beholde amonge vs in this towne.
And in this wise Cassandra vp and downe,
Aboute ran in subarde and in strete,
And crieth in one whom euer that she mete,
Full ofte syth alas and welaway.
Tyll Pryamus bycause of her affray,
And for the noyse that she as tho did make,
Without abode anone he doth her take,
And bounde her fast and fetred in pryson,
Without mercy or rempsyon:
They toke no hede to her sadde trouthe,
Nor to her wordes it was the more routhe.
But shet her vp in bondes great and stronge,
Without pitie where she abyde longe.
And thus in prysona whyle I let her morne,
And to the grekes I wyll agayne retourne.

THunhappy tyme & in the same whyle,
That false fortune frendly gan to smyle,
Upon Troyans and bad them to be mery,
For which highly they gan their goddes hery
Wenyng with ioye to haue assured weale,
Nothyng aduerting the tournyng of ỳ whele,
Of her that lasteth stable but a throwe.
Whẽ men most trust her she can make a mowe
Tourne her forhead and her face wrythe,
Suche ioye shẽ hath her doubleneſſe to kythe.
And to wrappe her clereneſſe vnder cloude,
Against whose might ther mai no mã hi throud
Whẽ most she flattereth thẽ is she lest to triste,
For in her ioye the Troyans lyttell wyste,
What she hath mente to their confusiowne.
For whyle that they aboute in all the towne,
Wende of grekes haue gotten full recure,
Of their domages and to haue be sure,
Through thilke pray ỳ Paris had thẽ wonne.
The wycked fame and rumour is yronne,
With swift wings of al ỳ they haue wrought,

To

To Menelay the tydynges were ybrought,
Whyles he abode with Nestor at Pirrha,
Firste of the temple in Cithera,
How it was spoyled and the robberye,
Of golde and treasoure and the tyrranye,
Upon his men by Troyans execute,
Both of assaylyng and of all the suite,
That on the grekes they made cruelly,
And how that they ne spared utterly,
Man nor woman that came in their waye,
That they ne toke and ladde as for praye,
To theyr shyppes. also of the fyght,
Afore the Castell that was on the nyght.
¶ And alder laste he heareth of his wyfe,
Whom he loued as derely as his lyfe,
More tenderly god wote a thousande folde.
For whom at herte he wared is as colde,
As any stone and therto pale of hewe,
His hertye wo so inly gan renewe.
That fyrst whan he harde her name sowne,
Without more anone he fell in sowne,
For he ne myght endure for to stande.
Til that duke Nestor toke hym by the hande,
And hym adawed of his deadely swowe.
Alas quod he why haue I lost and howe,
My lyues luste my hertes suffysaunce.
Ah death come now & make of my greuaũce,
Fully an ende with thy cruell darte.
That wounded am through out euery parte,
My herte also korue in euery veyne,
For you my wyfe for you myne owne Heleine
That be deforced fro me welaway.
Farewell my ioye farewell my olde playe.
Now haue straungers of you possessyon.
Whiche wyll to me be full confusyon.
Alas I not how they cherysshe or trete,
My fayre Heleyne that were to me so swete.
Now ye are gone pensyfnesse me sleath,
I may not wayte now but after death.
And after this amyd in all his wo,
This Menelay chose hym for to go,
To his reygne but lyttell there besyde.
He areth horse and said how he wolde ryde,
Sole to complayne of ỹ he felte him greue,
But all this whyle Nestor wyll not leue,
To go with hym for consolacion.
Of frendly ryght haupnge compassion,
Hym to comforte with all his full myght.
Leading with him many a worthy knyght.
Into the reygne of this Menelaus.
¶ Than fyrst of all the story telleth vs,
How they sent for kyng Agamenon.
And for Castor to come to him anone.
And for Pollux if it myght so be,
And when that they comen were all three,
And saw their brother i such mischief brought
Almost murdred with his owne thought,
Without abode the wyse Agamenon,
To gyue him hoope and consolacion,
Dyd his labour and diligence entere.
Sayinge to hym as ye shall after here,
¶ Oh brother mine, what, wo, what heuinesse,
What deadly sorowe thus inly may oppresse,
Your knightly hert or trouble your manhead.
More furiously pwys than it is nede.
For though that ryght required utterly,
You for to sorowe and hadden cause why;
Yet me semeth by iuste prouidence,
Ye slyly shulde dyssymule your offence.
Sith eche wyse man in his aduersytie,
Shulde fame chere and kepen in secree,
The inwarde wo that bynt hym in distresse.
By manly force ratheſt there compesse,
The spyrpte of Ire and melancolye,
Where the people myght it not espye.
The doctryne of them that be prudent,
Than whan a man with furye is to rent,
To fayne chere tyll tyme he se leysure,
That he of vengeaunce kyndell may the fyre.
For sorowe out shewed if I shall not fayne,
Who so taketh hede it doth thynges twayne,
It causeth frendes for to syghe sore,
And his enemyes to reioyse the more.
Thy frende in herte is sorye of nature,
Thyne enemye glad of thy mysaduenture.
Wherfore in herte whĩ wo doth most haboũde
Faineth gladnesse thyne enemye to confound,
And shew in chere as thou roughteſt nought.
Of that most is greuous in thy thought.
And where ỹ haſt moſte matter to complayne,
Make there good face & glad in porte ỹ faine.
For into teares though thou all distylle,
And rende thy selfe as thou woldeſt the spylle,
It helpeth not to a ledge thy greuaunce.
For honour nother pursuite of vengeaunce,
With sorowe makynge mowe be execute.
Though it last ay ther cometh therof no frute,
Men say how he that can dissimule a wronge,

How

How he is ſlyghe and of herte ſtronge.
And who can be peaſyble in his ſnerte,
It is a token he hath a manly herte.
Not to wepe as women in their rage,
Whiche is contrary to an hygh courage.
With word & weping for to auenge our paine,
And no meanes to worſchyp to attayne,
Let vs with ſworde & not with wordes fyght.
Our tunge appeſe, by mãhod preue or might.
Worde is but winde and water that we wepe.
And though the tempeſt and of fluddes depe,
Of this two encreaſe euermo,
They may not do but augment our wo.
And to our foen therof when they here,
Both of our dole and our heauy chere.
All is to them but encreaſe of ioye,
Wherfore brother a whyle do acoye,
The cruel tourment that byndeth you ſo ſore,
For in prouerbe it hath be ſayd full yore.
That the proweſſe of a manly knyght,
Is proued moſt in miſchyefe and his myght.
To be aſſured in aduerſitee,
Strongly ſuſteyne what wo that it be,
Not cowardly his courage to ſubmytte,
In euery peryll nor his honour flytte.
Through no diſpeyre but hope alway wele,
And haue a truſte trewe as any ſtele.
Taccheue aye what he take an hande,
For fynally I do you vnderſtande,
That of hym ſelfe who hath good fantaſye,
To ſet vpon and put in iupartye,
What that befall or happe what happe may,
Takyng what chaunce tourneth on his play,
The fyne of ſuche gladly is victorye.
They fayle ſelde of the palme of glorye.
And tyme is now to ſpeke in wordes fewe,
Oh brother myne manhode for to ſhewe.
To plucke vp herte and to make you ſtronge,
And to venge your damages and wronge.
We ſhall echyone helpe and lay to hande,
Kynges, Dukes, and lordes of this lande.
And all atones do our buſyneſſe,
I you behyght your harmes to redreſſe.
And in deſpyte who that euer vs lette,
We ſhall vs lodge and our tentes ſette.
Euen in the fyelde afore Troye towne.
And it beſeage to their deſtructiowne.
Albe therof I ſet as now no daye.
But brother firſt in all the haſte we may,
Let maken letters without more ſermon,
To all the lordes of this region,
Of matter touchynge this your byllanye.
To come to gyther and ſhape a remedye,
This is theffect of all that I can ſayne.
And thus releaſed ſomwhat of the payne,
Is Menelays through cõfort of his brother.
For whan he ſawe it myght be none other,
And of his tale the kynge made an ende,
Through out ỳ lande he did his letters ſende.
Fyrſt to her kynne and to his allye,
To come to helpe hym of their curteſye.
And fyrſt of all to Menelaus,
Came Achylles and with him Patroclus.
And alder nexte the ſtronge Dyomede,
And many another to helpe in this nede.
And all echone in open Parlement,
They were accorded full by aſſente,
To be gouerned as Agamenon,
Lyſt to ordayne in his diſcrecion.
Of this voyage they made hym gouernour,
And of their hooſte chieftaine and Emperour.
Amonge them all there was full vnitee,
Upon Troyans auenged for to bee.
And from this purpoſe neuer to remewe,
But fyrſt I fynde Parys for to ſewe,
The voyage toke ỳ worthy brethern tweine,
Pollux and Caſtor to recure Heleyne.
Yet neuertheles as ſome bokes lyſten tell,
That theſe kynges no longer wolde dwell,
But alder faſte as Parys was agone,
They toke a ſhyppe and folowed hym anone.
With many worthy in their company,
And doubtleſſe but yf olde bokes lye,
That or they had ſayled dayes three,
To Troyewarde in the large ſee,
The tempeſt roſe and wyndes dyd awake,
The heauen derke with the cloudes blake,
That haue the day tourned into nyght.
And bryght Phebus was mirked of this light
The fyry leuen and ſtroke of the thonder,
Smote in the maſte and ſhyuerde it a ſonder.
It was ſo derke no lyghte myght adawe,
The ſea gan ſwell with many ſturdy wawe.
That roſe on hyghte large as any mounte.
And fell downe and ſwapped in the frounte,
Euen of the ſhyppe and plunged it full lowe.
Now by now downe forcaſt and ouerthrow,
Their ſhyppes were with tempeſt to and fro.

The

The fomy waters grene, whyte, and blo,
Of feruent boylyng and as pytche blacke,
With stozme & wynd that al goeth to wzacke.
So hydously the blastes at theim dzyue,
That euery bozde gan from other ryue.
And all is perysshed there scaped not a man.
But all atones as I reherse can,
Be dead & dzowned with tempest sodaynly,
There scaped none I say you certaynly.
Except the bzethern such as bookes tel,
The one in heauen the other lowe in hel,
Were lozdes made tabyde eternally.
¶ And some fayne in theyz poesy,
How the goddes haue theim defyed,
Like in heauen and ystellifyed.
After theyz shyppes ware ygo to wzake.
They were made sterres in the zodyake.
And to the sygne transfourmed vtterly,
Whych is of clerkes called Gemyny.
The whych sygne and constellation,
Is to Mercury house and mansyon.
And is of kinde femell and masculyne,
In whych the Egle and also the Dolphyne,
Haue theyz arysyng by reuolucion,
The tayle also aboue the Dzagon,
Is exaltate in the thyzd degree,
Of Gemyny whych sygne hathe most pouste,
In hande and armes of man oute of doubte,
Like as Lucina halt her course aboute.
And in this wyse were the bzether twayne,
To heauen rapt as these poetes fayne.
After the tempest ye get no moze of me.
Foz in this wise the grekes in the sea,
An ende made and that ful wylfully.
This erneste firste came vnhappely,
To theim echone as ginning of theyz wo,
And finall chaunce to the bzether two.

¶ How ỳ Grekes assembled to be aduẽged of ỳ Troians foz the rauishing of Helein. Ca. xb

But foz asmuche as Dares frigius,
Was in his boke whilom curyous,
The fourme of Troiens & grekes to describe
Lyke as he sawe this auctour by his lyue,
The shape the fourme & complexiowne,
Both of the partye of theym of Troy towne,
And of the grekes by good auisement,
In time of trewse amonge theim as they wẽt,
Seyng the maner of theyz gouernaunce,
Their pozte theyz chere w̃ euery circũstaũce,
Namely of tho that were of high degre.
He not forgate one loose noz qualyte,
Condicions and also theyz stature,
All to describe Dares did his cure.
In Grekische tunge beginning at Heleyne.
Like as to foze ye haue herd me seyne.
Of her beaute and her semelynesse,
How seryously Guido doth expzesse,
Saue he sayd as in a lytell space,
A strype there was endlong in her face,
Whych as he wzyte became her wonder wele.
Embelyshing her beaute euerydele.
Like as Dares maketh description.
¶ And first he sayeth how king Agamenon,
Was of good shape and high of his stature,
And might in laboure at the best endure.
Unpacient to lyue in quyet,
He was to armes so egall and so mete,
Of coloure whyte and good pzopozcion,
And flemytek of his complexion.
Discrete and hardy and wonder vertuous,
And of speche ryght facundious.
And coud hun wel in euery thinge demene,
¶ But Menelay of stature was but meane.
Pzopozcioned atwix shozte and longe,
Wozthy in armes delyuer and ryght stronge.
Of courage and of hert bygozous,
Semely also and aye moze desyzous,
To lyue in werre rather than in peace.
¶ And furthermoze to speake of Achilles,
He was ryght fayze and of great semelynesse.
With abozne heyz crispyng foz thickneſſe.
With eyen glawke, large, stepe, and great,
& shuldzed bzode w̃ bzest ful square & mete,
To endure in armes fel and cozagious.
And of his loke wonder amerous.
High of stature and large of giftes eke,
And moze of strength than any other Greke.
And to spend he set lytel charge,
He was of herte so plenteous and large.
And in the felde passyng chyualrous.
¶ And foz to tell fozth of Tantalus,
Of sanguine hewe hauing much of reed,
Diuerse eyed aye meuing in his head.
Of huge making also & of great strengthe,
Wel answeryng hys bzede to his lengthe.
Hatinge to striue where he sawe no nede,

Ryght trewe of worde also as I reade,
And neuer quarel wolde he take on hande,
To fyght for but he might vnderstande,
That it were fully grounded vpon ryght.
And than he wolde quyte hym like a knyght.
¶Tilcus Ayax was right corpulent,
To be well cladde he set al his entent.
In ryche aray he was ful curyous.
Although he were of body corsyous,
Of armes great & shoulders square & brode,
It was of him almost a horse lode.
Hygh of stature and boystous in a pres,
And of his speche rude and rechles.
Ful many worde in ydel hym asterte,
And but a coward was he of his herte.
¶An other Ayax Thelamonyous,
There was also discrete and vertuous,
Wonder fayre and semely to beholde,
Whose heyr was black & vpward ay gā folde.
In compas wise rounde as any sphere,
And of musyke was there none his pere.
Hauing a voyce full of melodye.
Right well entuned as by Hermonye.
And was inuentife for to counterfete,
Instrumentes aswell smal as grete,
In sundry wise longing to musyke,
And for all this yet had he good practike,
In armes eke and was a noble knyght,
No man more ozped nor hardyer for to fight.
Nor desyrous for to haue dyctorye,
Deuoyde of pompe hatyng all vayngloryc,
All ydle laude spent and blowe in vayne.
¶Of Ulyxes what shall I also sayne,
That was so noble and worthy in his dayes,
Ful of wyles and sleyghty at assayes.
In meaning double and deceyuable,
To forge a leysyng also wonder able.
With face playn he coud make it toughe,
Wery worded and but selde loughe.
In counsayling discret and ryght prudent,
And in his tyme the most eloquent.
And holpe to Grekes often in theyr nede.
¶And for to speake of worthy Diomede,
Full wel compact and growe well in length,
Of sturdy porte and famous eke of strength.
Large brested and ferse also of syght,
And deceyuable of what euer he hyght.
Hasty testyf to smyte reckles,
And medlyng aye and but selde in peace.
To his seruauntes ful inpacient,
And baraytous where that so euer he went.
For lytel worthe of disposycion,
And lecherous eke of complexion.
And had in loue oft syth his parte,
Brenning within of Cupydes fyery darte.
And spechles ful ofte felt he his sore.
¶What shal I sayne eke of Duke Nestore,
Of longe stature and wel compact wythall,
With corbe shoulders and of middell small.
In handes strong with armes large & roūde
In counsalyng prudent and wyse yfounde.
Whose wordes were sugred wyth plesaunce,
Upon his frende hauing aye remembraunce.
For of his trouthe he ne coud fayne.
But in anger he might him not refrayne.
He was so fret wyth melancolye,
That no man myght his yre modefye.
Albe it laste but a lytell space,
Who could him suffer anone it would pace.
Lightly it came and lyghtly went awaye.
¶And Protheselaus ỹ freche was of araye,
Wonder semely and of great beaute,
I trowe a fayrer might no man se.
Of good stature delyuer and ful lyght.
No man swyfter and to speake of myght,
Of his makyng he was passyng stronge.
Ferse of courage and lothe to take a wronge.
¶And to tell of Neptolomus,
He was of making wonder corsyous.
Whose heyr was blacke shining as doth geat,
With eyen rounde brode and therto great,
Large brested with a rysyng backe,
And in speche stamerd whan he spacke.
But in causes he could medle wele.
And in the lawe ful depe he did fele.
For all his lust was beset on plees.
¶But for to tell of Pallamides.
King Naulus sonne withouten any wene,
Of face fayre of body longe and lene.
Of manful hert hardy in battayle,
And desyrous his enemye to assayle.
Famylyer curteyse and therto right tretable,
In al his dedes and inly worschipable.
In giuing large and passing of grete fame,
Of whose bounte ful wide sprange the name,
In many land the storye telleth thus.
¶And next I finde of Polydamus,
The worthy Greke was of great thyckneſſe,

Of

Of wombe swolle enbossed with fatnesse.
That vnneth he might him selfe sustene,
And yet of herte he was ful proude & kene,
Right surquidrous and ful of pensyfenesse,
And selde glad so thought did him oppresse.
¶But Hachaon like as wryte Guydo,
Of longe and short was betwyx two.
Ful proude and fierse deuoyde of pacyence,
And vengeable who hym did offence.
And yet he was as balde as is a coote.
On whose forhead euen by the roote,
The heyr was fallen & wasted clene away.
And selde or neuer he would slepe a daye.
¶And ouermore to tellen of Crysyde,
Stumbleth my pen for longe or she dyed,
My mayster Chaucer did his diligence,
As to descrywe the great excellence,
Of her beaute and that so maysterly,
To take on me it were but high folye:
In any wyse to adde more therto.
For wel I wote anone as I haue do,
That I in sothe no thãke deserue maye:
By cause that he in wrytyng was so gay.
And but I wryte I must the trouthe leue,
Of Troye booke and my matter bryefe.
And ouer passe and not go by and by,
As doth Guydo in ordre ceryously.
And that I must don offencion,
Through negligence or presumpcion,
So am I set euen amiddes twayne,
Great cause haue I & matter to complayne.
On Attropos that through her enuye,
Tho brake the thred and made for to dye,
Noble Galfryde chefe Poete of Brytayne.
Among our Englische ỳ caused first to rayne,
The golden droppes of Rethorike so fyne.
Our rude language onely tenlumine,
To god I praye that he his soule haue.
After whose helpe of nede I must craue.
And seke his boke that is left behinde,
Some goodly worde therin for to finde,
To set amonge the croked lines rude,
Whych I do wryte as by symylitude,
The rubye stant so royall of renowne,
Within a ryng of coper or latowne.
So stant the making of him doubtles,
Amonge our bokes of Englysche pereles.
They be ful easy knowen so they be excellẽt,
There is no making to his equipolent,
We do but halte who so taketh hede,
That medle of makyng without any drede.
Whan as we would his style counterfete.
We may alday our colour grinde and bete,
Tempre our asour and vermilyon,
But al I holde but presumpcion,
It foloweth not therfore I let be.
And fyrst of all I wil excuse me,
And procede as I haue erst begon,
And through his fauour certayn if I con.
Of Troye booke for to make an ende.
And there I left I wyl agayne nowe wende.
Unto Crisyde and though to my succour,
Of Rethorike that I haue no floure.
Nor hewes ryche stones nor yet perre.
But al bare of curyosytye,
Though crafty speche to enbroude with her
Yet for al that now I wil not leue, (sleue,
But be as ay bolde bayarde is the blynde,
That cast no peryl what way that he finde.
Right so wil I stumble forth of haed,
For vnconning and take no better hede,
So as I can her beaute to discrywe,
That was in sothe of al tho alyue,
One of ỳ fayrest this Calchas doughter dere
Therto of shap of face and of cheare,
There might be no fayrer creature,
Of high nor lowe but meane of stature.
Her sonnische heyr like Phebus in his sphere,
Boũde in a tresse bryghter thã gold wyere,
Downe at her backe lowe downe behinde,
Which with a thred of golde she would binde.
Ful oft syth of a customaunce,
Therto she had so much suffysaunce,
Of kindes worke without any were,
And saue her browes ioyned were yfere,
No man coud in her a lacke espyen.
And furthermore to speake of her eyen,
They were so heauenly persyng and so clere,
That an herte ne might him selfe stere,
Agayne her shyninge ỳ they ne wold wolde,
Throughout a brest god wote & make it pold
Also she was for al her semelinesse.
Symple and wyse and ful of soberneſſe,
The best nourysshed that eke might be,
Goodly of speche fulfylled of pyrye.
Facundious and therto right tretable,
And as sayth Guydo in loue variable.
Of tender hert and vnstedfastnesse,

He her accuseth and newfanglynesse.
¶And after this Dares doth reherse,
Amonges other how the kyng of Perse,
Came to grekes with many worthy knight,
To helpe and further all that euer he myght.
The whych kyng was of stature longe,
And wonder fat & as he wyte right stronge.
Whose berd and heyr redde as flawne of fire.
With eyen stepe and feruent of desyre,
To haue ado and sterne of cheare and loke,
And oft sythes of sodayne yre he quoke.
And had wertes plenty in his face.
¶And thus Dares shortly for to pace,
No more of Grekes wryteth as I fynde.
But of Troians for to make mynde,
Ceryously he doth his style dresse,
Them to discryue as I shall expresse.

¶The descryption of Priam, his sonnes and doughters, & of the arriuall of ỹ grekes tofore the Temple of Diane the goddesse. Ca. xvi.

AND first he sayeth how king Pryamus,
Was of his cheare bening & gracious.
Of stature hygh with lymmes sklendre & lōg,
Delytyng much in musyk and in songe.
And specially was most desyrous,
To heare songes that weren amerous,
A semely man and of great hardinesse,
And spake but lowe as bookes vs expresse.
Deuoyde of dread hating flatterye,
And all that could other glose or lye,
Trewe of his worde and to euery wyght,
He did playnly equite and right.
For no mede him list not to declyne,
And loued early on morowe for to dine.
In his time one of the worthyest,
Of all kinges and he that loued best,
Worthy knightes & al that euer he knewe,
That manfull were and of herte trewe.
He coud cherishe no man halfe so wele,
With golde and gyftes that they myght fele,
His great fredome and larges eke withall.
¶And of his sonnes for to reken all,
The first of byrth so as bookes tell,
Was worthy Hector of knighthod sprig & wel
Floure of manhod of strength pereles,
Sad discrete and prudent neuertheles.
Crop and roote ground of chyualrye,
Of cheare demure and of curtesye,
He was example therto of soberneste:
A very myrour and for his gentilneste,
In his time and therto most renowned,
To reken all and of goodlyhead.
The most famous in peace and werre.
Whose fame stretched both to nygh and ferre,
On eche parte he was so vertuous.
And to be loued most gracious.
Of brawne and bones compact by measure,
So wel brethed in armes to endure.
So wel perfourmed by proporciowne,
So quicke so liuely and of most renowne.
So huge made so well growen of length,
So wel complet for to haue great strengthe.
That in this worlde if I shal not fayne,
Was neuer none that fully myght attayne,
To the prowes of this worthy knight
To prayse his herte as well as his might.
And therwithall so wyse and aduysee,
The lowlyest eke of his degre.
To rythe and pore and of wordes fewe,
Unto all suche cheare he could shewe,
Of his presence that glad was euery wight.
Whan they at leysur had of him a syght.
He was so bening to them of the towne,
And to his enemyes like a fers Lyowne.
He could him shewe whan it was to do.
And in the felde there might no man so.
To reken all his labour halfe endure.
For the storye doth vs plyan assure,
That he was neuer werye in battayle,
Nor faynt in herte his fomen to assayle.
Of all good I finde he was the best.
Prowesse & vertue in him were set at rest.
So passingly that neuer was or shall,
None bore of mother so perygall,
To him of manhod nor of chiualrie:
For all he passed but yf bokes lye.
In whom nature ne was nothing to wyte,
Saue in his tunge he was let a lite.
And as some Auctours make mencion,
He was sanguine of complexion.
¶And furthermore his brother Deiphobus,
Like as I finde and also Helenus,
Were lyke Pryam that sothly of them thre,
Was hard to espye any dyuersyte,
Of shape or fourme or of countenaunce,
Saue of age there was no varyaunce.

Theyr

Their father olde & they were ponge & lyght,
And in Deiphobus was a worthy knight.
And in armes fame and excellence,
And Helenus in clergye and scyence,
Was well expert and toke but lytell hede,
Of al the werre knighthod and manhede.
¶But sothly Troylus if I shall discriue,
There was of herte no manlyer alyue.
Nor more likly in armes to endure.
Well growen of hight and of great stature.
Ponge, freshe, lusty, hardy as a Lyō,
Deliuer and stronge as any champyowne.
And perygall of manhode and of dede,
He was to any that I can of reade.
In derryng do this noble worthy wight,
For to fulfyl that longeth to a knight.
The secounde Hector for his worthinesse,
He called was and for his high prowesse.
Duryng the werre he bare him selfe so wele,
Therto in loue trewe as any stele.
Secre and wise stedfast of courage,
The most goodly also of visage,
That might be and most benuge of cheare,
Without chaunge and of one herte entere.
He was alway faythfull iust and stable,
Perseueraunt and of will immutable.
Upon what thinge he ones set his herte,
That doubilnesse might him dot peruert.
In his dedes he was so hole and playne,
But of his foon the sothe for to sayne,
He was so ferse they might hym not wstand,
Whan that he helde his blody swerde in hād.
Unto Grekes death and confusyon,
To theim of Troye shelde and protection.
And his knighthod shortly to accounte,
There might in māhod no mā him surmoūt.
Thzough the world though mē wouldē seke,
To reken all Troian nouther greke.
None so named of famous hardinesse,
As bokes olde of him do beare witnesse.
Except Hector there ne was such an other.
¶And after him to speake of his brother,
I meane Paris most passing of beaute,
That in this worlde no man might se,
In very sothe a more semely knight,
For as I reade that he by title of right,
Of fayrnesse bare aye away the floure.
With lockes yelowe like golde as of coloure,
And in shotyng most was his delyte,
Hauyng in hunting a full great appetyte.
And as Dares lyueth him discriue,
The best archer one that time a liue.
And of his hand was eke a noble knight.
A manly man delyuer and of good might.
And in the werre preued wel he was.
¶And as I reade the Troian Eneas,
As mine Auctour lysteth to endyte,
Was wel brested and of body lyte.
And bare in Troye wonder great estate.
And in his workes discrete and tempozate.
And had a fame of passyng eloquence,
Wise of counsayle and of great sapyence.
Most renōmed also of lecture,
Delyting muche in bokes and scripture.
And euer glad both of porte and cheare,
Sterne of his loke with persyng eyen cleare.
And amonge all dwellyng in the towne,
To speake of goodes and possessyowne,
Of castelles and Toures great plentye,
I finde sothly that none in that Citye,
Ne might attayne vnto his rychesse.
And had also for al his worthynesse,
Of golde and Jewell passyng great treasor.
¶And his felowe that hyght dañ Anthenor,
Was slender longe and of great dalyaūce.
And circumspect in all his gouernaance.
Welbeloued also of Priamus,
And of wordes wonder coppous.
Resowning ay into myrth and playe.
And he was bourdyng all the long daye.
Amonges his feres and in companye,
So dyrely that no mā might espye.
So sobre he was in his countenaunce.
That euery wight had great plesaunce,
To heare him talke whan that he was glad.
And albeit that he of porte was sad,
Yet all his speche ful of bourdes was,
¶And his son called Pollidamas,
Was like his father of stature and of make.
Ythewed well that there was no lacke,
In his persone gentill and right trewe,
Wonder stronge and pale also of hewe.
And to yre stered sodaynly.
Albe in wordes he kept couertly,
But all his heate passe would anone.
¶And to tell of king Mercone,
Large brested and of his makyng all,
The best compacte & the most tall,

Of shape and fourme that men coulde fynde,
And eke so well perfourmed vp by kynde,
That none was lyke to hym nye ne ferre.
His lockes yelow and crispyng was his heare.
Styll of his porte and gentill with to playe,
And inly stronge maistryes to assaye.
Wonder curteyse to no wyght rygorous,
And wrought in armes dedes meruaylous.
As in this boke hereafter shalbe sene.
¶Nowe after him Hecuba the quene,
Lyke the story my style I must enclyne.
Whose lymmes all rather dyd declyne.
To shappe of man than to womanhead,
As sayth Guydo. but in worke and dede,
She was in soth the most womanly,
The beste aduysed and most prudently,
In her dedes coulde her selfe gouerne,
That mans wyt myght in no wise discerne,
To fynde a better doubtles than was she.
So trewe example of femynyte.
She was in sothe and to euery wyghte,
Benynge of porte and gracious of syghte.
To pore also pyteous and mercyable,
And vnto nedy wonder cherytable.
The wife of Hector her doughter eke in law
After her lore semed muche to drawe,
Andromecha the faythfull trewe wyfe.
So good, so iust, the whiche in all her lyfe,
In honeste dyd aye her most delyte.
Longe of her shap with brestes fayre & white.
With ruddy chekes ennewed by measure.
With persynge eyen of angelyke fygure.
Leke golde her tresses and rosen lyppes red,
Ylyche freshe, of colour nothyng dead.
Therto she was of chere the goodlyest,
To riche and pore and spake alwaye the best,
Of euery one aye helpyng that she might,
That no man heauy went out of her syght,
And ouer this euery gentylman,
She further wolde in all that euer she can.
And gladly euer dyd her dylygence,
To get grace to them that dyd offence.
This was her vsage and condicion,
She was so fylled of compassyon.
That women all myght of her lere.
¶And Cassandra her owne doughter dere,
Was of stature wonder womanly.
Of colour whyte and therwith ryght semely.
Saue in her face in sondry places were,
Many wertes growyng here and there.
And all her ioye and felycytee,
Was to kepen her virginite.
In frecke that women haue of kynde,
Through vertue moral she put out of minde.
And of all foly fleynge occasyon,
So aye in study and contemplacyon,
Of sondry bookes she wolde her occuppye.
But most of all to knowe Astronomye.
¶Of prophecye a spyryt also had she,
And some men saye she was one of three,
Of thilke women that Cebyle bare the name.
Of whom ỹ renowne floureth and the fame,
Unto this daye and is as yet full grene.
¶And to tell of younge Polycene,
And to descrypue her beautie vp and downe,
It were in soth a foule presumpciowne,
To take on me now so great a thynge,
To clymbe so hye it passeth my connyng.
Syth nature hath in forgynge of this mayde
Her connyng all vtterly assayed.
To make her fayre aboue eche creature.
¶And sayd proudely se how I nature,
Whan that my lyste enbellyshe can my worke.
Lyke as Phebus amonge the cloudes derke,
Is passyng clere so in comparyson,
I can my worke and operacion,
Right as me lyste adourne and make fayre.
So painte and flourysche it shall not appayre.
And my colours so craftely dispose,
Of the lylye and of the freshe rose,
And so ennewe them ỹ they shall not fade.
But aye be one and in this wise I made,
My dere doughter as ye know whō I mene.
The yonge freshe and fayre Polycene.
Askaunse that none can this crafte but I,
This in her worke bosted vtterly,
Nature her selfe whan she this may wrought.
As she that fully in her herte thought,
Aboue all other to maken her excell.
And of beautie to be the very well.
And therwithall in shap nor in stature,
Ne was no lacke I dare you well assure.
And god aboue gaue her soueraintee,
In all thewes and wolde she shulde be,
Crop and roote named of womanhead,
With fulsomnesse of all goodlihead.
So passyngly that it were ydelnesse,
Me to presume in wordes to expresse,

Her

Her beaute all it were a vayne trauayle.
For wel I wote mine englishe would fayle.
In such matter to talke felingely,
Who euer can it certayne it am not I.
Therfore I passe and streight now wil I go,
To my matter for Dares of no mo,
In all his booke maketh menciowne,
Of theim of grece nor of Troye towne.
In special he put no mo in minde,
Than ye haue herde saue as ye shal finde,
In this storye whan it cometh therto,
Of theyr knighthod & who that best hath do,
Lasting the siege the maner euerydell,
And ryght anone to sharpe my poyntell,
I wil me dresse this storye to entreate,
Of all the werre and to tellen you the great.

The time nigheth after this as yore,
The breme wynter with his trost hore,
Gan to aswage of his bitter colde.
Whan Apollo passed was the holde,
Of the sygne that we call Aquarye.
And in the fyshe fer in Februarye,
Yronne was toward the Ariete.
And that season with his feynte heate,
On hylles high gan his beames smyte.
Makyng the snowe with fayre flakes white,
Into water kyndely to relente.
Whych from aboue to the valey wente.
That nere floudes of the sodayne thowe,
The grene mede gan to ouerflowe.
And the yse gan stoundmele destyll,
Downe fro the hight the brokes for to fyll.
With fomy streames of the wawes smale,
By broke bankes as they did auale.
When lusty Uere with his yonge grene,
Yrecomforted by the sonne shene,
Which lytel and litel his hewes styl amēdeth,
Aye in his sphere as Titan vp ascendeth.
Whan Marche approcheth & braūches ouer (all,
Gan blowe out and Equinoctiall,
Of Uere is halowed the season amerous,
Whan the Grekes proude and couragious
With hole the floure of the chiualrye,
Assembled were and hooly theyr nauye.
In the hauen that was most of fame,
And of Athenes that tyme bare the name,
Ygathered was by assent echone,
Towadre Troye to sayle and to gone,
So great a nomber that sith the world begā,
Is remembred of no maner man.
That togyther in one companye,
Was met yfeare so passyng a nauye.
Of manly men who so lyst take hede,
In this storye as ye shall after rede.
And by and by to make descripcion.
¶ Mine auctour telleth howe Agamemnon,
The worthi king an hondred shipp brought,
With worthy knightes stuffed as thē ought.
¶ And Menelay on whom lay most ẏ charge
Hath w̄ him brought syxty shippes large.
Out of his land that called is Sperten.
¶ And from Boece ful of manly men,
Came fifty shippes ẏ story telleth thus,
With Prothenor and with Achelaus.
¶ And from the land called Sithemenye,
Came syxty shippes in the companye,
Of the Duke that hyght Achalaphus,
With whō was eke freshe and desyrous,
Helmyus the Erle the worthy knyght.
¶ And fyfty shippes enarmed for to fyght,
With him brought the kyng Epistrophus.
Onely with helpe of king Thedius.
¶ And Thelamon whom Ayax men call,
Ful renowmed for to reken all,
Hath fifty shippes brought to his Journey.
From Salerne his royall chefe Citye.
With Earles Dukes & many worthy knight,
Eueryche of theim in stele armed bryght.
¶ And Duke Tenter with Amphiacus,
Earle Daryon and noble Theseus.
This ylke foure full worthy of renowne,
In this voyage came with Thelamowne.
¶ And olde Nestor cruel of hert & thought,
Out of Pylon hath fyfty shippes brought.
¶ The kinge of Dyames ẏ full worthy was,
And eke the kinge that hight also Thoas.
Brought with theim in theyr companye,
An hundred shippes knightlye for to guye.
¶ And Thelamou ycalled Pyleus,
That was in armes fell and despytous,
With him brought from his lande so ferre,
Sixe and thyrty shippes for the werre.
¶ Amphymacus and kinge Polibete,
Thyrty shippes brought to the flete.
From Calcedoyne and Mereō the kinge,
With Ydameus had in theyr ledinge,
Foure score shippes with theym out of Crete.

And

¶And Ulixes with the grekes dyd mete.
With fyfty shyppes stuffed out of Trace.
Towardes Troye proudly for to pace.
¶Duke Melleus full of manly men,
Brought eke with hym great shyppes ten.
And moreouer the duke Prothecatus.
¶And the duke named Protheselaus,
To the hauen that called was Athene,
Brought fyfty shypp; enarmed bright & shene
From Phylyarcha the stronge myghtye yle.
¶And Machaon as Guydo doth compyle,
With his brother Polydus also,
From their countrey Tryciomyco,
Brought two and twenty shippes as I finde.
¶And from Phyces as it is had in mynde,
With Achilles came fyfty full by numbre.
¶And from Rhodon Troyans to encombre,
Came twenty shyppes w̄ kyng Thelapolus.
¶And with the duke that hyght Antipus,
Out of the lande that Hesyda men call,
Of whiche the folke be nyghe cherles all.
With sayle crossed agayne the bryght heauen,
In numbre came shyppes eke elleuen.
And with them was of name full famous,
The worthy duke called Amphymacus.
¶And Polibethes the stronge myghty kyng,
Fyfty shyppes brought at his cōmynge,
Out of Richa the noble regiowne.
And with this kyng full worthy of renowne,
Was Latnisus the duke eke as I rede.
¶And as I fynde the noble Diomede,
Of shyppes great I saye no small barge,
Hath w̄ him brought fro Calidonye & Arge,
Fourescore in numbre sothly this no tale.
¶And Thelemus and myghty Euryale,
Two manly men and in armes sage,
With Dyomede came in this voyage.
¶And Polyphebus brought shippes seuen.
And Phyneus the hardy kynge enleuen.
¶And Prothoylus as I can specifye,
Brought fyfty shyppes vnto this naupe.
Fro Demenesa the myghtye regyon.
¶And Carpenor as made is mencion,
Brought fyfty eke from Capadye his coūtrey
A great prouynce of whiche king was he.
¶Tricorius of Beysa lorde and kynge,
Brought two and twenty eke in his cōmyng.
And fynally if I shall not lye,
Full many shyppe was in this naupe.

Mo than Guydo maketh rehersayle,
Towarde Troye with grekes for to sayle.
For as Homer in his discrypcion,
Of grekes shyppes maketh mencion,
Shortly affyrmyng ỹ man was neuer borne,
That such a nombre of shippes sawe tofore.
Countyng the shyppes that Palamydes,
Brought with him their nombre to encrease.
That whan these lordes aforsayd euerychone
Kynges, dukes, and erles all in one,
Assembled were without any wene.
Afore the hauen that called is Athene.

THe famous kynge great Agamenowne,
So wyse, so worthy, & of so hye renown,
As he that was Prynce and gouernour,
Of grekes hoost anone dyd his labour,
His busy cure and waker dylygence,
By hyghe aduyse and inwarde prouydence,
To deliberate wisely in this nede,
What were to do or that he procede,
In this matter. castyng vp and downe,
And reuoluynge of hygh discreciowne,
That he may so begyn that the ende,
Conclude well that wylfulnesse ne shende,
Holy their purpose through no rakelnesse.
Ne through none haste without auysenesse.
So that they may afore so wysely see,
That fynally they in felicitye,
Accomplysshe may their purpose in certayne.
¶And so this king vpon a large playne,
Out of the Citie lyttle from the stronde,
With his lordes wyll for nothyng wonde.
To haue counsaile this wyse Agamenon,
Makyng anone a conuocacyon,
Of suche as were more great inspeciall.
He syttyng fyrste in his see royall,
And his lordes euerych in his see,
Lyke as they were of hye or lowe degree.
And all Tumulte stynted and scylence,
Was through ỹ prese to gyue hym audyence,
Whan he anone in full sobre wyse,
Began his tale as I shall deuyse.

SYres quod he I praye you taketh hede,
That be so noble and so renowmede.
Both of wysedome and of worthinesse,
Of manhode eke and of hyghe prowesse.
That of knyghthode the reporte & the fame,

Through

Thrughout ẏ world reboūdeth to your name.
For doubtlesse the floure of chyualrye,
Men may now fynde in this companye.
For who sawe euer of manly men yfeare,
Together met as there be now here.
So younge, so freshe, couragyous also,
So well besene for to haue a do.
Or so lykely syth the worlde began,
Without raskayle so many knyghtly man.
Of kynges, dukes, and many an other lorde,
As be now here of wyll and one accorde.
And of one herte assembled in this place.
That yf fortune and goddes of their grace,
Be not behynde our Journey to repreue,
We may not fayle our purpose to achyeue.
For I deme hym playnly in arage,
Or worse than wood that durste this voyage,
In any wyse perturbe or presume,
To take agayne vs outher to assume,
By myght on hym of malys to exscyte,
Our worthynesse were it neuer solyte,
Us to prouoke to Ire or do offence.
That we ne shulde by mortall recompence,
Aquyte his mede as it lyeth in our myght.
In this assemble of many worthy knyght,
Amonges whiche an hundred and yet mo,
I coulde chese able for to go,
By manly force and knyghtly suffysaunce,
To take on hym for to do vengeaunce,
Upon Troyans by hym selfe alone.
For whyche that we be gathred echone,
That with his men were suffycient,
To execute the summe of his entent.
And it accomblyshe in felicitee,
The cause I meane for whiche that all we,
Assembled ben together hye and lowe.
¶ And also this to you is not vnknowe,
Howe shamefully Troyans haue vs greued.
Prouoked vs and wylfully ymeued,
To ryse agayne them to haue recure of right,
Of wronges done with all our force & myght.
Wherfore let vs by one assent and wyll,
Sette to haue as it is ryght and skyll.
Redresse to fynde of that we nowe complaine,
And of one harte do our busy peyne,
Upon Troyans a werre for to make.
And I suppose we shall them so awake,
That they shall lerne or we thense wende,
To remembre to the worldes ende,
How they hereafter shall dare take an hande,
For to presume in grece more to lande.
Or to be bolde while they haue lyfe or space,
Agayne grekes more to trespace.
For whose offence as who sayth do but late,
Within our herte the deadly brennyng hate,
The feruent hete and the gredy yre,
Fro day to day so setteth vs a fyre.
That it reneweth the constreynt of our peine,
So inwardely that yf I shall not fayne,
We must of reason of so hygh greuaunce,
Our selfe enforce for to do vengeaunce.
As ryght requereth and our iuste sorowe,
Compelleth vs both at eue and morowe,
On Troyans our harmes to bewreke.
And for to stoppe the tounges that so speake,
To our reprefe and to our villanye,
We must attones shapen remedye.
That our foen henseforth may haue drede,
For to do worse to vs as god forbed.
In tyme commynge yf through our pacience,
We lykely suffer their importable offence,
To passe forth and take of it no hede.
Syth neuer yet of Grekes coulde I reade,
That any man dyd reprefe to their name.
That iustly might rebounde to their shame.
Withouten this that they it quyte agayne,
Thrugh their manhode so openly & playne,
That no man myght of them seyne ere this,
In any wyse or reporte amysse.
¶ Ne we shall not dyssymule in this case,
With chere oppressed nor with dredfull face,
To let slyde or lyghtly ouer go,
The great offences that were so late ydo,
Which might happly tourne to vs and oures,
A great reprefe and to our successours.
In tune comming and shamfully bespoke,
How that grekes durste not be a worke,
Upon their foon the whiche may not be.
I you ensure sythe that all we,
Be of one wyll to refourme our wronge,
And therwithall so mighty and so stronge.
That who is he that coulde in brede & length,
A ryght reherse our power and our strength.
Or who durste euer our worthynesse assayle,
That he ne shulde withouten any fayle,
Repente in herte or at the ende rewe.
Saue Troyans this other daye of newe,
Of wylfulnesse in a foly rage,

Into

Into our lande made a voyage,
Unware of vs & with their pray home wente,
The whiche they shall full hastely repente.
For their trespace and great offencyowne.
¶ For all the worlde knoweth vp and downe,
But late a gone how grekes but a fewe,
Upon Troyans their power dyd shewe.
And slewe their kyng called Lamedowne,
Father to Pryam now kyng of that towne.
And cleane forbyd both toures and Citye,
And slewe vp all the commynaltye.
From grekes sworde whom ỹ them list spare,
Those amonges vs in seruitude and care,
Compleme their harme ỹ may not be recured
Than how may they stande full assured,
Agayne vs all to holde chaunpartye.
That haue so worthy in our compaunye.
For it is lykely a thousande to acheue,
That foure or fyue so lyghtly myght preue.
And yet one thynge affyrme well I dare,
Of our cummyng Troyans are well ware.
And do their labour and their diligence,
Agaynst vs to maken resystence.
With al their myght I knowe it out of doute.
And gather frendes in countreys all about,
To helpe them & strength them in their nede.
Us to withstande if so they may spede.
¶ But fynally one thynge I counsayle,
From this hauen or we ferther sayle,
That we may be the more fortunate,
Of one assent to make ambassyat,
And prudently or we further wende,
Into Delos in all haste we sende.
Whiche is an yle a little here besyde,
More discretely our iourney to prouyde.
That we may haue the better hap and grace,
Of Apollo Patron of this place.
To haue of him if that we maye speade,
Fynall answere in this great nede.
Of our exployet how that it shall fall,
If it be so ye wyll assenten all.
To this counsayle the most and eke the leste.
¶ And they echone thought for the best,
To condescende to this conclusyon:
Without any contradiction.
And all attones without any drede,
To preyse his counseyle and his wise rede,
And therupon distretly as they ought,
As sayth this story euen thus they wrought.

¶ How Achilles and Patroclus were sent to Delos to receiue answere of god Apollo, how they shuld spede ayenst ỹ Troyans. Cap. xvii.

After the tyme that Agamenon,
Concluded had fully his reason,
As ye haue herde and his sentence syned,
The grekes be of herte full enclyned,
And with one voyce accorded plainly thus,
That Achilles and also Patroclus.
For comon profyt syth they were sage.
Shall take on them ỹ charge of this message,
To Appollo for answere for to gone.
And to shyppe they them in haste anone.
And sayle forth by the large sea,
Towarde Delos and in prosperitee,
They be aryued and ycome to lande.
The whiche yle as I vnderstande,
And as myne auctor sayth without les,
Hath his scyte amonges the Cyclades,
Where men with rockes haue so muche a do,
Amyd the see called Helespontico.
Of whyche yle to make descrypcion,
I must awhyle make disgressyon,
Fro my matter as myne auctour doth,
For in this yle Isodorus in soth,
Reherseth playnly how Latona the quene,
Appollo fyrst and Dyane the shene,
Ychilded hath by Jubyter her lorde.
Whan he and Juno were at suche discorde,
As wyde Ouyde for a lyttell whyle,
And so befell that in this lyttell yle,
There was a temple whylom dedicate,
Unto Appollo and also consecrate,
In his worshyp of olde foundacion.
That was honoured by great deuocion.
Bycause Appollo with his beames cleare,
After the floud fyrst there dyd appere.
To shewe his hornes rather there and soone.
And eke Dyane that called is the moone,
Of whiche shewyng this yle bereth the name,
Into this day that is of so great fame.
Onely be apperyng of this ylke twayne,
For Delos is in greke no more to sayne,
Than a shewyng or an apparence.
And thus began the great reuerence,
To Appollo fyrst and the honor eke,
To hym ydone of so many greke.
And to his syster that called is Dyane,

The

The pale moone that can so wane and wane.
And called is of Paynems a goddesse,
That whylom was in wod an huntaresse.
And this lady with the sonne her brother,
Of this yle hath lordshyp and none other.
Only for they at their natiuitie,
Shewed their lyght fyrst in that countrey.
The whyche yle grekes also calle,
Ortygya in their language all.
Bycause Curlewes were there fyrste yseyne,
For Otygyas is no more to seyne,
Than a Curlewe in Grewe I vnderstande,
For they were fyrst ingendred in that lande.
¶And Appollo is called eke Tytan,
That in his tyme so moche worshyp wan.
Longe afore or he was made a sterre,
With Jubiter whan that he helde werre,
And he also ycalled is Phebus,
And of some ynamed is Phyteus,
For of Phyton he had the victorye.
When he hym slewe to his great glorye.
The great serpent here in erthe alowe,
With his arowes and his mighty bowe.
Of whiche conqueste the great god Cupyde,
Hadde enuye and euen through the syde,
He wounded hym depe to the herte.
With ỹ arowe of gold ỹ made him sore smerte.
And of Phyton that Phebus made thus fine
Came Phetonysses that can so deuyne,
I meane women that be deuyneresses:
Through dead men these false sorceresses.
As one whylom reysed Samuel,
For loue of Saule the byble can you tell.
And in his temple large longe and olde,
There was a statue all of pured golde.
Full great and hyghe and of huge weyght,
And therin was through the deuylles sleyght
I spyryte vnclene by false illusyon,
That gaue answere to euery questyon.
Not the ydoll dombe as stocke or stone,
And thus the people deceyued euerychone,
Were by the fende brought in great errour.
To do worshyppe and suche false honour,
With sacrifyce and cursed mawmentrye.
And in this wyse began ydolatrye.
As in this place to telle I me caste.
And eke how longe it abode and syth laste,
Compendiously I purpose to descrye,
Gynnyng and ende as ye shall here blyue.
Without any ambyguyte,
For at the byrth and natiuite,
Of chryste Jhesu his incarnacionne,
All the ydolles braste & fell adowne.
And vanysshed and were brought to nought,
Whan Herodes the blessfull chylde sought,
Through his malis and cruelte horryble,
As holy wryte recordeth and the byble.
For whiche pursute and persecucion,
There dyd appere tho by auisyon,
An holly aungell to Joseph as he slepe,
And bad hym ryse and also take kepe,
Unto the chylde and also to Marye,
And go his waye or Herode hym aspye.
Into Egypt the great regyon.
Lyke as the gospell maketh mencyon.
And ryght anone as he came to that lande,
There was none ydol ỹ vpright might stand.
But to shyuered vnto pieces small,
This holy wrytte plainly and no tale.
And was recorded fyrst of Esaye,
How that our lorde on an easy skaye,
Ascende shulde and holde forthe his weye.
Towarde Egipt and therwithall shuld deye,
All mawmentrye and no longer dwell.
¶But as the Jewes recorde of Jsmael,
That he was fyrst ỹ mawmentrye hath fond,
And made of claye an ydoll with his honde.
¶And as Paynems write and tellen vs,
That alder fyrst as Prometheus,
That founde ydolles shortly to conclude.
For symulacrum cometh of symylytude.
That is nothyng playnly but lykenesse.
Made after man his ymage to expresse.
Unto whiche paynems in their guyse,
With false honour and cursed sacrifyse,
Begon fyrst this ryte for drede of man.
And some saye how Belus fyrst began,
Suche false worshyp and such mawmentrye.
In their bokes as clerkes specifye.
¶That of Assiry was lord and gouernour.
After whose deth his sonne is in honour.
¶That Ninus hyght an ymage did dormake
To be worshypped only for his sake.
All of brent golde by false effection,
And sette it vp for consolacion,
And for amynde and a memoryall,
Unto the whiche with herte wyll and all,
Of ignorannce and of flechely loue,

He dyd honour as to god aboue.
In his temples most of excellence.
And made his people to do reuerence,
And sayde in heauen he mas deyed.
That of no man it durste be denyed.
Tyll after soone but a lyttell whyle,
A wycked spyryte folkes to begyle,
In this ydoll entred to abyde,
And gaue answere vpon euery syde,
To the people of what them lyst demaunde.
And they agayne what he wyll cõmaunde,
Obey fully the folke of all Assyre.
Whiche vnto god did great iniurye.
Makyng the people in suche errour fall,
And some Belus, and some Bell him call.
And some Balym, and some Belphegore,
And felle in errour alway more and more.
And Belzebub he named was also.
Whiche name is made of these wordes two,
Of Bel, and zebub, that thus synguyfye,
For Bell is God, and zebub is a flye,
Than Belzebub togyther specyfyes,
Joyned in one the great god of flyes.
And of this fayned falle ydolatrye,
Gan all the worlde worshyp mawmentrye.
¶For some Saturne god of goddes all,
Gan in their errour falsely for to call.
That whylom was the myghty king of Crete
And gaue hym name after the planete,
That in heauen hath so large a sphere.
And as Poetes in their fables lere,
That he before thzough his sapyence,
Sawe in his diuine prouydence,
Howe a sonne shulde of hym descende.
¶And of Juno the goddes as he wende,
That shuld him plainly fro his reigne expell,
And suffer hym no lenger for to dwell,
In his kyngdome whan he came to age.
Wherof Saturne fyll in suche rage,
That he wyll shape remedye therfore,
Byddyng his wyfe when ỹ childe were bore,
That she to hym shulde it bryngе anone.
In stede wherof to him she brought a stone.
To saue her childe she dyd her busynesse,
And this Saturne thzough his gredinesse,
The stone deuoureth in his melancolye.
And this Saturne but if bookes lye,
Had sonnes thre a doughter and no mo.
¶Jubiter, Neptunus, and Pluto,
But Jubiter greatest was of name,
Moste renowmed and worthyest of fame.
Amonge Paynems as it is verifyed.
For they so hyghe haue hym magnifyed,
That they hym call god of fyre and eyre,
Next to Saturne borne for to be heyre.
¶And next to hym in bookes as I rede,
Is god of batayle myghty Mars the rede.
¶And next Appollo so clere shene and bzight
The dayes eye and boyder of the nyght,
Cherisher of fruite, herbe, floure, and corne,
The whiche godlyke as is sayd tofore,
In Delos is worshypped and honoured.
¶And after Uenus that often hath socoured
Many louer the fayre lusty queue,
And them aledge of their woundes grene,
That fyrste was hurte with her fyrye bzonde,
As she that is goddesse of many lande.
And all the worlde hath in her demeyne,
Fast enbzaced in her fyry cheyne.
I meane the lady that called is Uenus.
¶And next in ordre is Mercurius.
That in speche hath most excellence,
Of rethorike and sugred eloquence.
Of musyke songe and of Hermonye,
He hath lordshyp and hole the regalye.
¶Next the Moone that were can and wane.
Called Lucyna and also eke Dyane,
That in Delos hath her mancyon,
Lyke as tofore is maked mencyon,
Now full of myght now horned pale is she,
Lady of chaunge and mutabilitie.
That selde in one halte her any tyme.
And so fare they that be borne in her clyme,
That aye delyte in thynges that be newe,
Whose herte is cladde in many sondry hewe.
So they be diuers in their affections,
And in this wyse in sondry regyons,
Of mawmentrye is the benym ronne,
Lyke as clerkes well deuyse konne.
¶For as I fynde of the Mauryens,
They worshyp Jubam and Egyptiens,
¶Honour ylis after their connyng.
Whylom doughter of Inachus the kynge.
That taught thẽ first their lond to ere & sowe.
And also letters for to reade and knowe,
And in lecture to sette their busynesse,
For whiche thyng they call her a goddesse.
¶And Jubyter honoured is in Crete.

Where

Where he whylom helde his souerayne seate.
And on theim layde many dyuers charge,
With Egles beaten in his baner large.
And he was lorde of eyre land and see,
His royall kyngdome deuiding into three.
¶ In the highest him selfe doth contune,
¶ And hoole the sea he gaue vnto Neptune,
And last the earth to holde his sea royall,
¶ He gaue to Pluto that god is infernall.
And alder last whan he was stellyfyed,
This Jubiter was most magnyfyed,
Of theim of Crete aboute ouer all.
To whom they made for a memorypall,
A large tombe and statue high alofte,
And him honoured in theyr rites ofte.
With encens and with other sacrifyse.
And of this matter ferther to deuyse,
The latines wyth theyr busy diligence,
In theyr rytes didden reuerence,
To the goddes yf it be credyble,
Ycalled Fawny that be inuisyble.
And haue their dwelling in the wodes grene.
Albe that men theyr fygure may not sene.
¶ And of the Romaynes further to deuyne,
They most i honour haue their god Quirine.
The whych whylom as bokes tellen vs.
Amonges theim was called Romulus.
That bylte fyrst the walles of the towne,
And from an herde he came to such renowne.
Through his manhod and his worthinesse.
The spere of whom as bokes sayne expresse,
As he the heade pytched in the grounde,
Jt gan anone lyke as it is founde,
To flourysche floure and budde by myracle,
And of nature had none obstacle,
To ware grene with freshe blomes newe.
And for the manhode that men in him knew.
For his knyghthod and his worthye fame,
The worthy knightz of Rome bare ŷ name,
After him and were Quirites called.
High in heauen whan that he was stalled,
Amonge the goddes and ydeyfied,
And thus Romaynes haue him glorified,
As for their god with golde & great expenses.
¶ And as J reade the Athenienses,
Of hoole herte chosen haue to serue,
The goddesse great that called is Minerue,
And Pallas eke with her cristall shelde,
That with Neptunus euen amyd the felde,
Helde champartye wyth women on her syde.
And he with men full surquedous in pryde.
Defendeth him for gyuing of the name,
To Athenes a Cytye most of fame.
That is to sayne whether he or she,
Shulde of ryght gyue name to the Citye.
Tyll it befell as they gan to strine,
Sodeynly there sprange a fayre Olyue,
For Pallas parte grene & fayre blossominge,
On the other syde a well gan to sprynge,
For him Pluto with water large and depe.
Of whych thinge Apollo toke good kepe,
Whych in his dome was not reckles,
And for the Olyue tokeneth loue and pease,
Water trouble conteck werre and stryfe,
He gaue sentence anone diffynitife,
How Pallas should that called is Minerue,
The palme plainly of this strine discerue.
And she anone gaue name to the towne,
And called it by hygh discrecyowne,
Athenes the whych in specyall,
Js to sayne a Citie immortall.
For wysedome first there began to floure,
And for this skyll this Citye did honoure,
Mighty Pallas goddesse of science,
And her aye most had in reuerence.
¶ And they of Pauye in all their region,
Worshyp most the quene of Citheron,
J meane Uenus ful of doubilnesse,
Of whom afore somwhat J did expresse.
And in her temple there full solemplye,
They set her highest and most rychly,
With gold and asure her statue they do paint,
And other colours that may neuer fayne.
And set her vp in the highest see,
Of all the temple that all men may se.
And she stant naked in a wawy see,
Enuyron her with goddesses thre,
That be assygned with busy attendaunce,
To wayte on her and do her obseruaunce.
And floures freshe blewe, rede, and whyte,
Be her aboute the more for to delyte.
And on her heade she hath a chaplet,
Of roses rede ful pleasantly yset.
And from the heade downe vnto her foote,
With sondry gommes & oyntementes soote,
She is ennoynte sweter for to smell.
And all alofte as these Poetes tell,
By dowues whyte fleing and eke sparowes,

And her besyde Cupyde with his arowes.
Her blynde sone for to hurt and dere,
And loseth ofte and smyte he wote not where.
As he must nedes bycause he is blynde,
And thus honoured and had moste in mynde,
Amonge this people is Venus the goddesse.
¶And Naxyens do theyr businesse,
To serue Bachus the myghty god of wyne,
Whose lycour is most precious and fine,
To recomforte hertes and to make glade,
And to refreshe hewes that be fade,
In faces pale and maketh wyttes sharpe,
Loseth tunges & make theym loude to carpe,
And causeth theim to walke at lybertee,
And to discure thynges that be secree.
Without aduyse or discrescion,
For where as wyne hath domynacion,
No secretnesse may be kept in mewe.
And some of them that Bachus serue & sewe,
Amonge to him haue such deuocion,
That they some while voyde of all reason,
Hasty and wood and without all dreade,
And some also so toty in theyr heade,
That they are voyde of power and of myght,
And haue no foote for to stande vpryght.
And yet they be as Jargaunt as a pye.
Right pale cheared with a glasye eye.
Full of reason til his winde be spent,
For or woman that is vynolent,
Is veryly a beast vnreasonable.
And to my dome I holde theim eke vnable,
To be accepted in any companye.
Whan that theyr tunge wadeth on the lye.
That they ne may bryng forth a worde.
¶And thus Bachus the strōg & mighty lord,
Ful oft causeth folkes for to erre,
For to debate and to maken werre.
Of hastynesse where as is no nede,
Wherfore it is wysedome that men drede.
His sleyghty workyng or they fall in snare,
And feble braines by measure for to spare.
Or they vnwarely arested be and take,
And or Bachus make theim for to shake.
In a feuer worse than tercyen,
If it of custome be cotydyen.
Alterat with Bachus myghty Jous.
And affered of tourning of the hous.
And fordreynt on the drye lande,
When he hath lost the vse of foote & hande,
And with a strawe playeth lyke an ape,
And deuoutly ginneth for to gape,
And noddeth oft wyth his Jowsy heade,
As he had on an heauy cappe of leade.
And who that be of this condicion,
He entre maye the relegyon,
Of myghty Bachus for habylite,
The whych lorde hath the souereynte,
Both of hony and of mylke therto.
And of bawme that is so ryche also.
And lordshyp hath of high power diuine,
Both of grapes and of euery vyne.
Theim to nourysche through his influence.
Of whom the honour and the reuerence,
Is reysed most as I vnderstande,
Amonges vynters in euery maner lande.
Bycause he is to theim so gracious.
¶And they of Lemnos worshyp Vulcanus,
The god of fyre Jubyter his smythe,
The whych forgeth on his blacke stythe,
The great thonder hydous and horryble.
And the leuens that whylom be visible,
Into the west out of the Oryent.
And gasteth vs with his dredful dent.
The smotry smyth this swarte Vulcanus,
That whylom in herte was so Jalous,
Toward Venus that was his wedded wife,
Wherof there rose a deadly mortall strife,
Whan he with Mars gan her first espye,
Of hygh malyce and cruell false enuye.
Through ẏ shining of Phebus bemes bright,
Lying abed with Mars her owne knight.
For which in herte he brent as any glede,
Making the slaundre all abrode to sprede.
And gan theron falsly for to muse,
And god forbede that any man accuse,
For so lytell any woman euer.
Where loue is set hard is to disseuer.
For though they do such thing of gentilnesse,
Passe ouer lyghtly and beare none heuinesse,
Lest that thou be to women odius.
And yet this smythe this false Vulcanus,
Albe that he had theim thus espyed,
Amonge Paynems yet was he defyed.
And for that he so falsly theim awoke,
I haue him set last of all my boke.
Amonge the goddes of false mawmentrye,
And in this wyse gan ydolatrye,
As ye haue herde through oppynyons,

Of

Of people erryng in theyr affections.
That all is false who the trouthe serche.
For by teaching of all holy churche.
By holy doctryne and tradicions,
We shal despyse such oppynyons.
Whych of the fende were founde not of late.
For whan aungelles in heauen were create.
He that of all had the prelacye.
Of whom the prophete called Esaye,
Wryteth rycht thus how the Cedres grene,
Of Paradyse were not so fayre to sene,
Planys nor fyrre in heycht soth to sayne,
To his highnes might not attayne,
Nor all the trees so delycious,
Of Paradyse were not so precious,
Nouther in sight nor in semelinesse.
To be egall to hym as in fayrnesse.
But through his pryde and his surquidrye,
Whan so he sayde to god that syt so hye,
He wyll be lyke and also set his see,
High in the north passyng his degre.
He was cast downe wyth all his legyons,
From the fayre heauenly mansyons,
All sodaynly into the pyt of hel,
Perpetually there for to dwell.
Of whom was sayde whan he fel so ferre,
How fell thou so O thou morowe sterre,
From the middes of the stones brycht,
That be so persyng and fyery of theyr lycht.
That whylom were for thy great brycht nesse,
Called Lucifer of whō Christ sayeth expresse,
In his gospell how he sawe fro heauen,
Sathan descende lyke the fyery leuene.
The olde serpent that is so lowe yfall,
Whom the Hebrues in theyr tunge call,
Behemoth that doth in latin playne expresse,
A beast rude full of cursednesse.
The vile serpent he Leuiathan,
Whom I sydore well descrye can.
Whych of kynde is neuerconuersaunt,
In welles trouble and hath most his haunt,
Amonges waters and in the large sea.
Of whom sayth Dauid like as ye may se,
In his Psalter making mencion,
Of the snake the monstruous Dragon,
Ful of venym and of hard grace,
Whych in the sea large and great of space,
Wyth foule adders hath his mansyon.
Unto mankynde to do illusyon.
Whom whylom sawe the holy monke Brādā
As he sayled forthe by the Occyan,
Thorowe n and deiect in a pyt horryble,
More foule and hydous than it is credible,
There to abide this tortuous serpent.
Unto the daye playnly of Judgement.
That of malyce enuyed so mankynde.
Whych with his ginnes & sleightes as I find,
Came to our fathers first in paradyse.
And to decepue the bet at his deuyse,
More couertly this worme in his passage,
Toke of a serpent the lyknesse and ymage.
That is of cheare of loke and countenaunce,
Lyke a mayde and hath resemblaunce,
Of a woman as recordeth Bede.
In his deceptes rather for to spede.
I meane the face onely and not elles,
For behynde so as clerkes telles,
Lyke a serpent of woinbe backe and tayle.
He was whan he gan him to assaile,
And towarde Eue whan he gan to glyde.
He fyrst enquereth as he her toke aside,
Why god forbad theim eten of the tree,
Whych if they eate sothly they shulden be,
Like to goddes knowing good and yll.
And right forthwith as they gan fulfyll,
The fendes hest theyr eyen were vnclosed,
And for theyr gylt sodaynly deposed,
From Paradyse into wretchednesse,
To lyue in labour sorowe and distresse.
And thus the fende whan that fyrst he toke,
Fourme of a snake and a womans loke,
And made the tunge in her heade to meue,
By false engene mankinde for to greue,
So as he doth in theim that be trauayled,
With wycked spyrytes vexed and assayled,
To meue theyr tunges falsly out to breake,
Into blasphemy what thinge þ they speake.
The same serpent he Leuiathan,
Continuing aye falsely as he gan,
In cursed Idolles doinbe, deafe, and blinde,
Ful oft speaketh by spyrytes as I finde.
Which are but fendes Dauid wryte certayne.
The goddes all whom folkes so in vaine,
Honour with rites superstitious,
As whilom was Apollo Delphicus,
Like as tofore ye haue herd deuise,
Which as for now ought inough suffise.
And as I trowe the very cause why,

That myne auctour reherseth by and by.
Grounde and ginnyng of Idolatrye,
This the cause for ought I can espye.
For that he sawe the matter was not knowe,
Ilyche well both to high and lowe.
Perauenture you to do pleasaunce.
He hath the grounde put in remembraunce,
Of false goddes and of mawmentrye,
And most for theim that can no poesye,

And to ỹ storye resorteth soone agayne,
How Achilles as ye haue herd me saine
And Patroclus haue the waye ynome,
To the temple and thyther be ycome.
To haue aunswere of theyr embassadrye,
Of great Apollo whych may not lye.
Of ỹ pryestes they haue theyr counsaile take,
In the temple to praie and to wake,
Tyll they may finde vnto theyr entente,
To haue aunswere at time conuenient,
To theyr purpose and leysure oportune.
And of one herte so longe they contune,
In praying fastyng and oblacions,
Wyth sacrifise and sundrye orysons,
Tofore the god awayting alwaye fast,
Tyll he to theim answered at last.
With softe voyce and sayde Achilles twye,
Home to Grekes fast that thou the hye,
From whom thou were hyther to me sente.
And saye thē sothly the sūme of their entent,
Shalbe fulfylled withouten wordes mo.
And how that they shall to Troye go,
And there abyde many stronge battayle.
But at the last withouten any fayle,
At ten yeares daye they win shall the towne,
And brynge it playnly to destructiowne,
Wall and toures fall shal to ruyne,
And with al this theyr purpose for to fyne,
Kyng Priamus and Hecuba his wife.
And theyr sones in this mortall stryfe,
Shall there be slayne brother after brother,
This is the fine for it may be none other.
For there shal none escape in the place,
But such as Grekes liketh vnto grace,
Of mery routhe and of mercy take.
This all and some and thus a:: ende I make.

Of which aunswere Achilles glad & light,
Was in his hert and with al his myght,
Thanketh Apollo of his blessfull eire.
And sodeynly of sorte or aduenture,
The selfe tyme befell a wonder thynge,
For out of Troye from Priamus the kynge,
Was sent a bysshop for the same case,
To haue answere and named was Calchas.
And he came in fool without prese,
The same houre whyle that Achilles,
Was there present a man of great scyence.
I meane Calchas had experyence,
Especially of calculacion,
Of sorte also and dyuinacion.
And lerned was in astronomye,
And whan that he his tyme dyd espye,
To haue answere most conuenient,
Of Appollo lyke to his entent,
As heretofore maked is memorye,
He entred is in to the oratorye,
Doyng his rytes and his obseruaunces,
Lyke the custome with the circumstaunces.
And besely gan to knele and praye,
And his thinges deuoutly for to saye.
And to the god crye and call ful stronge,
And for Apollo would not tho prolonge,
Sodayuly his aunswere gan attame.
And sayd Calchas twies by his name.
Be right wel ware thou ne tourne agayne,
To Troye towne for that were but in vayne.
For finally lerne this thinge of me,
In shorte tyme it shall destroyed be.
This is in sothe whych may not be denyed.
Wherfore I wil that thou be alyed,
With the Grekes and with Achilles go.
To theim anone my will is it be so.
For they shall haue as I haue disclosed.
Victorye and honour that may be disposed.
For it is fatall and ne may not varye,
And thou to theim shalt be necessarye,
In counseling and in yeuing rede,
And be right helping to their good spede.
And with that worde rose him vp Calchas,
And to Achilles he went an easy pace.
And whan that he came to his presence,
With great honour & muche reuerence,
He was receiued like to his estate.
And after soone they were confederate,
Swore togyther be bonde and assuraunce,
To be al one withouten varyaunce.
And than in haste they togyther gone.

To

To theyr shippes & shope theym forth anone,
With Patroclus goyng by theyr syde,
They hale vp the anker and no longer byde,
But sayle forthe Calchas and they twayne.
Toward Grece theim nedeth not complaine.
On winde and wawe till they arryued be,
At Athenes that stode vpon the sea,
A large Citye of olde foundacion,
And Achilles to kyng Agamenon,
Hath Calchas brought and also Patroclus,
And whan the Grekes the storye telleth vs,
Assembled were they together went,
Tofore the king and Calchas represent.
To all the lordes and no longer dwell,
And right anone Achilles gan to tell,
Without abode in Delos how they mette,
Tofore Apollo where they aunswer fette.
And how the god hath playnly determyned,
The Grekes purpose how it shal be fyned.
Upon Troians and bad Calchas also,
In no wyse that he to Troye go.
But with Grekes that he abyde styll,
Tyll they theyr purpose fynally fulfyll.
Of whiche thyng the grekes glad of chere,
Calchas accepte with herte full entere.
For one of them confederate by bonde,
To be all one on water and on londe.
Without chaunge or any varyaunce.
The othe is made and put in remembraunce,
And they agayne fully hym assure,
To cherysche hym whyle theyr lyfe may dure,
For weale or wo and so they made an ende,
And after parte and to their lodgyng wende.

TIll on the morne after the sterry nyght,
When Aurora was gladded w the light,
Of Phebus beames the grekes vp aryse,
And to their goddes with many sacrifyce,
They do honour in what they can or may.
And deuoutly holdyng a feast daye,
After their rytes meynt with loue and drede,
In remembraunce of the good spede,
And of the answere ỹ goddes haue them sent.
So agreable vnto their entent.
By Patroclus and by Achilles.
And after this amonges all the prese,
Is Calchas come tofore Agamenon,
All his lordes syttynge enuyron.
Lyke their estates eche in his place dewe,
And humbly gan them all to salewe.
Upon his knees with sobre countenaunce,
And prayed them it be no displesaunce,
To stynte a whyle and gyue hym audyence.
And ryght anone as made was silence,
Amonge them all Calchas gan abrayde,
And euen thus full sobrely he sayd.

OY syres quod he and my lordes dere.
Kynges, Princes, & Dukes that be here,
So noble echone worthy and famous,
And eke so manly and so vertuous.
Whiche in this place be now here present,
Is not the fyne and chiefe of your entent,
And cause also why that ye echone,
Assembled be to Troye for to gone,
With this power and this great strength.
Your purpose is to longe drawe a length,
And differred forth fro day to daye,
To your damage platly this no naye.
For to longe ye soiourne in this yle.
And trow ye not that Priam in this whyle,
Hath his espyes amonge you prynely,
I wote it wele I saye you sayth fully.
To knowe the fyne of your gouernaunce.
And he there whyles may make purueaunce,
Hym to defende whyle ye in ydell reste.
Me semeth sothly ye do not for the beste.
For in abydyng and in suche delayes,
Great harme may fal certayne this no nay is.
I preue it thus for playnly whyle that yee,
To your ennmyes graunte this lybertee,
Them to purney they may with mighty hand
Enforce them your power to withstande.
With their fryendes and their allyaunce,
And at leysour make their ordinaunce.
It is foly that ye so dysferre.
Syth ye be ready for to make a werre.
On your ennemyes with euery circũstraunce,
For nothyng may a quarell so auaunce,
As hasty suite it will the sharper byte.
The Iron hoote tyme is for to smyte.
And not abyde tyll that it be colde.
For it wyl neither plye then nor folde.
Go sette vpon all of one accorde,
And to your shyppe anone within borde.
Enhaste you for tyme is to remewe.
With all your might your quarell to pursue.
Agaynst them that haue to you trespassed,

How many dayes be of somer passed,
And many monthes ronne and ouerslyde,
And Titan oft with his chare hath ryde,
From East to West and in the wawes depe,
His streames bathed whyles that ye a slepe,
And spent your tyme in this place thus.
Whyle that the wynde called zephirus,
Benyngly enspyred hath alofte,
The attempre aier with wether fayre & soft,
The calme sea from wawes styll and playne,
Whyles ye waste your dayes here in vayne.
That when your foon therto taken hede.
They wil suppose that it is for drede,
And be more bolde to set of you but lite.
Truste forsothe for I wyll me quite,
Trewlye to you like as I am bounde.
And thynke how ye haue the goddes founde,
There toward bening and fortunate.
Your honour saued in high and lowe estate.
And so shall forthe if your ingratytude,
Prouoke theim not your purpose to delude.
Wylfully to slouthe your good fortune,
No wonder is though they not contune,
Towardes you for to shewe theyr grace,
Wherfore I reade hense for to pace,
And shapeth you no longer to lye here,
But whyle the wether is so fayre and clere,
And lusty somer abydeth in his hete,
Or wynter come wyth his raynes wete,
And while the season is so freshe and grene,
I speake of herte platly as I mene,
For your ersployt and your alder ease,
Where it so be I angre you or please,
That forth in haste ye to shyppe wende,
I can no more my tale is at an ende.

¶ Howe the Grekes nauye retourning from Athenes were distressed by tempest, and how they toke a castel of ỹ Troians called Saranaba. Ca.xviii.

AND all at ones they be cõdescẽded,
To his aduyse & haue it wel cõmẽded.
And in al haste Agamenon the grete,
The lusty time and the season swete,
Hasting the grekes both the high and lowe,
Made soũde a trumpe & to shipward blowe.
And they echone his bidding did obey,
And to theyr shippes they go the right weye.
Without abode they will no longer dwell,
What shuld I more of the nomber tell.
Of theyr shippes syth ye haue herde afore,
It nedeth not reherse it any more,
I can not se what it might auayle.
But forthe they dresse thẽ and begã to sayle,
And this is sothe playnly and no wene,
So great a nauye was neuer yet sene,
In all this worlde nor together met.
The winde was good ỹ they were not let,
On theyr waye fyrst whan they begon.
But after soone gan the shene son,
The clearnesse chaunge of his bryght face,
And dymme cloudes gan his light enbrace.
And sodaynly in full ougly wise,
The heauen dercke & the wynde gan ryse,
The hydous thunder and leuene clere,
Smote in the mast brygbt as any fyere,
And the blacknes of the smoky reyne,
Blindeth the eyze that nothyng may be sene.
And the wawes gan to ryse alofte,
And in theyr shippes fell nothyng softe.
But plonge adowne and theyr toppes smyte,
That theim thought they wanted but a lyte,
To haue be dead in the selfe stounde.
Tyll Calchas hath by his craft yfounde,
The cause of all and with his ozysons,
With his charmes and incantacions,
Made sodaynly the tempest to appease
And wt his craft done theim right great ease.
For he founde out the cause of euerydele,
How Dyane lyked nothyng wele,
That the grekes dursten take on hande,
To be so bolde to parte from the stronde,
Into the sea in any maner wyse,
And do to her no maner sacrifyce.
Nouther offer tofore or that they gothe,
For which thyng the goddesse is so wroth,
Towarde grekes saylynge on the sea,
That they echone wende haue drowned be.
Tyll at the laste the kyng Agamenon,
Hath by counsayle and information,
Of wyse Calchas made sette vp to londe,
Into an yle and faste his shyppes bonde,
And Aulydes that little yle hyghte.
In whiche he fonde vnware in his syghte,
A lyttle temple and an oratorye,
Founded of olde and made in memory,
Of great Dyane to which anone he wente,

Full

Full deuoutly his offeryngе to present.
And quemed her with his oblacions,
And lay there longe in his orisons.
After the rytes vsed in his lawe.
Tell after he sawe the tempest gan adawe.
But some bokes maken mencion,
Touchyng this thyng that Agamenon,
As Ouyde lyst rehersen in his boke,
How this kyng his owne doughter toke,
Effygenya benynge of face and chere.
And endelonge there vpon the aultere,
This mayde he layde dispoyled of her wede,
Tofore Dyane to maken her blede.
To fyne only that he the heauenly quene,
With bloud that was innocent and clene,
Appease myght and quemen of her rage.
And the goddesse gracious of visage,
Hath mercy meynt with her magnifycence,
To suffer a mayde so full of innocence,
Gyltlesse to be in her temple slawe.
Hath by myracle away her body drawe.
And it conserued from all anoy and smerte,
And in her stede vnwarely caste an herte,
By deth of whom as bokes maken mynde,
Agamenon fyrst gan grace fynde.
In the goddes for to modefye,
Her cruell Ire and cleren gan the skye.
The sea waxe calme and the wether fayre,
And Phebus eke to glade with the eyre,
Gan shewe newe and his beames caste,
In to the sea and the kynge as faste,
Unto shyppe repayred is agayne.
Thrugh helpe of her which is as clerks saine
Lady and quene is of wayes and of passage,
And goddesse is called of voyage.
After the sentence and opynyon,
Of them that worke by calculacion.
And gyn their domes by Astronomy.
And most of all they her magnifye,
In the tenth and the twelfe house.
For there she is they saye moste gracious,
Best fortuned, clere, or in her shade,
If she haue comeforte of aspectes glade.
Of planettes standynge tho as in good state,
I meane suche planettes as be fortunate,
To voyage or iourney for to make.
And such tyme Agamenon hath take,
His happy waye shypped for to be.
And in good houre he taken hath the sea,
With the grekes the wether agreable,
And Eolus hath maked acceptable,
Wynde and eyre hoole at their wyll.
Nouther to loude playnely nor to styll.
But in a meane so mery made it blowe,
That they attayne as in a lyttell throwe,
To certayne boundes of Troye the Citie.
Unto a castell that stode vpon the sea,
Right wonder strong though it were but lite,
The name of whiche thoughe Dares liste not wryte.
I meane Dares called Frygius,
Yet other auctours reherse sothly thus,
Saranaba that it was ycalled.
Rounde aboute diched and well walled.
With hyghe toures rounde square and wide,
Where vnder went the sea and fast besyde,
Was an hauen able for ryuayle,
At whiche playnely the grekes wyl not fayle,
With their power myghtely to aryue.
Maugre all tho that there agayne stryue.
They might well for it was not denied,
Only except that they were espyed,
Of them alone that in the castell dwell,
The whiche anone as they herde tell,
Of their commynge proudely in the berde,
With them to mete were nothyng aferde.
But issue out downe vnto the stronde,
In purpose onely to lette them to londe,
With all their might if it wolde auayle,
But the grekes so proudely them assayle,
That they ne myght in their defence endure,
For where as they wende to haue be assure,
Demyng the grekes plainly on the sea,
For weryed and faynted to haue be,
With longe saylinge parbraked and forbroke,
Wherfore they cast on them to haue be wroke,
All sodeinly and sette on the head,
And put them selfe in aduenture and drede,
Of rakelnesse vnaduysedly.
Wherof to them selfe vnhappely,
It befell when they with grekes mette,
With speres longe and swerdes sharpe whet.
Eche on other manhode for to shewe.
But for cause Troyans were to fewe,
To yssue out they dyd folyfye.
The fyelde was not parted egally.
For the grekes were innumerable,
That them to mete Troyans were not able.
For that tyme they mighten not suffyse,

They

They toke on them to passyng hygh empryse.
And yet they wold for nothing them wdrawe
Tyll that they were wounded and yllawe,
And ouerlayne of grekes vtterly.
Now here, now there, doze downe cruelly.
Mercyleſſe as Guydo doth repoꝛte,
That them behoueth home agayne reſoꝛte,
Of verye nede and neceſſytee.
And all attoues gan foꝛ to flee,
I meane ſuche as were lefte alyue,
To the caſtell they haſted them full blyue.
Foꝛ they ne myght no longer holde the fyelde,
Agaynſt grekes with ſpere noꝛ with ſhielde.
They were to feble ſhoꝛtely to conclude,
There to abyde ſo great a multitude.
And as they flee the grekes a great pace,
Ne ceaſe not to ſewe them in the chaſe,
Full haſtyly to the caſtell gate.
And entre in and by cruell fate,
They kyll and ſlea all both hye and lowe.
They ſpare none ne lyſt no wyght knowe.
Of none eſtate but felly them oppreſſe,
And what they fonde golde and eke rycheſſe,
Unto ſhyppe they caryed it anone.
And of the caſtell they ne lefte a ſtone,
Aboue an other but tourned vp ſo downe.
Both wall & toure and the chiefe dongeowne
That nothynge ſtode ſo they vnder myne,
And whan that all was bꝛought vnto ruyne,
Grekes anone to their ſhyppes haſte.
Of one aſſent and purpoſen as faſte,
Without abode of one wyll and herte,
Fro that hauen playnly to dyuerte.
And to ſayle towarde Tenedowne,
A ſtronge caſtell whyche from Troye towne,
In diſtaunce thenſe but fyre myle ſtode,
Ful of treaſour of rycheſſe and of good.
Replenyſched of all in habundaunce,
And when that they with theyꝛ oꝛdynaunce,
Yſayled haue theyꝛ Journey ſafe and ſound,
And fro the ſea taken haue the grounde.
To theyꝛ pleſaunce wonder agreable.
And of ſyght a place delectable,
Holſome of eyꝛe the ſoyle fayꝛe and grene,
And luſty playnes goodly on to ſene.
And was alſo haboundaunt of vitayle,
Replenyſched of all that may auayle,
The oſteyng and to ſouldiours,
Foꝛ firſt the land of freſhe floures,
Was plenteous both of coꝛne and grayne.
Of wyne and fruyt ꝑ no thynge laye baraine,
Of beaſtes and foules paſſyngly plentee,
And faſt by was adioyning the ſee.
Full habundaunt of fyſhe as I fynde,
After the ſeaſon of euery maner kynde.
And whan that they ꝑ in the caſtell were,
The Grekes ſea londed from a ferre,
Without abode they arme them & went out,
And vpon theim make an hidous ſhoute.
Stuffyng the caſtel w meyne ſtrong behinde,
And toke their waye in Guydo as I fynde.
Towarde their foen and knyghtly ſet vpon,
And right foꝛth the grekes eke anone,
Mette with them vpon the other ſyde.
Right ſurquidous and inly full of pryde.
Clenly armed in harneys all of ſtele,
Freſhe arayed and beſene ſo wele,
Foꝛ in the fielde as thicke as ſwoꝛme of been,
On eche ſyde men may beholde and ſeen,
Spꝛadde all the playne downe vnto ꝑ ſtrond.
Tyll at the laſte they mette hande to hande.
Where as they poyne w ſquare ſperes groũd,
And hurtle yfere with many bluddy wounde.
There was no good day noꝛ no ſaluynge.
But ſtrokes felle that men hardeen rynge,
On baſſenettes the fieldes rounde about.
So cruelly that the fyre ſpꝛange oute,
Amonge the tuftes bꝛode bꝛyght and ſhene.
Of foyle of golde & fethers whyte and grene.
Eke in bꝛeſtes perced many ſhelde,
And courſers fledde abꝛode in the fyelde.
And many layde in that moꝛtal ſtounde,
Full deadly pale lowe vpon the grounde.
With face gruf and bluddy ſtreames wyde.
And alderinoſt vpon the grekes ſyde,
The ſlaughter was and the diſcomfyture.
So mightly the Troyans dyd endure.

TIll at the laſte foꝛ they were ſo fewe,
With multitude the grekes on thē hewe,
Foꝛ mo then foꝛty were againſt one,
Of very foꝛce aback they muſte gone,
Nothyng foꝛ lacke of manhode dare I ſeyne.
But foꝛ ſo many haue them ouer layne.
They no longer may in fyelde ſoiourne,
But to their Caſtel home agayne retourne,
In full great haſte ſuche as myght eſcape,
Away aliue. and ſome of them foꝛ rape.

And

And drede of death toke them to flyght.
On horse backe to Troye towne full ryght.
No wonder was though they haste faste,
For to the gates the chace of grekes laste.
So cruelly after they pursewe.
And some of them that myght not renewe,
On Troye syde forwerped of the fyght,
The grekes slewe with all their full myght,
Now here now there whō they might atteine,
There may no raunsom nor no mercy gayne.
Of none estate without exceptiowne.
And after that vnto Tenedowne,
The grekes went and it be sette aboute.
That Troyan none myght escape out.
And when ỳ they the bulwerkes had ywonne
To skale the walle after they begoone.
And made a saute manfully and ofte,
And eke Troyans as they stode a lofte,
Dryue them of that enter they ne myght.
With caste of stone and with quarelles bryght,
With bowe turkeys and shote of Arbalasters.
And their gonners standyng at corners.
With this also and caste of wylde fyre,
Of prous hate full hote in their desyre.
Lyke manly men them selfe they do deffende.
And aye the grekes as they vp ascende,
Cruelly they dryuen to the grounde.
Tyll they without an ordynaūce haue foūde,
What with gynnes deuysed for the nones,
And gonnes great for to caste stones,
Bent to the toures ryght as any lyne,
And large sowes lowe for to myne,
And some of them vpon the walle gone,
That were so thycke made of lyme and stone.
And in to entre they many wayes seke.
Sette their bastyles and their hurdeys eke.
Rounde aboute to the harde walle,
And skalyng ladders for sawtes marcyall.
They gan vp caste with hokes for to holde,
And vp ascende the sturdy grekes bolde.
Tyll the Troyans from the crestes caste,
The great stones whyle as they woulde laste.
And Rollets eke grekes to oppresse.
And wonder manly dyd their busynesse,
In their deffence and made plonge them low,
With caste of quarell and with shote of bowe.
Through Dyettes that of necessytee,
They put them of it may none other be.
And broke their neckes & their shulder bones,
As they fell downe with the square stones.
And lyen dead pyteous pale of hewe.
But grekes aye gan the saute renewe,
With multytude Troyans to assayle,
That to withstande they gynnen for to fayle.
And were feble for rescuse came their none,
And so of force the grekes be in gone.
Through ỳ walles when they haue thē broke,
And on Troyans so cruelly be wroke,
That fynally they lefte none alyue.
But slea and kylle and after that as blyue,
On the walles their baners they haue sette.
And ponge and olde it myght be no bette,
All goth to wracke vpon Troye syde.
And after that they wyll no longer byde,
But treasour golde & what so they may fynde,
They caste on heape and together bynde.
And make spoyle of all that was within,
And then in haste the walles they begyn,
Pynacle, toures, and also the dungeowne,
To brenne and hewe and to bete downe.
And with the soyle they made euen & playne.
And with great pray anone they went againe
To their shyppes glad and lyght of chere.
When the fyre with the flawmes clere,
The castell had consumed and ybrent.
And after that auyse and ryght prudent,
The manly man the worthy Agamenon,
Let make anone a conuocation,
Of the grekes and bad they shulden bryng,
Golde and treasour without more taryinge,
With all the pray they wanne at Tenedowne,
To his presence for this concluslyowne.
That he may make distribucion,
Amonges them without exception,
Lyke their desert vnto poze and ryche.
He departeth to euery man a lyche,
But moste to suche as dyd it best deserue,
For to hym selfe him lyst nothyng reserue,
For he hath leuer their hertes then the good.
Of suche as had spente their owne bloud,
So manfully the castell for to wynne.
For who that can with largesse fyrst begyn.
Ne fayleth not after well to spede.
Through helpe of men whē that he hath nede
For loue foloweth fredome comenly.

¶Howe Agamenon assembled a counsayle of the nobles of Grece, and determyned, & sente Ulyres and Dyomede in ambassade to kynge Pryam. Capi. xix.

AND after this the kyng let make a crye,
That al the kinges & lordes of his ostie,
Dukes and Erles come from euery coste,
The next morowe afore him to appere.
The nyght ypassed Phebus gan to clere,
Their hemysperye after the larke songe.
Whan ỹ the king amonge the grekes stronge,
Upon the playne in his see royall,
And faste by moste chefe and pryncipall,
Of his lordes were set in their degree.
And when the king sawe oportunitee,
And that there was made scilẽce euery where,
His lyeges standynge enuyron here & there.
The kyng of chere sad and not Jocounde,
As he that was of speche full faucounde,
Began his tale with sobre countenaunce,
The effect of whiche was this in substannce.

SYres quod he full worthy of degree,
Of verye ryght and of necessytee,
We be compelled both the hygh and lowe,
With all our myght lyke as ye well knowe,
To redresse a thynge that is amys.
For through the worlde as it reported is,
We be of force of power and of myght,
Of worthynesse in euery wyghtes syght,
Most renowmed and most worshypable.
And ydempt and iudged for moste able,
Of all people and lyklyest to stonde,
For to perfourme what we haue take on hand
Who that euer grutcheth or sayth nay,
Yet me semeth if it be your paye,
Thylke power moste is acceptable,
Unto goddes and longest stondeth stable,
That is deuoyde of surquidry and pryde.
For it is kouth vpon euery syde,
In eche lande both of one and all,
How many harmes and greues haue befall,
Through rancour onely pryde & wylfulnesse.
So importable as J coulde expresse,
Through pryde there as is done offence,
The hygh goddes maken resystence,
To all tho that be surquydous.
Whiche is a vyce so contraryous,
That it ne may in no place abyde.
And in good fayth manhode is no pryde,
For who that hath any acqueyntaunce,
Outher by frendshyp or by alyaunce,
With a proude man to be confederate,
With him in herte of hyghe or lowe estate.
He nedes must what euer that he be,
To many other of necessytee,
Be lothsomest enmy and contrayre.
For nothyng may a man so moche appayre,
As pryde in soth in highe or lowe degree.
Wherfore J rede playnely how that wee,
This foule vyce out of our herte arrace.
That our quarell may haue the more grace.
And specyally that our dedes all,
Conueyed be how euer that it fall,
By ryghtwysenesse more than voluntee.
For if trouth our sothfast guyde be,
Us to derecte by his rightfull lyne,
Than shall our quarell aye in honour shyne,
And contune in full felycytee.
¶And ferthermore this knowen all ye,
How we are come for to done vengeaunce,
With our frendshyppe and our alyaunce.
Upon Pryam for wronges done of olde.
By hym and his as J haue ofte tolde.
And hereupon we haue his grounde ytake,
And some of his maked to a wake.
With manful hande and his castelles stronge,
J beate downe that stonde haue so longe.
And take there the rychesse that we founde,
And slewe his men with many bluddy woũde
And harmes mo done in his countre,
That J wote well if their enmytee,
Was vnto vs great and moche afore.
J dare saye now it is in double more,
That yf that they auenged myght be,
On vs echone anone ye shulde see.
Their great Jre so cruell and so huge,
Be execute without more refuge.
And yet in soth J wote they haue espyed,
Our beynge here though we be not askryed.
Of them as yet J dare saye vtterly,
They are well ware that we are faste by.
And ouermore this wote J well also,
Of the harmes that we haue to them do,
The whiche as yet be but freshe and grene,
If they were stronge and mighty to susteyne,
J werre on vs anone they wolde it gynne,

And

And yet the Citie in whiche that they be in.
Is walled stronge and toured rounde about,
That they wenen fully out of doute,
With the meyne that they haue gathred in,
Of theyr allyes that we shall not wyn,
Of them but smale in werre nor in stryfe.
For he in soth hath a prerogatyfe,
And aduauntage that in his countre,
Hym selfe deffendeth namely if that he,
Be stuffed stronge of frendes hym besyde.
And of alyes where he doth abyde.
Lyke as the Rauen with his fether blacke,
Within his nest will often tyme make,
Agayne the Faukon gentyll of nature,
Full harde diffence whyles hy may endure.
Or that he be vanquysshed and outrayed.
And yet some whyle the Faukon is delayed,
Whyles the Rauen besyde his nest doth flee,
Within his courte at his lybertee.
As euery foule is frowarde to areste,
For to be daunted in his owne neste.

AND yet to you these wordes I ne saye,
In any wyse to putten in a fraye,
Your knyghtly hertes so manly and so stable.
Nor that to you it shulde be doutable,
But we the Troyans fully shall confounde.
And their Citie in which they now habounde,
Playnly destroye albe that it be stronge.
And they and all that nowe be them amonge,
Shall fynally consumpt be with death.
Thorowe grekes sworde yelden vp the breth.
¶But the cause without any drede,
Why I saye thus is that ye take hede,
For any pryde or presumpcion,
To aduerte in your discrecion,
So prudently that reason in this nede,
For any haste may our brydell lede.
And so ordeyne or we hense wende,
That laude and prayse after in the ende,
May be reported as I haue deuysed.
For many man that hath not be aduised,
In his pursuite for lacke of prouidence,
To se tofore in his aduertence,
What shuld be fall to deth it hath thē brought.
Suche wylfull hast were good to be thought,
Of vs by fore examynacion,
And well discussed by reuolucion.
¶Of thynkyng ofte that we not repente,
And fyrst remembre how that Pryam sent,
To vs but late only for Eryon.
That yet is holde of kynge Thelamon.
Whiche was of vs without aduisement,
Undiscretely denyed by assent.
Whiche hath to vs be none aduauntage.
But grounde and rote of full great damage.
For if that we through wyse purueyaunce,
Of her had made tho delyueraunce,
The harmes great had be then eschewed,
That after were of Parys so pursewed.
In the temple of faire Cythera,
That buylded is besyde Cirrea,
The treasour great also that he had,
And Jewelles thense that he with him ladde.
Than to Troye and the great rychesse,
The slaughte of men and the heaunesse,
That yet is made for the quene Heleyne.
Throughout Grece and the great payne,
Of Menelaye all had ben nowe vnwrought,
If so we had foresene this in our thought.
Wysely tofore and restored Eryon,
Than had not the harmes ne of them one,
Ensewed on vs in very sothfastnesse.
Nor spent our labour so in ydelnesse.
Treasour nor good wasted so in vayne,
Nor come so ferre for to fetche agayne,
The quene Heleyne with costes inportable.
Withouten harmes now in eschewable.

AND for all this yet ne wote we,
Whether to ioye or to aduersytye,
The thynge shall tourne that we be about.
Syth ofte syth dependent and in doubte,
Is fatall thyng vnsyker and vnstable.
And fro the gynnynge often varyable.
The ende is sene fortune can transmewe,
Her gery course and therfore to eschewe,
The harmes possyble lykely for to fall,
My counsayle is here amonge you al,
Upon arryuaile trauayle to eschewe,
In this matter are we further sewe,
To Pryamus without any more,
To sende fyrste agayne for to restore,
The quene Heleyne as ryght and reason is.
And other harmes done eke by Parys.
After his trespasse and offencion.
Justely to maken restytucion.
Than may we all in worshyp and honour,

Returne

Retourne home without more labour.
If they assente to do as we requere.
And our axynge if they lyste not here,
But folyly of their wylfulnesse,
Refusen it than this our worthynesse,
Is double assured on a syker grounde.
By iuste tytle Troyans to confounde.
With thynges two we shalbe vnder pyght,
Fyrst our power borne vp with our ryght,
Shall for vs fyght our quarell to dareyne.
In balaunce euen to weye atwixe vs twayne,
To fyne that we shalbe more excused,
For they tofore haue wylfully refused,
Our iuste profers made to them afore.
And we shalbe through the worlde therfore,
Without spot of trespasse or of blame.
Of mysreporte in hyndrynge of our name.
Where they of foly shall ynoted be,
Of wylfull wodnesse playnly where that we,
Shall stande free our power for to vse,
And euery man shall vs well excuse.
Though that we do execucyon,
By takynge vengeaunce for their offencyon.
Of men and chylde of eche secte and age.
That shall of death holden their the passage.
And by the sworde without mercy pace,
One and other there is no better grace.

But yet tofore I counsayle taketh hede,
That ye to them with all measure bede,
This holde I beste and moste syckernesse.
And worke now by good auisenesse.
Amonge your selfe and no longer tarye,
To whiche counsayle some weren contrary.
And varyaunt to his opinyon.
Saue they that were of most discrecion,
Assented be playnly to this ende.
And chosen haue to Pryam for to sende,
Amonges them the ambassyat to spede,
Ulyxes wise and worthy Dyomede.
The whiche anone gan them ready make,
And shope them forth and their waye take,
Towarde Troye as any lyne ryght.
When the sonne shone full shene and bryghte.
Holdyng the course of his fyry sphere,
In mydday arke wonder bryght and clere.
And gylte eche hyll vale playne & roche,
With his beames, when they [illegible] pproche,
To the walles and gates of [illegible]one,
And in they go without noyse or sowne.
Full well be sene and in their porte them had,
Ryght manfully and the waye them ladde,
To the paleyes streyght as any lyne.
Them nedeth not asyde to declyne.
But into a courte large wyde and square,
And thei ful knightly for no wight wold spare
Unto the effecte manly to procede.
To do their charge without feare and drede.
For their commyng was not tho refused,
And in tho dayes peraunter was not vsed,
To haue no conduite for embassadrye.
The custome was to no man to denye,
As I suppose entre nor passage,
If it so were he come as for message.
And in this courte builded so royally,
When they come fyrst they meruayled greatly
The royall syght of so huge a strength,
So well complete both in brede and length.
For they ne had in their lyfe tofore,
Sene none so fayre & yet they wonder more,
Into the paleyes as they together gone,
That paued was all of Jasper stone,
Of a tree that amyddes stode.
On which to loke they thought it did thē good
Musyng where it were Artifyciall,
Erecte or sette by magyke naturall,
Or by engyne of workemen curyous.
Through subtyll craftes supersticious.
Or other worke of Nycromancye,
Or profounde castynge of Phylosophye,
By apparaunce or yllusyon.
Outher by crafte of incantacion.
Up and downe they casten in their mynde,
Out by reason if they myghten fynde,
Rote and grounde of this wonder worke.
But the trouthe was to them so derke,
That in their wytte though they longe trace,
The pryuitee they can not compace,
To conceyue how it was possyble,
For to the eye as it was vysyble,
In very soth without any fable,
To mannes hande so it was palpable.
Of whiche the stocke of Guydo as is tolde,
In sothfastnesse was of pured golde.
Whiche shone as bryght as the sonner sonne.
To enlumyne thinges that weren donne.
And the body as a maste was ryght,
Proporcyoned most goodly to the syght,

Substan-

Substanciall and of huge strengthe,
And twelue cubytes the body was of length,
And the croppe rounde and large of bryde,
And in compasse gan flourishe so and sprede,
That all the playne aboute enuyrowne,
With the bowes was shadowed vp & downe.
The ryche braunches and the leues fayre,
Twayne and twayne ioyned as a payre,
One of golde another syluer shene,
And meynt among w̄ stones whyte & grene,
Some rede and some sapher hewed,
And euery daye the blomes were renewed,
And the blossomes with many sundry suyte,
For stones Inde it bare in stede of fruyte.
As sayth Guido I can no other tell.
And the Grekes will no longer dwell,
But holde theyr waye by many sondry wente,
For to parfourme the fyne of their entent.
Tyll they atteyne the chamber pryncypall,
Where Pryamus in his see royall,
Lyke his estate in full kyngly wyse,
Sat and aboute ful prudent and ful wyse,
His lordes all in settes hym besyde.
Whan the grekes surquedous of pryde,
With sterne cheare & frowarde coūtenaunce.
As they that had lytell remembraunce,
Of gentylnesse nor of curtesye,
For as Guydo doth playnly specifye,
Enteryng in they taken haue theyr place,
In thopposyte of the kynges face.
And set theym downe without more sermon,
Any obeysaunce or salutacyon,
Worshyp honour or any reuerence,
Done to the kyng for all his excellence,
In preiudyce of all gentylnesse.
And than anone Ulixes gan expresse,
Cause of theyr comyng to kyng Pryamus.
Without abode saying euen thus.
Not forberyng presence of the kynge.

MEruayle not nor haue no wondrynge,
Though we to the do no honour dewe,
In our comynge the for to salewe.
Syth it ne longeth in sothe as thinketh me,
Where rancoure is and hertye enmyte.
Or deadly hate with salutacions,
Or with fayned false affections,
For to shewe where hertes ben a fyre,
For naturally no man shall desyre,
Of his enmye the helthe nor welfare.
And platly now me lyst not for to spare,
Shortly to shewe the fyne of our entent,
Lyke as we hauen in commaundement,
In our message from Agamenowne.
The noble kyng most worthy of renowne.
Whych vs hath sent there is no more to seyne,
Now vnto the for the quene Heleyne.
That was rauyshed out of grekes lande.
And brought to Troy by force of mighty hād.
Agaynst ryght and by vyolence,
Wherfore shortly without more offence,
We iustly axe without more demaunde,
That thou anone rightfully commaunde,
To Menelay that she be sent agayne.
And with all this we axe not in vayne,
That thou do make restytucion,
Of wronges done in that regyon.
Of pylfres great slaught & robberye,
By Paris done of wylfull tiranye.
Whych is thy son and by the susteyned,
And in his errour wronfully maynteyned.
Wherfore come of and fully condescende,
Without grutching this wronges to amende.
For so thou mayst best the goddes queme,
Lyke as thou mayst in thy reason deme.
As right requireth & worke as the wyse.
For if so be that thou now despyse,
To execute that I haue the tolde here,
Truste me right well a lesson thou shalt lere,
Whych thou and thine shall hereafter rewe,
Without feyning thou shalt it fynde trewe.
That but if thou a better ende make,
Cruell vengeaunce shall on the be take.
And fynally what shuld I to the fayne,
The force of death this quarell shall darayne.
Upon the and vpon all thy bloud,
Raunsomles other of golde or good.
And questionles reporte this of me,
That merciles this riche stronge Cyte,
Shall downe be bete & ylayde ful lowe,
Walle and Toures also ouerthrowe.
This all and some beth now well aduysed.
That our axyng of the be not despysed.
But wysely worke and do as I haue sayde.

AND sodaynly king Priamus abrayde,
Of hasty yre he ne might abyde.
Of the grekes whan he sawe the pryde,

The great outrage and presumpcyon,
Without abode or delyberacyon,
To Ulyxes anone he gan out breake,
And vnto him euen thus to speake.
¶ I wonder greatly in myn aduertence,
Beyng astoned how in my presence,
So vngoodly ye dare make this demaunde.
Lyke as ye had power to commaundt.
And me constrayne your byddyng to obey,
And I for feare durst you not with saye,
No maner thinge that ye axen here.
Nor contrayre what that ye requyre.
Wherof sothly in herte I am ameued,
And of your thzettes inwardly agreued.
And astoned surely not a lyte,
That ye so hardy are this to excyte,
And bylaynously myn honour to prouoke.
On your wordes for to be a worke.
But for all this trusteth me right wele,
I wyll not passe my boundes neuer a dele,
Nor the rather shortly at an ende,
To your aryng in ought to condescende.
¶ For to consydre the syne of your entente,
It were not syttyng nor conuenyent,
A kynge to graunte your aring though ỹ he,
Stode in myschefe and captiuite,
Without recure to vttraunce ybrought.
It were outrage playnly to be thought.
To axe of hym that ye axe of me,
And sothly yet I not beleue that ye,
Accomplyshyng may so much auayle,
As ye haue sayd for platly ye shall fayle,
Of your purpose I saye and god tofore.
Mauger your might though ye had it swozn.
For your request in euery mans syght,
Wanteth a grounde both of trouthe & right.
To axe of me satysfactyon,
And were your selfe fyrst occasyon,
Whan ye slewe my father Lamedowne,
And his lyeges and brent eke the towne,
And many harmes if they were out soughte,
On him and his causeles tho ye wrought.
That it were longe all for to reherse.
Whych daye by daye thzough my herte perce.
My syster eke called Eriona,
Out of this regyon ye haue ladde away,
The whych is not vnto her worthinesse,
Ytreated lyke nor after gentilnesse.
¶ And for all this ye would amendes haue.
Wrongly of me that whylom for to saue,
All thynges in peace and to stynt werre,
To you haue sente into Grece ferre,
Onely to haue Eryona agayne.
Of whych sonde ye hadden but disdayne.
And cruelly in vngoodly wise,
My messenger ye gan as tho despyse.
That he vnneth ne might escape awaye,
From out of grece ye knowe it is no naye.
Of you he had so vngoodly cheare,
And in good fayth me lyst not nowe to heare,
Your request nor gyuen audience,
To your aryng for your great offence.
For-leuer I had shortly to deyen here,
Than condescende to ought that ye requere.
For I wyl fully for conclusyon,
That it be knowen to Agamenon,
That we haue leuer this is doubtles,
Fynally his werre than his peace.
Syth ye to me haue done so great trespace.
And by my trouthe in this selfe place,
Cruelly anone ye shulden dye,
But for the offyce of embassadrye,
Agaynst death is fully your diffence.
That be so bolde withouten reuerence,
In my presence so to thzet or speake.
Truste me right wel it shuld anone be wreke.
Wherfore in haste without wordes mo,
My counsayle is that ye be ago.
Out of my sight and voyde this my Cyte,
For thus it standeth that whiles I you se,
In my herte may entre no gladnesse.
The fret of yre so holdeth me in distresse.
That in good fayth I may it not sustene,
So Inportune is the rage and tene,
That inwardly bindeth me for the whyle.

AND Diomedes tho began to smyle,
And sayd anone thus vnto the kinge.
If it be so that thou of our cominge,
In thine herte hast so mykle payne,
Vs to beholde now that be but twayne,
And art therwith so inly set a fyre,
Than shalt thou neuer be withouten yre,
In all thy life nor deuoyde of wo.
Syth thou hast so many cruell fo,
Of grekes now entred in thy lande.
An hundred thousand almost at thyn hande.
Agayne whose might ỹ mayst ỹ not assure,

To

To resyst playnly nor endure,
Consyder well how that they be stronge,
As thou shalt wyt peraunter or be longe.
So manly men and so well arayed,
Expert in armes and of olde assayed.
That no diffence may agayne theim bayle,
And wyte eke well that thou mayst not fayle;
By death of swordе of theyr hande to beye,
And all thyne there is no more to seye.
Though it so be proudly that thou speake,
And with thy tunge onely to be wreake,
Afermest more than thou mayst acheue,
Better it were such bostyng wordes leue,
And to wyse counsayle taketh better hede.

But than in haste agayne this Diomede,
Surquidous and inly full of pryde,
There rose vp some by the kynges syde,
With swordes & drawe on hun wold haue fal,
And al to hewen hun there among theim all,
Of hastly yre brenning as the glede,
Tyll Priamus gan to taken hede.
And rose him vp seyng this disease,
And manfully this rage gan appease.
Theim diffending vpon death and lyfe,
That none of theim be hardy in this stryfe,
The embassadoures to harme or to greue,
For though a fole his foly will not leue,
To presume to speake vnconningly;
A wyse man must suffer pacyently.
And though that he happe to do offence,
Through foluche speche for lacke of sapyence,
A wyse man ne ought sothe to sayne,
To taken hede or to speake agayne.
For to a fole as it is pertynent,
To shewe his foly, right so conuenient,
As to the wyse sothly with suffraunce,
In all his porte to haue tolleraunce.
For vnto foles belongeth kindely,
Without aduyse to speake folyly.
Undiscretly his mening to fulfyll.
Where as a wyse man heare can and be styll,
Tyll he se tyme and haue pacience,
And dissimule in his aduertence,
The rage of foles that last but a throwe.
For by his tunge a fole is oft knowe.
And leuer I had I do you wel assure,
In my persone domage to endure,
Then to suffer any messengere,
In my court of you that be here,
To haue a wronge other great or lite.
The swerde of rancoure may not alway bite.
To do vengeaunce for a thyng of nought,
For oft it falleth that a wronge is wrought,
For lytel excesse foloweth great repreue.
And haste is aye medled wyth myschefe.
Wherfore I byd that ye sytte adowne,
And in no wise of presumpciowne,
Attempteth not in no maner wyse;
By sygne or worde more for to despyse,
Thembassadoures from the Grekes sente.
But let theim frely declare theyr entente,
And ye there whyles kepe your lippes close,

And sodaynly then Eneas rose,
Whych next the kinge helde then his see,
So inwardly with rancour fret was he;
That he ne myght him selfe not refrayne,
And sayd syr so ye not disdayne,
That I shall saye me semeth that it is,
Wel accordyng when one hath sayd amys,
And rekly spoken vnaduised,
Of his foly that he be chastysed.
That other maye example by him take.
To be wel ware such noyse and crye to make.
And specially in open audience.
So to offende your royall excellence.
And sothly yet I wote well that I might,
So me gouerne playnly in your syght,
Of hastinesse without au[illegible]
That I shulde by your commaundement,
The death deserue for my great offen[illegible]e.
And trewly yet ne were for your presence,
Of this twayne that haue so yspoke,
Without abode I shuld anone be wroke.
For it were worthy and ryght well sittyng,
Whan that a fole in presence of a kinge,
As bolde or hardy of presumpcion,
To take on him of indiscresciou,
Thinge to reherse concluding in sentence,
Preiudyce of his magnificence,
That he were taught better to gouerne,
His large tunge to konne bet and diserne,
Whan he shal speake or whan be in peasе,
To suffer him to renne out of lese.
As doth he this that spoke hath so large.
Wherfore in haste I counsayle him & charge,
Without abode or any worde mo,

Out of your syghte anone he be ago.
For it is best to do as I him rede.

TO whom anone ful proudly Diomede,
Not astoned but with a sterne loke,
To Eneas that for pe quoke,
Answered agayne but with wordes fewe,
And sayd syr thy wordes doth well shewe,
What so thou be that thou art ryght wise.
Well is that king that doth by thyne aduyse.
Or hath the nye of counsayle for to be,
For he ne maye erre in no degre.
That art so rightful in thy iudgement.
Of wylfullnesse without aduysement,
To cause a lorde his bondes for to pace.
So would god in some other place,
That I myght by fauoure of fortune,
Mete with the at leysure oportune.
Lyke my desyre that canst so well endite.
In olde fables thy labour for to quyte.
And the to thanke for thy gentyll chere,
Which so knightly thou hast vs shewed here,
Truste well therto and haue therof no drede.

AND tho Ulixes of this Diomede,
Gan interrupte his wordes prudently,
And to hym sayde full aduysely,
That it was best to stynt and be still.
And now we know fully all thy will,
Quod Ulyxes full manly to the kynge,
We will go hense without more taryinge.
Out of thy sight to Agamenon,
And make to him playne relacion,
Of thy aunswere in order by and by.
And to horse they wenten sodaynly,
And in shorte time so hast them in their way.
That they be come there is no more to saye,
Where the kinge satte in his tentorye,
And worde by worde as came to memorye,
They reherse the substaunce euery dele,
Wherof the grekes like nothing wele.
Conceyuing full there was no remedye,
As by reporte of the embassadrye,
Saue onely this vtterly procede,
How they theim shall gouerne in this nede,
Agayne Troians of necessitee.
For they well wote it may none other be.
And assented both in wyl and dede.
To purueye theim fast they theim spede,
In this storye as ye shall after synde.

BUt fyrst or I therof maken mynde,
I must a whyle of Eneas endyte,
As myne Auctour lyst of hym to wryte.
The whych sothly as bokes saye he was,
This manly Troian this worthy Eneas,
Anchises sone of great worthynesse,
Whylom gete of Uenus the goddesse.
Conqueroure of many regyon.
Whan Troye was brought to destruction,
He wente his waye by the large see,
Called Tyrene and sayling forth goth he,
By many coste and many streyght passage,
Many daunger tyll into Cartage,
He ryued is and thense gan to saple,
To the conquest of the great Ytale.
And so to Rome he hath the waye take,
Of whose spring as auctours mencion make,
Came Augustus Cesar the Emperour.
That was whilom so noble a conquerour.
That his renowne to this daye doth shine,
And of Enee the Emperour Justyne,
In his bokes called Autentykes,
Full playnly wryt therin the rubrykes,
That after Cesar so as Cesares,
Be named yet ryght so Eneades,
After Enee they name shoulden beare.
Whych fro Troye comen was so fere.
Unto ytaple and of this Eneas,
As I haue tolde Cesar descended was.
Downe lyne ryght ful manly and royall.
That fyrst in Rome by sceptre imperyall,
Maugre theyr myght had the gouernaunce,
And of wysedome set the ordynaunce,
Of common thynges touchyng the Cytee.
And to procede further of Enee,
Hooly his lyfe and knyghthod by and by,
If that ye lyst to reade ceryously,
Ye may se all ful autentyke of style,
In Eneydos compyled of Uergyle.
Albe it so that this noble clerke.
Was graue afore or cõplete was his werke,
As bokes olde maken mencion.

HOw Agamenon sent Achilles and Thelephus into the Ilande of Messa for bytayles, and how they slewe the king and after ordeyned Thelephus the kynge there. Ca.xx.

But

But nowe agayne to Agamenon,
Without more I wyll my style retourne,
The whych kyng will no more soiourne,
In this matter delayes for to make,
But in all haste he hath his counsayle take.
Of his lordes beyng there present.
And such as were not he hath after sent,
For one and al, Earles, Dukes, and kinges.
¶ And sayd syres amonge other thynges,
To our Journey that be necessarye,
My counsayle is no longer that we tarye,
But fyrst of all to make ordynaunce,
By one assent with prudent purueaunce,
That alder fyrst we shape vs for vytayle.
Without whych none hoost may auayle.
To parfourme a iourney thryftely.
Wherfore I reade here but fast by,
If it to you be lykyng and plesaunce,
Into an yle ful of habundaunce,
Called Messa that we sende anone.
And at one worde assented euerychone,
They chosen haue worthy Achilles,
And Thelephus the sone of Hercules,
To execute this purpose fynally,
With many worthy in theyr company.
Ychosen out through the hoost anone,
With Achilles are to Messa gone.
In whych lande ryche and plenteous,
Reygned a kynge worthy and famous,
That Tentras hyght whych in tranquylyte,
Without werre or aduersyte,
Had holde his Sceptre and his royall sete,
In this yle so pleasaunte and so mete.
Albe that some saye that this lytell yle,
To the kyngedome longeth of Cecyle.
And hath his name gyuen of plente,
After Messane an huge great Cite.
Full plenteous both on se and lande.
The whych kyngdome as I vnderstande,
Is sayde Messena of Messes in latin,
Through habundaūce of frupt corne & wyne.
At the aryuayle on the playnes large,
Where they are wont for to stuffe & charge,
Merchaunt shyppes of straunge fer countre.
That thyther sayle by the large sea.
To fetche vitayle aye from yeare to yeare.
Fro many coste of landes farre and nere,
Onely by eschaunge of merchaundise,
And eke also as bokes can deuyse,
And as Guido full playnly telleth vs,
That of a kyng called Messanus,
This countrey fyrst of Messa toke the name,
That in his tyme was of great fame,
Passyng ryche and wonder plenteous.
But of all this Dares Frygyus,
In his boke maketh no mencion,
But shortly telleth in conclusyon,
How Achilles and Thelephus also.
To Messena be togither go.
With thre thousande of grekes chosen out.
Most manly men amonges all theyr route.
The whych as fast as they gan to londe,
And the kynge gan to vnderstonde,
Of theyr comyng he is descended downe.
With all the worthy of his regiowne,
On horse and foote in stele armed bryght,
Agaynst Grekes manfully to fyght,
Theim to deuoyde playnly yf they can,
And sodaynly thus the skermyshe gan,
Atwixe Grekes and other mortall fone.
On other parte there was many one,
Slayne and hurte & to the death ywounded,
Neuer lykly therof to be sounded.
¶ For other treate was theim not atwene,
But swerdꝭ sharpe and speres square & kene.
Now here now there that they go to ground,
For euery man his foo for to confounde,
His labour dyd and his busyneſſe.
And though grekꝭ through theyr worthinesse
Had on theyr foen much londe ywon,
Yet to retyre after they begon,
And merualye none bycause that theyr fone,
Had alwaye thre in noumber agaynst one.
For the time it may none other be,
Till Achilles gan beholde and se,
The mortall slaughter vpon grekes syde.
Tourning ỹ backe w̄ woundes large & wide.
Of hasty rancour chaungen gan his bloode,
And for yre furious and woode,
Whan he beheldе his men lese theyr lande,
He w̄ the swerd whiche he helde in his hande,
Made waye kylled and bare downe,
And in the felde like a fierse Lyowne,
He fared in sothe when ỹ his men were slawe.
Makyng his foen backwarde to withdrawe.
And his grekes so manly recomforte,
That maugre theim he made them to resorte.
¶ And who that euer in his waye stode,

Without mercy he kylleth in his mode.
There gayneth nought in his cruelte,
For doubtles ne had his manhod be,
His passyng renowne and his worthynesse,
His knighthod eke and his high prowesse,
The Grekes had that daye fynallye,
Vanquished be without remedye.
But through his helpe they recure all,
For Achilles sturdy as a wall,
Gay serche sheltrouns & theyr rages brake,
Tofore whose face his fomen go to wrake.
¶And alderlast whan he gan espye,
Tentran the kyng through his chyualrye,
Defende hym selfe lyke a worthy knyght,
And as a Lyon bare him in his fyght,
Now here now there grekes so oppresse.
This Achilles of cruell hardynesse,
Ne would cease in his pursewynge,
Through the warde tyll he came to the king.
Of manly force stoute and full of pryde,
Makyng a waye rounde on euery syde,
Agayne whose might nothyng might auayle.
¶And of Tentran fyrst the auentayle,
He raced hath and rent the male asonder,
And al to hewe that it was a wonder,
To consydre that daye his cruelte.
And after that al to broke hath he,
His bassenet wyth many cruell wounde.
And by his myght smyt the kyng to grounde,
And in all haste he maked hath no let,
From of his head to rende his bassenet.
And merciles for to do vengeaunce,
His harme he gan on heyght to auaunce,
Fully in purpose that he shulde be dead,
And raunsomles gan amyn at his heade,
With blody swerde and despytous herte,
Castyng playnly he shulde not asterte,
In his Ire he was so furyous.
¶But of fortune it befell ryght thus.
Thelephus the ponge lusty knyght,
Casuelly therof had a syght,
And of Achilles the maner ful behelde,
The stroke anone he bare vp with his shelde.
And gan Achilles mekely for to preye,
To haue pytye so to do him deye.
Syth he laye wounded almost to the deathe.
Brought to the poynt to yelden vp ỹ breathe.
Besechyng him for his beningnyte,
Of manly routhe and eke knightly pyte,
Withdrawe his hande and to do him grace,
And graunt him life for a lytell space.
Syth euery knyght should of gentilnesse,
His enmye spare whan he is in distresse.
To vttraunce brought and specyally whē he,
Mercy requireth of humble voluntee.
¶To whom Achylles feruent in his yre,
As he that was of rancoure set a fyre,
Aunswered agayne what lyst the so to preye,
For him that nolde of pryde our wyll obeye.
But gyn a werre where as was no nede.
Of highe disdayne and indignacion,
Hauyng a truste of presumpcion,
In his manhod which myght him not auaile.
Agaynst grekes to holden a battayle.
As it is preuyd playnly in the ende,
All otherwyse shortly than he wende.
For in the dyche iustely he is falle,
Which he hath made of malys for vs all.
¶Where we of wyll nor entencion,
Gaue vnto hym none occasyon,
Upon no syde platly fer nor nere,
Nor ministred to hym no such matere,
Nor to his laude menten no damage.
But he hym selfe grounde of all this rage,
Without offence done to hym of vs.
¶And efte agayne this ponge Thelephus,
Humbly required hath of hym Achylle,
Of knyghtly routhe his aryng to fulfyll.
And to haue mercy on hym in this case.
For with my father this kynge whylom was.
Quod Thelephus by bonde confederate.
Whiche lyeth nowe here all disconsolate.
Expectant only with a deadly face,
Upon the houre whan his goste shall pace,
Through gyrte alas w̄ many mortal woūde.
¶And for bycause that I haue in him found,
Afore this tyme assured great kyndenesse,
For of manhode and of gentylnesse,
In the boundes of his regiowne,
He vnto me through his highe renowne,
Whylom as I casually gan ryde,
Shewed in soth vpon euery syde,
Full royall chere and great humanite.
That I am bounde as of very duytee,
To remembre and to haue in mynde.
And doubtles elles me semeth I were vnkind
Which after wolde my name foule a twyte,
And for that I in parte wolde him acquite.

I you beseche of respyte of his lyfe.
And Achylles withouten any stryfe,
Delyuered hath the story telleth thus,
Tentran frely vnto Thelephus.
Whether hym lyste to sauen or to spylle.
And when that he had hym at his wyll,
He hath consydered by his woundes grene,
That were so mortall sothly and so kene,
Of very nede that he must dye.
There was no gayne nor no remedye.
Nor auayle maye no medecyne.
The houre whē Phebꝰ westward gan decline
And the battayle brought was to an ende,
Whyle the grekes to their shyppes wende,
The meane whyle Tentran for the payne,
Of his woundes gan more & more complain.
Without staunche so pyteously they blede.
His offycers faste gan them spede,
In a lytter made tho full royall,
Toward his paleys & doūge owne pryncipall,
To cary hym softe and easyly.
¶And at his prayer full benygnly,
Thelephus and also Achylles,
Conueyed hym among all the prese,
Tyll he was brought there as hym lyst to be.
And they receyued lyke to their degree.
Full royally the kyng aye languysshyng,
As he that drewe towarde his endynge,
And might not longer drawen forth a length,
His wofull lyfe so weke was he of strengthe,
That his spirite must algates wende.
And he in haste caused for to sende,
For Achylles and for Thelephus,
And whan they came he sayd vnto them thus.
¶Syres quod he full worthy of degree,
Helth and honour with longe prosperitee,
Be vnto you and goodly aduenture,
All the whyle that your lyfe may dure.
And specyally of the Oh Thelephus,
Whiche haste to me be so gracious,
Of gentilnesse in my paynes stronge,
Onely of grace my lyfe for to prolonge.
But death alas I may not now eschewe.
Nor his sworde on no parte remewe.
Without recure knytte in bytter bondes,
Upon the brincke fall of fatys hondes,
And of my lyfe all fully in dispeyre,
Whiche of my body neuer myght haue heire.
After my daye by succession.
As to gouerne this lyttell regyon.
Whiche lykely is to stande disconsolate,
Of gouernaunce and fully desolate.
Which erst I wan with full great trauayle,
And to this day with werre & stronge bataile
I haue it kept as ye well knowe echone.
And it defended from all maner fone,
Without losse yeres heretofore.
But recurlees of yore I had it lorne,
Ne had I had helpe and eke socour,
Of Hercules the great conquerour.
That whylom was father to Thelephus.
So stronge so mighty and so chyualrous.
By whose manhode and whose hardinesse,
By his knyghthode and great worthynesse,
Whiche daye by day is new of memorye,
Of all my foen I had the victorye.
He daunted them and made them so a ferde,
Only by rygoure of his sharpe swerde,
That fynally through his manlyhede,
He caused me this reygne to possede.
Maugre their might in peace and quyete.
With septre and crowne and my royall seate.
That none of them tyll that he was dead,
Hardy was to lyfte vp the head,
Agaynst me to speake but wordes fewe,
Wherby I may fully declare and shewe,
By euydence that this little yle,
Is perteynent and longeth to Cecyle.
Where Hercules for a memoryall,
Sette pillers in his conquest royall.
When he had ryde and gon tho so ferre,
And of Columpna yet the name they beare,
After hym called Herculea.
Though some saye they hyght Herracula.
The name chaungyng by corrupcion.
The whiche lande was whylom mansyon,
To the people of wylde Barbarye.
The whiche kyngdome for to magnyfye,
Frederyke sothly the secounde,
Of golde and good passyngly habounde,
That chosen was to be Emperour,
Of Rome towne and mighty gouernour,
And whylom eke kyng was of Cecyle,
Whiche made reyse in that large yle,
A myghty toure hyghe and thycke of wall,
As sayth Guydo for a memoryall,
To put his name longe in remembraunce,
And for the soyle was to his pleasaunce,

With

With floures freſche of many ſondry hewe,
In ſome bokes the lande was named newe,
And ycalled as I vnderſtande,
For his fayreneſſe the luſty newe lande.
But Tentran aye lyinge in his payne,
As he that faſte gan the houre attayne,
Of cruell death afore his lordes all,
He made in haſte Thelephus to call,
To his preſence and with a mortall chere,
Sayde openly that all men myghten here.
My ſonne quod he ſyth nedely I muſt pace,
Out of this worlde for gayne may no grace,
My lyfe to ſaue through no mannes myghte,
But for bycauſe of equytye and ryght,
I am compelled iuſtly in ſentence,
To declare clerely my conſcyence,
Tofore my death herynge all this preſe,
This to ſaye thy father Hercules,
The wyſe worthy and that knyghtly man,
Whylom this lond through his conqueſt wan:
The whiche onely of his godlyhead,
As he that was the ſtocke of manlyhead,
Toke vnto me by cõmyſſyon,
The gouernaunce of this regyon:
Of his free wyll with hole the regally.
And nolde him ſelfe the countrey occuppe.
And ſothly yet his ryght was not the laſſe.
For loue of whom ſyth that I ſhall paſſe,
With full entent of my laſte wyll,
To the I graunt as it is ryght and ſkylle,
As very heire iuſtly to ſuccede.
Louge in honour therin thy lyfe to lede,
Makyng there a proteſtacion,
That in full token and confyrmacion,
This is the wyll fynall of myne hearte.
Fro the whiche no man may me diuerte,
Upon no ſyde nor vtterly declyne.
¶ For fyrſt my wyll and diſſent of lyne,
Be together combyne now in one.
Fro whiche thyng no man may do me gone,
For this deſyre laſte of my langour,
That thou playnly be my ſucceſſour.
And fynally thus I conclude and deme,
That vnto the Septer and diademe,
Delyuered be with euery circumſtaunce.
But all his wyll for more aſſuraunce,
He made do write it in his teſtament.
The fyne concludynge of his laſte entent.
And after that he full piteouſly,
Beſought Thelephus moſt hertely,
Of manly routhe and knyghtly gentilneſſe,
To do his deuer and his buſyneſſe.
After his death like his eſtate royall,
To halowe and holde his feaſt funerall,
Soleinply and the exequies do.
And ſodeynly without wordes mo,
The kyng Tentran yeldeth vp the goſte.
And went his waye I note to what coſte.
I can not deme of ſuche myſtyhede.
And whan Percas broken had the threde,
On the rocke and he was forth his waye,
Then Thelephus out of marbell graye,
Curiouſly a tombe made do carue.
The dead corps therin to conſerue,
Full rychely and aboue the graue.
An Epythaphe anone he dyd do graue.
In his honour playnly to expreſſe,
His knighthode both and his worthyneſſe.
And howe his goſte and he were deuorced,
With letters ryche of golde aboue enboced.
Rounde aboute wonder curious.
On his tombe that ſayden playnly thus.
Here lyeth Tentran the kyng doubtles,
Whylom ſlayne of cruell Achylles.
That his ſcepter and the regallye,
Hooly gaue whiche no man may denye,
To Thelephus the ſonne of Hercules.
Whiche in his tombe reſteth nowe in peace.
Whan this perfourmed was in euery thynge,
And Thelephus of Meſſa crowned kyng,
And hyghe and lowe all by one aſſent,
Had ſolempnely in open parlement,
Made fayth to hym and ydone homage,
Lyke their degrees as they were of age,
And with hole herte in all their beſt entent,
By othe aſſured and by ſacrament,
As trewe lyeges receyued him for kyng.
¶ Than Achylles without more taryinge,
Whan all was ſette in peace and gouernaunce
Without grutchinge or any baryaunce,
To their ſhyppes anone he made carye,
Euery thyng that was neceſſarye,
To the grekes, corne, fruite, or vitayle.
Fleſche or, fyſche, or what that might auayle.
To hoſteynge or helpe them in their nede.
Downe to the ſea he all this dyd lede,
Fully their veſſell for to ſtuffe and lade.
And Thelephus after this he made,

Stylle

Stylle in boundes of his regyon,
For to abyde for this conclusion.
That through his helpe and his diligence,
Busynes and discrete prouydence,
Agayne all myschyefe and all scarsytee,
Whan they nede he myght their socour be.

ALbe that he lyke as sayth Guydo,
With Achilles full fayne wolde haue go,
But he abode sothly for the beste.
By bonde assured fully and beheste.
In euery thynge grekes to releue,
And than in haste Achilles toke his leue.
Of Thelephus and gan anone to sayle,
All his shyphes stuffed with vitayle,
Towarde grekes as made is menciowne.
And in shorte tyme he at Tenedowne,
Aryued is and taken hath the grounde.
With all his knyghtes likwise hole & sounde,
¶And after this to Agamenon;
He fyrste hath made full relacion,
Of his exployt lyke as it was fall.
In the presence of his lordes all.
Sittyng enuyron many worthy knyght.
¶And fyrste in Messa he telleth of the fyght,
Whan they entred and of their welcomyng,
And ceryously he tolde eke of the kynge,
That Tentran hyght and playnly also how,
Achylles amydde the fyelde hym slowe.
And or his death how he of hole entent,
Fully ordeyned in his testament,
Thelephus also to be his heire.
All this he tolde and eke of his repayre,
Unto the sea and eke of the vyttayle.
¶And Thelephus how he wyll not fayle,
To sende them all that may them please.
Of whiche thynge the grekes in great ease,
Were brought of herte and lyke wonder well.
When Achilles had tolde them euerydell,
And greatly preysed his hygh prouydence.
His manhode both and his sappyence.
In his out beynge that he bare him so,
And after this Achylles is ygo,
To his lodgynge a lyttle there besyde.
Where his knyghtes vpon hym abyde,
Myrmydones full glade of his comynge.
And hym receyued as longeth to a kynge.
Where he abode and rested hym a whyle.
¶But for Guydo declyneth here his style,
From the grekes to them of Troye towne,
I must also make digressyowne,
Of myne auctour the steppes for to sewe.
Lyke as it is conuenient and dewe,
To my matter syth he is my guyde.
And for a whyle grekes sette a syde.
I wyll reherse how Dares Frygyus,
In Troye booke declareth vnto vs,
And ceriously maketh menciowne,
Of the lordes that came to Troye towne.
To helpen them manly in their defence,
Agaynst grekes to maken resystence.
With ordynaunce of many dyuers thynges,
There came to thē, Erles, Dukes, & kinges.
As in Dares playnly is made mynde,
Reade his boke and there ye may yt fynde.
¶And alder fyrst I reade how that he,
Specyally speaketh of kynges three.
Full manly men and also of great fame.
All be that he reherseth not the name,
Of their kyndomes yet he wryteth thus,
¶The fyrst of theim was called Pandarus.
And as I reade Tapor the seconde,
The thirde Andrastrus lyke as it is founde.
And as Guydo lyst to specyfye,
Thre thousande knyghtes in their companye,
And manly men they were euerychone.
¶And from an yle called Coleson,
Lyke as Dares listeth to expresse,
There came also of excellent prowesse,
¶Kynges foure of whiche the fyrst was,
As he hath wrytte ynamed Carras.
And the seconde hyghte Ymasyus.
Nestor the thirde the .iiii. Amphymacus.
And fyue thousande worthy knightes all;
There came with them manly for to fall;
Upon the grekes in helping of the towne.
And fro ẏ prouince knowen of great renowne
Called Lycye came the kyng Glaucon,
And with him brought his sonne Sarpedon,
A noble knight in armes full famous,
And was allyed to kyng Pryamus.
And thre thousande yf I shall not fayne.
There came of knightȝ w̄ these lordes twaine.
¶And from Larysse a ryche lande also,
As I fynde there camen kynges two,
And them to quite manly as they ought,
A thousand knightȝ they to Troye brought.
¶And from a kyngdome named Lycaowne,

Euphemus

Euphemus a kyng, of great renowne,
Brought with hym as Dares doth wytnesse,
A thousande knyghtes of great worthynesse.
And fyue hundred Dares telleth vs,
Came with Hupon and with Epedus,
Many kayghtes in plates of syluer bryght,
And with hym eke a kyng ỳ Remus hyght.
Brought.iii. thousande to Troye many myle,
From Tabarna his large mightye yle.
And Dukes foure with all their chiualrye,
And Erles.viii. came in his companye.
Haupnge in armes great experyence.
And all they bare without difference,
Their men & they when they were in ỳ fyelde,
The chefe of golde euerych in his shielde,
Wherby the kynge and holy his nauy,
Amonge them all knowen mighten be,
Albe that other boze eke the same.
Also frō Trace kynge Pyler by his name,
Fro thylke Trace that is moste excellent,
Whiche in the plage of the Orient,
Haueth his scyte frō which this mighty kyng,
A thousande knights brought at his comynge.
As myne auctor recordeth eke also,
An hundred knightes be to Troye go,
With Alchamus a worthy Duke famous.
That came with Pyler Guydo wryteth thus.
Troyans to helpe in their great nede,
And fro Pauonye sothly as I reade,
Came Pretemessus the noble werryour,
Lorde of that lande kynge and gouernour.
And duke Stuper with hym also had,
And of knyghtes a thousande that he ladde.
Towarde Troye from his region.
And as this storye maketh mencyon,
That prouince standeth most by wildernesse,
And by woodes of plenteous thickenesse,
Wherin growe full many diuers tree,
And most is forest that men may there se.
For they there buylde houses but a fewe.
And in that lande full diuersly them shewe,
Many lykenesse queynte and monstruous,
Beastes vnkouth to syght merueylous.
Stoundmele as by apparence.
By illusyon false in existence.
Wonder gastfull playnly for to sene,
For dyuers goddes of the woodes grene,
Apperen there called Satyrye,
Bycornes eke Fawny and Incubye,
That cause often men to falle in rage.
And of this lande the people full sauage.
Hardy knyghtes furyous and woode,
And desyrous aye to sheden bloude.
Greatly experte specyally to shete,
With darte and spere peryllous for to mete.
For they caste euen as any lyne.
And from an yle that named was Boetine,
In great araye to Troye the Citee,
Lyke as I fynde there came Dukes three.
The fyrst of all called Amphymus,
Damus the secounde the thirde Forcius.
And as sayth Dares which listeth not to lye,
Twelue hundred knightes in their company.
And fro Brotyne as made is remembrance
The riche lande that hath such habundaunce,
Of spyces, gummes, fruites, corne, and wine,
Holsome rotes, ryndes, ryche and fyne,
Wonder vnkouth and precious also,
Out of which there comen kinges two.
Full knightly men in armes desyrous,
Kynge Boetes and Epristuis,
And wt them brought to Troye from ferre,
A thousande knightes arayed for the werre.
And fro the lande called Paflagonye,
Whiche seuered is from all companye,
As bookes saye that be hystoryall.
Under the plage that is Orientall,
Sette so ferre as made is rehersayle,
That fewe or none to that lande trauayle,
For there to come is nete impossyble.
For whiche that lande is called inuisyble,
Bycause onely of his remosion,
And yet yt is a ryche regyon.
Of golde and syluer also and of stones,
And habundaunte of plentee for the nones.
It is so full of treasour and of good,
And hath his scyte on the ryche floude,
Ynamed Tygre not fer from Eufrates,
As sayth myne auctour that called is Dares.
From whiche lande in stele armed clene,
A thousand knightes came with Phylomene.
The worthy kyng whose childes out of drede,
Were of cuirboilye in Guydo as I read.
With golde depaynte & fret with stones ryche,
That in this world I trow there was nōe liche,
Out of the floudes chosen by deuyse,
Whiche haue their course out of Paradyse.
The whiche kyng a Gyaunt of stature,

And

And of his makynge passyng all measure.
Stronge and delyuer also as I fynde.
¶And fro the lande ỹ marcheth vpon Inde,
Kyng Perses came with many knightly man,
And he also that with his hande hym wan,
So moche honour the noble kyng Menon,
And eke his brother called Sygomon.
Whiche from the lande of their subiectiowne,
Of dukes, erles, and knyghtes of renowne,
Thre thousande brought all in plates shene.
With speres rounde whet ful square and kene
From Ethyope came this noble route.
¶And from the kyngdome also out of doute,
That Thereo of Dares called is,
Came the kyng full prudent and full wyse,
The manly man named Theseus,
And eke his sonne that hyght Archylogus.
A thousande knyghtes in their company,
And Theseus full myghe was of allye,
To Priamus by dissent of bloud.
And kynges twayne passyng ryche of good,
And renowmed of knighthode as by fame,
Albe that Guydo reherseth not their name.
Yet in this storye he maketh mencion,
That from Agresta the lyttle regyon,
A thousand knightꝭ they brought vnto Troy,
The grekes pryde to daunte and to acoye.
For they were chosen and pycked for ỹ nones.
¶And from the land beyond the Amazones,
Lyssyna the kyng Eppystrophus,
So wyse, so worthy, and inly vertuous.
Passyng of counsayle and discrecyowne,
And with all this full worthy of renowne.
He preued was also in speciall,
And in the artes called lyberall,
He lerned was and expert a ryght.
Notwithstandyng he was a worthy knyght.
In werre and peace manfull and ryghte sage,
Albe that he was ronne ferre in age.
And as the storye maketh rehersayle,
A thousande knightꝭ cladde in plate & mayle,
To Troye towne I fynde that he ladde.
And with hym Guydo sayth that he hadde,
A wonder archer of syght meruaylous,
Of fourme and shap in maner monstruous,
For lyke myne auctour as I reherse can,
Fro the nauell vpwarde he was man,
And lower downe lyke a horse yshaped,
And thilke parte that after man was maked,
Of skinne was blacke and rough as any bere,
Couered with here fro colde him for to were.
Passyng foule and horrible of syght,
Whose eyen twain were sparkeling as bright,
As is a furneis with his reade leuene.
Or the lyghtnyng that falleth from ỹ heauen,
Dredefull of loke and reade as fyre of there,
And as I reade he was a good archer.
And with his bowe both at euen & morowe,
Upon grekes he wrought moche sorowe.
And gasted them with many hydous loke,
So sterne he was that many of them quoke,
Whan they hym sawe so ougly and horryble.
And more lothsome than it is credible.
That many one hath wounded to the death,
And caused them to yelden vp the breath.
On grekes syde as ye shall after here.
¶And in this wyse assembled vpon yfere,
Kynges, Dukes, and Erles of renowne,
From sundry landes within Troye towne,
That vpon ygathred and come fro so ferre,
As sayth Dares to helpe them in this werre.
That were in numbre as he maketh mynde,
Two and thirtye thousande as I fynde.
Of worthy knyghtes and lordes of estate,
That syth the worlde was fourmed & create,
Ne was sene I trowe in one Citee.
Together assembled of so hygh degree,
Nor of knightes so great a multitude.
And yet this Dares sothly to conclude,
In his boke maketh of them no mynde.
That came to Troye out of smaler Inde.
Nouther of them moste famous of renowne,
That were w Priam yborne of Troy towne.
¶That fynally if it be trewly sought,
Syth ỹ houre that this world was wrought,
I dare affyrme vnder Phebus sphere,
So many worthy were not mette yfere.
Of manly men flouryng in lustynesse,
So freshe, so yonge, and as by lyklynesse,
In euery poynt of shape and of arraye,
For to do well. for sothly this is no naye,
Who lyst consyder vpon outher syde,
For through the world where men go or ryde,
The floure of knighthode and of worthinesse,
Of chyualrye and of hyghe prowesse,
Assembled was without and within,
Fully assented the werre so to begyn.
¶Wherfore ye lysters taketh now good hede,

That

That you delyte in this boke to reade.
Fyrst for how lyttle that this werre began,
How light the cause for which so many a man,
Hath loste his lyfe in myschyefe pyteously.
And yet no man can beware therby.
Almost for nought was this stryfe begonne.
And who lyste loke they haue hereby nought
But only deth alas the hard stound. (wonne,
So many knight caught his dethes wounde,
Without recure or any remedye.
¶And for a woman if I shall not lye,
Gan all this stryfe it was the more pytie.
That so great mischyefe or aduersytie,
Of mortall slaughter euer shulde betyde.
Better had be to haue sette aside,
Suche quarelles all dere ynough a myte,
And let thē passe or ỹ the vengeaunce byte.
For wysedome were to caste afore and se,
If suche sklaunders myght eschewed be,
Or the venym gynneth for to rype.
For though ỹ men with hornes blowe & pype,
Whan the house is fyred in his hete,
Of the sparke to late is then to treate,
That caused all wherfore at the gynnynge,
The remedye is put of euery thynge.
As euery wyght may deme in his reason.
¶And while that grekes lay at Tenedon,
Them to refreshe and to reste in peace,
The worthy kyng that hyght Pallampdes,
With thirtye shyppes out of grekes lande,
Stuffed w̄ knightꝭ ful worthy of their hande,
The beste choyse of all his regyon,
Arryued is vp at Tenedon.
Wherof t[illegible] grekes whan they had a syght,
Reioy[illegible] them were ryght glad and lyght,
Haue[illegible] regarde vnto his worthynesse.
Whe[illegible]y afore had made heuynesse,
For [illegible]sence that he was so longe.
And [illegible]e of them grutched at hym stronge,
For [illegible]ne kepte his moustier at Athene.
But for to shewe that he was all clene,
Of any spotte in his conscyence,
Full manfully in open audyence,
Lyke a knyght he gan him selfe excuse,
Sto[illegible]pyng all tho that theron lyste to muse.
¶[illegible]. his absence shewyng the cause why,
That for sykenesse and sodeyne malady,
He was cōstrained his presence to withdrawe
And for they sawe that syckenesse hath no law,
They helde excused fully his absence.
¶And for he was of most reuerence,
Amonge grekes to no wight the secounde.
And was also full wyse and eke habounde,
Of golde and good auyse and prudent,
That what so euer he sette on his entent,
Knyghtly & wisely he wolde aye well achieue.
And what soeuer he gan he nolde it leue,
Maugre his foen in no maner wyse.
Tyll that he sawe a fyne of his empryse.
And for he was most of opinion,
Amonge grekes and reputacion.
They him besought that he wolde be,
Of their counsayle auisely to forse,
What were to do in euery maner thyng.
And he assenteth vnto their axynge.
Benyngly of his great gentilnesse.
And grekes than dyd theyr busynesse,
To procede withouten more delaye,
Them to enhaste in all that euer they maye,
To gyn a syege and differre it nought.
And sundry waies they serched haue & sought
In their wyttes how from Tenedowne,
They may remeue towardes Troye towne.
From the hauen where their shippes be.
And some thought moste commoditee,
For best exployt by nyght pryuely,
Toward Troye towne that stode but fast by,
Proudely to sayle with their shyppes all.
And some sayde great peryll might be fall,
Towarde nyght for take the sea,
Lest with derkenesse they ennosed bee.
In their passage knowynge not the waye.
Wherof great harme after fall maye.
And thus duers of opynyon,
Procedyng not to no conclusyon,
For in effecte their purpose not ne helde,
But styl abyden lodged in the fyelde.
Lyke as they had entryked be with drede.
¶Tyll on a daye the worthy Dyomede,
Of the grekes seynge the cowardyse,
Euen thus he his counsayle gan deuyse.
¶Syres quod he that be here now present,
If that he lyste all by one assent,
Goodly consyder aduertyng prudently,
What I shall saye tofore you openly,
Whiche of knighthode haue so noble name,
Sothly me semeth we oughtē haue gret shame,
Whiche holde our selfe so mighty & so stronge,

And

And in this lande soiourned haue so longe,
Nigh all this yeare and dursten in no wise,
Remoue hense for very cowardise.
What haue we do nought elles certaynly,
But to our foen graunted folyly,
Euen at their lust space and liberte,
To make theim stronge and opportunite,
Us to withstande playnly at the hande,
And so they will ye may well vnderstande.
¶For daye by daye to our confusiowne,
They sought waies full wisely vp & downe,
To get theim helpe in the meane space,
And theim enforced aboute in euery place,
Their large Cite with barres & with palis.
Their walles maseued and agayn our skalis,
Trusteth theron made great ordinaunce.
And with all this of our gouernaunce,
They haue espyed seyng that for drede,
We haue no herte manly to procede,
In our purpose to hold with theim the werre.
And aye the more they se that we differre,
The more they will catchen hardinesse.
Us to resyste with al their businesse.
Also I se and trust it verily,
That if we had afore hand manfully,
As we began knightly forth contynued,
Our Journey had better be fortuned.
If sodaynly with stronge and mighty hande,
They vnauysed we had into their lande,
Without abode afore this time arriued.
Of which a while we must be depriued.
And delayed where fyrst the victorye,
To our honour with palme of high glory,
We might sothly ne had be our slouthe,
Our will complyshed this the playne trouthe
Where maugre vs or we to lande ariue,
With strōg defēce they will agayne vs striue.
And put vs of or we the stronde may win.
For aye the more we tarye to begin,
The more in sothe for me list not lye,
We put our selfe echone in Jeopardye,
What should I sayne or fage from ȳ trouthe.
For our tarying and our cowarde slouthe,
Are likely after to tourne vs to great sorowe.
Wherfore betimes on the next morowe,
My counsayle is our ankers vp to pulle.
In this matter no longer that we dulle.
But to enarme our shippes for the werre,
And at the vprise of the morowe sterre,
Let vs ordayne with knightly apparayle,
Out of thys hauen with the winde to sayle.
Of manly herte and lusty freshe courage.
Our course holdinge and our right passage,
Towarde Troye and landen openlye.
What euer fall for truste sykerlye,
Without scarmische we may not ariue.
For they of Troye descende will as blyue,
Like manly men to mete vs in the berde.
But for all that let vs not be aferde,
But dreade aboyde and manhod set afore,
That cowardise ne entre at no bore.
For to adaunt the manhode of your herte.
And with that worde grekes gan aduerte,
The manly counsayle of this Diomede,
And in effect to procede in dede,
Unto the poynt and for nothinge wyll spare,
And in what wise anone I will declare.

¶How the grekes lāded tofore Troy, where they were stoutly fought with all. Ca.xxi.

The next morowe wonderly betime,
Or Phebus rose longe or it was prime,
Whan it began full merily to dawe.
The grekes hoost to shipward ginnen drawe,
With manly herte fully deuoyde of drede,
Onely through comforte of this Diomede.
But alder first anone as they awake,
The lordes wisely gan their counsayle take,
And concluded amonge theim euerichone,
Which of their shippes shulde ȳ formest gone,
And on the sea how they shoulde theim guye.
So to ariue that no man theim as[illegible]
This was deuised at a certayne n[illegible],
The night past at singing of the la[illegible]e,
Grekes ben shipped without mo[illegible]rying.
Both high and lowe rathe in the dawning.
¶And first tofore an hūdred shippes of toure
Stuffed with many worthy werrioure,
Gan proudly sayle as they had in charge,
And theyr baners brode bright and large,
Were displayed out on euery side,
As they departe the fomy wawes wyde
That to sight whelmen vp so grene.
And next to theim for werre enarmed clene,
¶Another hondred folowed fast by.
Which bare their sayles passing proudly.
In which there was ful many worthy knight

Armed in mayle and in plates bryght.
And after foloweth hooly their nauye,
That as I trowe such a companie,
Of worthy knightes and lordes of degree,
Was neuer afore sene vpon the see.
And Eolus was to theim fortunate,
And eke Neptune made tho none debate,
w̄ winde nor trouble amōge ẏ sterne wawes,
The attempyre wether ful mery to thē dawes.
That in a tide as they sayled right,
Of Troye towne they caught anone a sighte.
Wherof in herte full glad and light they be.
But whan Troians first their shippes se,
So proudely sayle a litell from the stronde,
And sawe how they cast theim for to londe,
They bode no more but arme theim hastely,
In plate and mayle and Jackes richly,
With Jrous herte and that was done anone,
And toke their horse & forth in hast they gone
Out at the gates and made no tarynge,
For they ne bide prince duke nor kinge.
Nor other lorde to guyde theim or gouerne,
But hast theim forth so many & so yerne,
Throughout the felde so great a multitude,
Amonges whom were no folkes rude,
But manly men thryftely be sayne.
So clenly armed on the large playne.
That when ẏ grekes gan theim first beholde,
The great nomber made their hertes cold.
For there was none so manly theim amonge,
So yonge so fresche so hardy nor so stronge.
Of high estate nor of low degre,
That he ne was astoned for to se,
The hardy Troiās so proudly down descend.
To let Grekes that they not assende.
That well they wist and seme vtterly,
There was none other meane tariue by,
But onely death or manly for to fight,
Or cowardly take theim to the flight.
For other conduyte playnly none there was.
But sharpe sworde and speres in this case.
Tyll sodaynly the hardy fierse kinge,
Protheselius which in his gouerninge,
Formest of all an hundred shippes ladde,
Gan hast him for Jre that he hadde,
To win the lande first if it would be.
To mete with theim so great desyre had he.
But such a winde gan in the sayle driue,
Of his shippes whan he shope to ariue,
That he vnwarely smet vpon the londe.
On the getteys and the drye sonde,
That his shippes shiuered all asonder,
And some dreynt to broke here and yonder.
And deuoured of the wawy see,
That it was routhe and pyte for to se.
For greater parte as tho gone to wrake,
And whiles some were busy for to take.
The drye lande with filth and mudde plade,
Troians of theim ful cruell slaughter made.
Maugre their might grekes so constrayned,
That w̄ their blud the wawes were ystayned
So mortally that sothly to beholde,
Amonge the sonde pale dead and colde,
The grekes lye with woūdes fresche & grene.
And all the eyre withe shote of arowes kene,
yshadowed was ẏ Phebus beames bright,
Upon the soyle was derked of his light.
And newe alway Troians theim assayle,
That to grekes playnly this ryuayle,
So mortall was and so infortunate,
So vnwelfull and disconsolate,
So vndisposed through infelicitee,
That I trowe neuer erst out of see,
Ne came none hoost more harder to the londe.
But for all that grekes ne wolde wonde,
For lyfe nor death manly to aryue.
And so befelle of aduenture as blyue,
¶ Thre hundred shyppes ẏ next after sewe,
Aduysedly and in a tyme dewe,
Be entred and in haste not to faste.
And stryke sayle and their ankers caste.
For they were there strongly enbatayled,
In their londyng lest they were assayled,
And wisely fyrst they sette their Arbalasters,
And their gonners and their best archers.
With pauysers for to go afore,
Knightly to land though troiās haddē swore,
The contrary proudely them to lette,
Yet for all that fyersly vp they sette,
The grekishe shote made them to withdrawe.
And many of them on the lande laye slawe.
That maugre them the strōde they recure.
And suche as myght moste manfully endure,
Was sette afore tyll they the lande haue take.
And all attones suche assaute they make,
Upon Troyans and tho began the fyght.
When Protheselaus ẏ noble worthy knighte,
Wonderlykely and ryght passyng stronge,

With

With the grekes that entred in amonge.
The hardy troians & euery where thē sought
For he of armes meruayles on thē wrought,
Thilke daye through his worthinesse,
That many Troyan he brought in distresse,
Where as he went they felt full vnsofte.
Through whose manhod grekes were alofte,
For thilke daye no had his knighthod be,
The grekes had in great aduersite,
Be vanquished by fatall purueyaunce,
And finally brought vnto vttraunce.
Yput abacke playnly this no lye,
But what auayleth all his chiualrye.
His worthinesse or his fierse courage,
What might it helpe or do auauntage.
Syth.vii.thousande grekes had ado,
With an hundred thousād Troians tho.
It meruayle was how they might endure,
In any wise the stronde to recure.
Or so fewe for to holde a felde,
But in theim selfe one thinge they beheldē,
Full prudently whych tho gaue theim herte,
That they sawe they mighten not asterte,
To scape with life if they woulden fle.
For at their backe was nothing but the see.
And them tofore an hooste so great and huge,
And other waye was there no refuge,
But dye attones or fight manfully.
Wherfore they cast and shope theim knightly,
Like manly men their liues rather lieoparte,
Than cowardly from their foen departe.
To lese their grounde and drenchen in the see.
And thus as longe as it would be,
Grekes defende theim for aboue their might,
Albe that many killed were in this fight.
That the streames of their red bloud,
Ran in the sonde large as any flode.
So cruelly Troians on theim set.
With spere & swerd ful sharpe ground & whet.
That routhe was and pyte for to thinke,
Till they almost droue theim to the brinke.
Where the grekes in mischiefe and distresse,
In great anguische and passing wernesse,
Theim selfe defende mate and full pwery.
Where they shoulde haue perysched vtterly,
Recureles in sothe for euermore,
Ne had Archelaus and worthy Prothenor,
From their shippes aryued vnto lande.
Of sodayne happe with theim for to stande.
And yet they had full great aduersyte,
For to ariue through the cruelte,
Of the Troians but yet the lande they wan.
And grekes than cruelly begin,
Agayne their foen to standen at defence,
With manly force and with great violence.
Tho gan encrease the blody werre newe,
That all ȳ soyle depeynted was w the dewe.
That first was grene tourned into red,
On eche side so many one lay deade.
Upon the grounde of his life depryued.
¶But duke Nestor all sodaynly ariued,
With his knightes fell and full Irous,
And of herte right melancolious.
With his speres and archiers out aside,
He entred in sterne and full of pride.
With sworde & axe grounde sharpe and kene.
They ran ysere and met vpon the grene,
And hoked arowes alway flewe amonge,
And shaftes shiuer brast and tourne wronge,
And with their toles steled and well whet,
The longe daye they haue togither met.
And the slaughter newe alwaye began.
On euery halfe of many worthy man.
With woundes large and despytous.
¶For Prothenor and king Archelaus,
With swerdes stiffe among the renges kerue,
That many Troian made for to sterue,
They were that daye so passingly Irous.
And theim tauenge inly desyrous,
Neuer ceasing in their pursewing,
¶And to releue theim Agus the kinge,
Ylonded is and eke king Attalus,
Which on Troians were full enuious.
Brenning of ire as the fiery glede,
And vpon theim of very olde hatrede,
With their knightes sodeynly be fall,
And in their ire bitterer than gall,
Cruelly there they their foen oppresse,
And of assent did their businesse,
Maugre theim backwarde to resorte,
Amide the felde as I can reporte,
There was no choyse so they were cōstreyned
Of very force and of manhode payned,
To withdrawe for their confusiowne.
But than in hast downe from Troye towne,
Of worthy knightes freshly armed newe,
With deuyses of many sondry hewe,
Without abode shortly to conclude,

There came downe so great a multitude,
Eche his armes depaynte vpon the shylde,
That in their comming glittereth al the felde,
Of their armure as the sonne bryght.
And whan that they were entred in to fight,
Grekes metynge felly by enuye,
They sette vpon fret with melancolye.
With such a will of herte and of courage,
With such furye in their mortall rage,
That to accorde was none other mene.
But slaught and death theym to go betwene.
Thrugh stroke of are of dagger and of spere.
That of force compelled the grekes were,
Theim retourne backwarde to the stronde.
To whose rescuse anone there came to londe,
The king Ulires with his hole naupe.
And full knightly wyth his chiualrye,
Towardes Troians enhasteth him anone.
And of one herte the grekes with him gone,
And theyr courage hooly they resume,
And gan their foen felly to consume.
Unto the death their domage to reuenge.
That no wight may iustly theim chalenge,
Of manhode so well they haue theim borne.
To acquite again their harmes done before
At which time like a fierse Lyowne,
Amonge Troians ranging vp and downe,
Ulires wente with his swerde in honde.
He killeth sleeth and knightly gan to fonde,
Thilke daye like a man be founde.
And here & there with many mortal wounde,
Upon Troians he wrought all this wracke.
Thē bering downe on fote & on horse backe.
In his ire his strokes were so kene.
¶ At which time worthy Philomene,
Lorde and king of Paffiagonye,
Whan he behelde with his companye,
So many Troian of Ulires slawe,
Towardes him anone he gan him drawe,
On horse backe and with a spere rounde,
Out of his sadyll bare him to the grounde.
But Ulires rose vp anone right,
Taking his horse lyke a manly knight,
The which anone as Philomene hath sayne,
Toke eft a spere and rode to him agayne.
So mightely and with such violence,
That fynally there gayneth no diffence,
But that he smote him euen thrugh ỹ shelde,
The which flewe asonder in the felde,
And thrugh his plates without any fayle,
The spere head and rested in the mayle.
That forged was of stele ful chene & bright,
Which to perce the spere head hath no might.
So trewly made was the haberiowne.
But w that stroke Ulires was bore downe.
Yet efte agayne he hasteth vp anone,
Ne of this stroke herme felt he none.
And raught a spere sharpe whet & ygrounde,
And Philomene he gaue such a wounde,
With all the myght of his armes twayne,
Of yrous herte with so great a payne,
That thrugh his sheld both ỹ plate & maile,
He smote him vp thrugh his arentayle,
Into the gorge that the stocke gan glyde,
That from his horse he fell downe aslyde,
Full perylously pyght vpon his head.
His knightes wenyng sothly he were dead.
Which toke him vp and layde him on a shelde,
And bare him home in hast out of the felde.
With great daunger or they might him wyn,
Through the grekes with their lord to twyn.
And for Troians supposed sykerly,
That Philomene without en remedye,
Had be dead they were astoned all.
That if this case that daye ne had befall,
Of Phylomene grekes on the stronde,
Had be outrayed arriuing vp to londe.
Through the knighthod this is doubtles.
Of Phylomene whom that Ulyres,
Unhorsed hath with a mortall wounde,
In knightly wyse Troians to confounde,
Wherof they were astoned euerychon.
¶ But Thoas than and Agamenon,
Of Grekes hooste lorde and emperour,
Aryued is vnto theyr socoure.
With all his knightes and Menelaus,
And eke the worthy Thelamonious.
Called Ayax is to lande come.
And they at leysure haue theyr horse nome,
While other grekes Troians occupye,
Sore fighting and they gan fast hye,
Towardes theim making no delay,
All in a fruche in all the hast they may,
They ran yfere and their speres bracke,
With herte enuyous vpon horse backe.
There myght men the worthy knyghtes se,
On their stedes eche at other flee.
With styffe sworde shaftes great & rounde.

With

With hedes square the pointes kene grounde.
There myght men se in their furyous tene,
So many knightes dead vpon the grene.
But most the slaughter and confusyowne,
Fell thilke time of theim of the towne.
The grekes were so myghty and so stronge.
And in the felde this contynueth longe,
¶ Til Pyrothesylay the stronge mighty king.
Which all the daye in skarmische and fighting.
Full lyke a knyght had occupyed be,
Againe Troians in his cruelte,
Of manhode onely and of worthinesse.
Of aduenture in his werynesse,
Hym to refreshe and to taken eyze,
And to abzethe hym making his repeyze,
To the stronde where he did aryue,
Where as he thought his herte gan to ryue,
Of cruel yze and also of pyte,
That he hath caught onely foz to se,
His men slayne endlonge on the stronde.
And some of theim comyng vp to londe,
Dzeynt in the sea amonge the flodes depe.
Foz whych thinge he gan anone to wepe,
Full pyteously all were it not aspyed,
Whose wofull eyen might not tho be dzyed,
Foz the constreynt which sat so nygh his hert.
Till at the last amonge his paynes smerte,
So cruell yze gan his herte enbzace,
That sodaynly with a despytous face,
Without abode thought how that he,
Upon theyz death would auenged be,
Oz finally attones with theim deye.
And on his stede he toke the right weye,
Towarde his foen ful yzous in his rage,
And line right he holdeth his passage,
Swift as grayhounde ỹ renneth out of lese,
And where he sawe that greatest was ỹ prese,
He preceth through amiddes of the felde,
And with the swozde ỹ in his hande he helde,
That grounde was to kerue and to byte,
Full moztally aboute him gan he smyte.
That these Troians might him not asterte,
That he ne ryueth some vnto the herte.
And some he woundeth sothly to the death,
And some he made yelden vp the bzeath.
And some also vnhozseth cruelly.
And whom he met that daye vtterly,
From his hozse he made him to alyght.
Foz where he rode they fled out of his sighte,
And his presence as the death eschewe,
But styll in one he gan theim after sewe.
In his chase lyke as a wood lyon,
Foz thus he playeth with theim of the towne.

Tyll Perseus of Ethiopye kinge,
Came from the Cyte sodaynly riding,
With many a knyght and many lyuely man,
At whose coming of newe there began,
A freshe skarmyshe furyous and wood.
That many greke that daye lost his blode.
So fell assaute Troians on theim make,
Amonge theim the Ethiopes blake.
To manly bare thē fighting here and there,
That where the Troians were afoze in fere,
Remounted be and of newe assured,
ỹ through their helpe they haue ỹ feld recured
And made theim lese also much agayne,
As they tofoze wonnen on the playne.
Foz they so hole and so mightely,
Kept theim togyther and so auysely,
Gouerned theim with glaue spere and shelde,
That grekes were compelled in the felde,
Maugre who grutche of necessyte,
To the stronde backwarde foz to flee,
Almost dispayzed mate and comfoztles.
But in that while kinge Pallamides,
To theyz rescous came to aryuayle,
All lusty freshe entreth into battaile,
With his knightes and his hole maynee.
Taking their hozse tho fast by the see,
And pzoudly themse embushed all at ones,
With spere & swerde yground foz the noues,
By wise gouernement in their doinge.
Haue so oppzessed at their in coming,
The manly Troians that it was a wonder,
To se theim lye slayne here and yonder.
And this continueth til amonge the pzese,
Of auenture that Pallamides,
Bzenning aye in his furious hete,
Amid the felde happeth foz to mete,
A wozthy knight called Sygamon,
Which bzother was to the kyng Menon.
Newewe also as Guido doth reherse,
This manly man to the kinge Perce.
Which Grekes had that daye soze oppzessed,
By his knighthod as it is expzessed,
Foz he the grekes to his wozthinesse,
Had oft sithes bzought in great distresse.

The same daye to his great encrease.
¶But of Fortune alas Pallampydes,
As I you tolde hath in the fyelde hym mette.
And with a spere square and sharpe whette.
Whan he of knighthod was most in his pride,
He rode at hym and smote him through ẏ side,
And with that last deadly fatall wounde,
From his stede he bare hym to the grounde.
And on the playne of his bloud all red,
Pallampydes lefte him pale and dead,
Amonges them that of Troye were.
And forth he rode & bare downe here & there,
All that euer in his waye stode.
He was on theim so furyous and wood.
Maugre Troians tofore hym on the playne,
Made resorte to the walle agayne,
His manly knightes alway fast by,
On hym awayting ful ententifely.
Redy to honde at euery great empryse,
But tho began the noyse to aryse,
The wofull clamour and the pyteous crye,
Of theim of Troye the which vtterly,
Agayne grekes mighten not sustene.
The mortall swerde was so sharpe and kene,
Of the noble worthy famous knyght,
Pallampydes that with his great myght,
The longe daye hath yborne him so,
Agayne his foen and so knightly do,
In his persone through his high renowne,
That chased hath almost to the towne,
Troians echone and manly made theim flee.
The noyse of whom is entred the Cite,
The hydous crye and the mortall shoute.
¶Wherof ameued Hector yssueth oute,
Furyously in all the hast he can,
The son of Mars this knyght this mãly mã,
Of all worthy yet the worthiest.
That euer was and the hardiest.
For as Phebus with his beames cleare,
Amonge the sterres right so did he appeare,
Excellyng all in stele armed bryght,
On whom it was a very heauenly syght.
For it was he that both nigh and ferre,
Of worthinesse was the lode sterre.
The whych whan he entred into felde,
Like as I reade bare that daye a shelde,
The fyelde of which was of pure golde,
With thre Lions in storye as is tolde.
Of whose coloure is made no mencion,
But as I fynde by discripcion,
They were passant if I report a tryght,
Borne on the brest of this Troian knyght.
That was ẏ ground & rote of high prowesse.
And floure accompted of all worthinesse.
The which so manly without more abode.
Amonge his knightes to the grekes rode,
So lyke a man that they in his comynge,
Astoned were as he gan in thynge.
Amonges thē which killeth downe & slethe,
And whom he met there was not but death,
Afore his swerd grekes go to wrake.
And their wardes of knightly force he brake,
Maugre theyr head & seuered thē a sonder,
And bare all downe ridyng here and yonder.
And casually he meteth in his waye,
¶Protheselaus whych all the longe daye,
Had sore fought agaynst theim of Troye.
And slewe all tho that comen in his waye.
This hardy knyght this worthy fierse kinge,
Whych on Troians was euer pursewyng,
He had to theim so hertely great enuye.
The whych thinge whan Hector gan espye,
And of his knyghthod gan to taken hede,
Towardes hym tho turneth he his stede,
And line right of hasty Ire he rode,
And with his swerde disteyned al with blode,
He cloue his head through his basenet.
With such a might that his stroke nas let,
By force of mayle nor of thicke plate,
But fynally as was his mortall fate,
the swerd of Hector thrugh nerue bone & bain
This worthy kynge parted hath on twayne.
For vtterly there gayneth none armure,
Agayne the stroke of Hector to endure.
But that this kynge so full of worthinesse,
Stronge mighty and of great hardinesse,
Receyued hath his last fatall wounde.
And lyeth now dead parted on the grounde.
And Hector forth amonge the grekes rideth,
And whosoeuer his stroke so abydeth,
Refute was none nor diffence but death.
And many greke thus that daye he sleyth,
For whych of theim tho in his waye stode,
His sharpe swerde he batheth in his blode.
That also ferre as they might him se,
As the death from his swerde they fle.
So mortal vengeaunce vpō thē he wrought.
And many a greke at his felowe sought,

And

And gan enquere what he might be,
For all their lyfe they coulde neuer se,
None so knightly haue hym in battayle.
And playnly dempte as by supposayle,
It was Hector the noble warryour.
Whiche of knighthode bare away the floure,
Amonge all that euer yet were borne.
For there nas greke that him may stād afore
Of all that day he gan them so enchace,
To the stronde euen afore his face.
For they ne durste his mortall stroke abyde,
And when he had this on euery syde,
The grekes chaced to the wawy sea,
Wounded and mate in great aduersyte,
Then him to rest this Troyan knight anone,
Lyke Mars himselfe home to Troye is gone.

AT whose partynge grekes efte presume,
Manly agayne their hertes to resume.
And of newe their fomen to assayle.
And to iuparte if it wolde auayle,
Lyfe and death to sette at outraunce,
On fortunes lyst if she wold auaunce,
Their parte agayne in recure of the fyelde.
And thē enforce with might of spere & shielde,
Anone forthwith and maken no delay,
To wynne agayne on Troyans if they maye.
For. viii. tymes sythen they begonne,
The felde they haue that day lost and wonne.
Lyke as fortune lyste to do their cure,
Up or downe for to tourne her eure.
For as her whele went about rounde,
Right so that day they wan & lost their groūd.
But specially they weren most desmayde.
Whē Hector came which hath thē so outraide,
Thrugh his knighthod made their hertȝ ryue,
And to resorte where they dyd aryue.
And thus continued mauger all their myght,
While in the fielde was this Troyan knyght.
¶Tyll Phebus chere gan to westre downe,
That he repayred is into the towne,
Whiche had grekes wrought afore full yll.
¶But now the hardy cruell fyres Achyll,
Aryued is with his knyghtes all,
Myrmydones whom men are wonte to calle.
Whyche from the sea taken haue the playne,
At whose cōmynge grekes haue agayne,
The fyelde recured and put them selfe in prese
Only through helpe of worthy Achylles,
Whiche is so felly Troyans fall vpon,
That he of them hath slayne full many one.
For thre thousande in stele armed bryght,
With hym he brought redy for to fyght.
Knyghtes echone full worthy of renowne.
Whiche with Achylles grekes champyowne,
Haue mercilesse in their crueltee,
Slayne many Troyan out of the Citie.
They were so feruent in their mortall Ire.
So enuyous of hate to desyre,
Newe and newe for to shede their bloud.
For Achylles thought it dyd hym good.
With his sworde ꝑ Troians bloud to shede,
And on the soyle to se them lye and blede.
Rowthlesse in his melancolye.
For he to them hath so hote enuye,
Without their deth that it may not quenche.
And he his sworde ful depe hath made drenth,
Throughout the day in the Troyans bloud.
And batheth it as it were in a floude.
Whiche forged was and ywhette so kene.
That many ryuer sothly on the grene,
Ran here and there of the hurtes sore.
And with his knyghtes alway more & more,
Pursued them afore hym as they flee.
Harde to the walles of Troye the cytee.
Where dolefully they made a pyteous crye.
And in this whyle I fynde in the storye.
¶The grekes hoost hooly is aryued,
Lyke in Guydo as it is descryued.
Of men of armes suche a multytude,
And of knightes shortly to conclude,
That from their shyppes of newe landed be,
That they of Troye astoned were to se,
And abashed gan to weyen all,
For sodaynly there gynneth on them fall,
On euery halfe passyngly great prese.
And euer in one this hardy Achilles,
With his sworde made their sydes red,
For here and there laye the bodyes dead,
He wounded some at entre of the gate,
And knightly there with them he gan debate.
And furyously this fell cruell knyght,
The chyldren slewe in their fathers syght.
That to beholde it was great pyte,
And yet the slaughter tho greater had be,
Numbreles of them of the towne,
Perpetually to their confusyowne,
Lykely for euer to haue be ouercome,

¶If Troylus ne had to reſcuſe come.
Yonge, freſche, luſty, and inly deſyrous,
With whom come Paris and Deiphobus,
And many worthy their partye to ſocoure,
So that the grekes tho ne myght endure,
Agaynſt them to ſtanden at deffence.
For all their pryde nor maken reſyſtence.
Worthy Troylus ſo well ỹ tyme hym quytte.
For this in ſoth what greke that he hytte,
Outher he maymeth or he made hym deye.
Wherfore as deth they fled out of his weye.
And fyerſe Achylles with his companye,
For it was nyght homewarde gan hym hye.
Towarde grekes with glorye and honoure,
And they receyue hym lyke a conquerour.
Whiche at that tyme ſo happely were mette.
¶And they of Troye haue their gates ſhet.
And made thē ſtrong thrꝛoughout al ỹ towne,
¶And in this tyme kyng Agamenowne,
Yſerched hath a place conenable,
Which to him was thought moſt agreable,
Byliklyhod and moſt conuenient,
For euery lorde to pytchen there his tente.
And in a fylde that was full large of ſpace,
Moſte competent as for lodgyng place,
In dewe ſcyte ſette for the Cite,
Eche lorde was ſigned where as he ſhulde be.
¶And gan anone ordeyne manſyons,
Pytched their tentes and pauylyons,
And ſuch as there might no Tentorys haue,
From ſtorme and rayne them ſelfe for to ſaue,
They deuyſed other habytacles.
Tigurys and ſmalle receptacles,
To ſhrounde them in and all the night alſo,
From their ſhyppes they hadden moche ado.
Or they might well haue their horſe to lande,
And to ordeyne where they ſhulden ſtande.
And they alſo buſye for to carye,
Other thynges that weren neceſſarye,
And nedefully vnto a ſyege longe.
And eke they made tye their ſhyppes ſtronge,
For in the porte their ankers haue they caſte.
And of aſſent they buſyed them full faſte,
For to confyrme of one entencionwne,
To ſet a ſyege tofore Troye the towne,
And therupon a bounde aſſured faſte,
For to abyde whyle their lyfe many laſte.
Fynally without repentaunce.
And prudently they made their ordynaunce,
As they beſt coulde all the longe nyght,
They bete their fyres which bremen wonder light,
And at a ſpace deuyded fro the fyres,
They ſette vp lyke to theſe barriers,
And rounde about where their lodgyng was,
They paled them all the fyelde compaſe.
And to acheue the fyne of their purpoſe,
They ſlyly wrought & kept thē ſelfe aye cloſe.
¶And the kynge that no treaſon fall,
Let make watche without his tentes all.
Of ſuche as had reſted them afore.
And his mynſtrelles he made ouermore,
As ſayth Guydo all the longe nyght,
To keye their tydes tofore the fyres bryght.
Merely to ſowne their Inſtrumentes,
And them he made reſte in their tentes,
That had afore wery be of fyghte.
And in the ſea were faynted of their might.
And others eke he made in their armure,
Awayte wyſely agayne all aduenture.
That no deceite were founde vpon no ſyde.
¶And thus this kyng knightly can prouyde
In his aduyce that nothyng hym eſcape.
And al the night I fynde how he dyd wake.
¶Tyll on the morowe that the rowes red,
Of Phebus chare gonne for to ſprede,
And thus eche thynge diſpoſed as it ought,
I wyll procede to tellen how they wrought.
Cerpouſly without and eke within,
With your ſuppoꝛt the thirde boke begyn.

Thus endeth the ſeconde boke.

¶ Of the first battaile wherin

Hector shewed hym selfe in valyauncye tofore all other. Capitulo. xxii.

When Auroza with her pale lyght,
Under ỹ mantel of the mirke night.
And the curtyne of her hewes fade,
Ychrouded was in the derke shade,
Abashed rud dy as I can deſyne,
Only as she that is Femynyne,
For ashamed durste not tho be seyne,
Bycause she had so longe a bedde leyne,
With freshe Phebus her owne chosen knight.
For whiche she hydde her sothly out of syght.
Tyll his stede that called is Flegonte,
Enhasted hym aboue oure Orizonte.
And Appollo with his beames clere,
Hath recomforted her oppressed chere.
This to saye after the dawnynge.
When Tytan was vp in East rysinge.
Of his hete atempre and right softe,
Their hemusphere for to glade a lofte.
¶ The same houre the Troyan champiowne,
Gouernour of werres of the towne,
Worthy Hector whiche in the Cite,
Nexte Priam had of all the souereyntee,
The towne to guyde by knightly excellence,
For his manhode and his sapyence.
Of Troyan knyghtes lorde & eke cheuetaine,
Whiche hath commaunded in a large playne,
To hyghe and lowe he exceptynge none,
Kynges, prynces, and lordes euerychone,
The same morowe for to mete yfere,
In their araye to mustre and appere.
Lyke as they were of name and of estate.
Besyde a temple whylom consecrate,
To the goddesse that called is Dyane.
Moste honoured in this riche phane.
There to array them in all the haste they can,
Lyke the deuyse of this knyghtly man.
¶ And in this playne passynge fayre to se,
Was sette amydde of Troye the Cite.
Smoth & right faire & full of freshe floures.
Where all the worthy noble werryours,
Of Troye towne togyther assembled be,
And many other to beholde and se,
The famous knyghtes arme them in ỹ place.
And some of them gan full streyte lace,
Their doublettes made of lynnen clothe,
A certayne folde that aboute hym goth.
And some also dempte moste sureste,
To arme them for batayle of areste,
And dyd on fyrst after their deſyres,
Sabatons greues cussues with boyders,
A payre brech aider fyrst of mayle,
And some there were eke that ne wolde fayle,
To haue of mayle a payre brase.
And therwithall as the custome was,
A payre gussettes on a petycoote,
Garnished with golde vp vnto the thyrote.
A paunce of plate whiche of the selfe behynde,
Was shot and close and theron as I fynde,
Enuyron was abordure of smalle mayle,
And some chose of the newe entayle,
For to be surmyd of all their foes,
And hole breste plate with arere dors.
Behynde chet or elles on the syde,
And on his armes rynged not to wyde,
There were boyders fretted in the mayle.
With cordes rounde and of freshe entayle,
Uambras with wynges and rerebras therto,
And theron sette were besagups also,
Upon the head a basenet of stele,
That within was locked wonder wele,
A craftye syght wrought in the viser,
And some wolde haue of plate a bauer,
That on the brest fastned be aforne,
The canell pece more easy to be borne.
Gloues of plate of stele forged bryght,
And some for they wold armed be more light,
In thicke Jackes couered with satyne.
& some wolde haue of mayle wrought ful fine,
An hawberion of late wrought cassade,
That with weight he be not ouer lade.
Hym selfe to welde lyke a lysly man,
And some wyll haue of chose geseran,
On his doublet but an hawberyon.
And some only but a sure gepon,
Ouer his polrynges rechynge to the knee.
And that the sleues eke so longe be,

That

That his bambras may be cured ner.
A pryckynge palet of plate the couer.
And some wyll haue also no vyser,
To saue his face but onely an aser,
And some wyll haue a payre of plates lyghte,
To welde hym well whan that he shall fyght.
And some wyll haue a target or a spere,
And some a pauade his body for to were.
And some a targe made stronge to laste,
And some wyll haue dartes for to caste.
Some a pollax headed of fyne stele,
And pycked square for to laste wele.
And some a swerde his enemye for to mete,
And some wyll haue a bowe for to shete.
Some an arblast to standen out a syde,
¶And some on foote and some for to ryde.
Array them selfe their fomen for to sayle,
And many one was busye for to nayle,
His felowes harneys for to make it stronge,
And to dresse it that it sette not wronge.
With poyntes tasshyes & other maner thinge,
That in suche case longeth to armynge.
I haue no connynge euery thynge to telle,
And vnto you were to longe to dwelle,
Where I fayle ye not haue me excused,
For in suche crafte I am but lyttle vsed.
And ignorannce doth my pennelette,
In order dewe my termes for to sette.
And ofte chaũgeth suche harneys and deuyse,
And ye that be therin expert and wyse,
Disdeyne not that I speake in this place,
Of their armynge for all is in your grace.
Right at your lyst correcte it euerydell.
¶And when Hector sawe that al was well,
And euery man armed and arrayed,
This worthy knight no longer hath delayed,
Aduysedly his wardes for to make,
And prudently badde they shuiden take,
Their grounde in haste to put all in certayne,
And stande in order endlonge on the playne.
So that no man founde were recheles.
¶And the gate called Dardanydes,
Without abode Hector made vnshette,
And after bad that men shulde do fette,
To his presence that it were done in haste,
¶Tyncynabor his brother borne in baste.
And vnto hym fyrst of euerychon,
¶And to a lord that named was Glaucon,
The kynges sonne of Lycye and his heire,
With many baner aliaunsed in the eyre,
To these two Hector gaue the guarde.
And gouernaunce of the fyrst warde.
In which he hath a thousande knyghtes sette,
With speres rounde and swordes kene whette.
And on their brest full many ryche shyelde,
And they were chosen out in all the fielde,
Amonge the beste that endure myght.
Agayne grekes manly for to fyght.
And vnto them Hector bad anone,
In goddes name that they shulden gone.
Out at the gate sothly as I rede.
¶And lest they fyll in mischiefe or in nede,
He assygned in the selfe place,
With manly chere to the kynge of Trace,
Wysely on hym to be awaytyng.
A thousande knyghtes to haue at his ledyng.
In a wynge knyghtly to abyde,
To wayte on hym vpon euery syde,
And with hym his sonne Archylogus,
Of his age a man ryght vertuous,
To fulfyll that longeth to a knyght,
For both he had herte and also myght.
¶And next to them Hector gan deuyse,
The next warde to the kyng of Fryse,
That in his time calledwas zantipus.
And vnto hym stronge and desyrous,
He assygned to wayte on his banere,
Thre thousand knightꝭ armed bryght & clere.
With whiche warde kyng Alcanus also,
Of Hector was commaunded for to go,
And to his byddyng he mekely dyd obeye,
And full knyghtly taken haue their waye,
Out at the gate passyngly arrayed.
Towarde grekes with baners all displayed.
And their penons vnrolled euerychone.
¶And Hector then assygned hath anone,
To the noble ponge lusty fresche and free,
His brother Troylus so goodly on to se.
Whiche in knyghthode had all suffysaunce.
The thirde warde to haue in gouernaunce.
With thre thousand knightes ponge of age,
Flourynge in force hardy of courage.
Suche as he was of custome wont to lede.
To whom Hector of very brotherhead,
Full goodly spake and sayd at his partynge.
Brother quod he my herte is so loupnge,
Towardes the of very kyndnesse,
That though I haue in party gret gladnesse,

Of

Of thy manhode that so ferre is kouthe,
And the knyghthode of thy grene youthe.
Yet doubtlesse I in my fantasye,
Ful ofte a daye stande in iupardye,
Of pensyfehead and in busye drede,
Whan I remembre vpon thy manhead.
Lest thy courage be to vyolent.
Of thy lyfe to be neglygent.
Thy selfe to put to ferre in aduenture,
Of surquidrye so moche to assure.
In thy force knightly to a sterte,
Euery peryll in thy manfull herte.
Hauynge regarde in suche mortall stryfe,
Of wylfulnesse nouther to death nor lyfe.
Nor aduertence to thy sauacyowne
But as fortune turneth vp and downe,
Her whele meuable hye and after lowe.
In Martes Ire as the wynde doth blowe.
Whiche causeth me ful ofte syghe and thincke,
And to wake whan that I shulde wynke.
Reuolupnge aye thy hasty wylfulnesse.
But gentyll brother for any hardynesse,
Thus ylke daye vpon euery syde,
I praye the so wysely to prouyde,
For hate or pre thy foes pursuynge,
Not to excede more than is settynge.
But let prudence kepe the in a mene,
And wysdome eke holde agayne the reyne.
Of thy herte and thy fyerse courage,
That fyred haue thy grene tendre age.
Deuoyde of drede eche peryll to endure,
That our ennemyes of thy mysauenture,
Reioyce not myne owne brother dere.
And myghty Mars I praye of herte entere,
Thus euery day on the Troyans grounde,
From their handes the to kepe sounde.
Lyke as I wolde that he dyd do me.
¶ To whom anone with all humilite,
In manly wise this yonge lusty knight.
This worthy Troylus in herte freshe & light,
Answered agayn and sayd with glad cheare,
Myne owne lorde and my brother deare,
And god tofore I fully shall obeye,
And all fullfyll what you lyst to seye.
Now vnto me of your gentilnesse,
And not decline through none reckelesnesse,
In any poynt from your commaundemente.
But with hole herte in all my best entente,
I shall take hede and playnly do none other,
Than ye haue sayd mine owne lorde & bother.
So lothe me were offende you or greue.
And in this wise he lowly toke his leue.
And forth he rode so lyke a manly knyght,
That to beholde it was a noble syght,
Amonge his men he haueth hym so wele.
Thre thousande knightes armed all in stele,
Enuyron rode with Troylus unto fyelde.
And as that day he beareth in his shielde,
Passant of golde thre Lyons rychely.
The champe of asure wrought full craftly.
And by the gate he yssued out anone,
And with hym ladde his knyghtes euerychon,
To the grekes holdyng the next waye.
¶ And Hector hasteth all that euer he may,
Prudently his wardes to ordeyne.
And to the noble worthy bretherne twayne,
To kyng Hupon and Andelius.
Assygned he the story telleth thus,
The fourth warde to gupe and to wysse.
And in the lande that called was Larysse,
The brethern two there had reigned longe.
And this Hupon was passyngly stronge,
And of stature lyke a chaumpyowne.
And saue Hector in all Troye towne,
Was none to hym egall as of myght.
More delyuer nor a better knight.
And on his foen passyng despytous.
Whiche with his brother Andelyus,
Foure thousande knyghtes hadde for to lede.
And seuen thousande sothly as I rede,
And to them lyke as wryte Guydo,
Worthy Hector assygned hath also,
One of his brothern called Dimarchus,
A noble knight in armes ryght famous.
And had in manhode passyng excellence,
And of Hector they taken haue lycence,
And rode their waye amonge all the prese,
Through the gate of Dardanides.
¶ The fyfte warde to haue at his ledyng,
Was by Hector commytted to the kyng,
That of Cesoyne lorde and prynce was.
And to his brother called Pollidamas.
These Cysones were of hye stature,
And might in armes passyngly endure.
Upon whom full many man beheldc.
And their kyng bare nothynge in his shyelde,
But a fyelde of Gules as I fynde.
Of other sygne Guydo maketh no minde.

And

And forth he rode a full sterne pase,
This noble kynge and Pollydamas,
Whan they had of Hector leue take.
Whiche euer in one full busye was to make,
The syrth warde with all his diligence.
And to the kyng called Pzetemense,
That was full worthy both in werre & peace,
¶And to a duke that hyght Sterepes,
Whyche was also full worthy of his honde,
He toke the folke of Poenye lande.
Them to gouerne in the fyelde that day.
The whiche people hath in custome aye,
Without plate hawberion or mayle,
On swyfte horse their fomen for to assayle.
With mighty bowes & arrowes sharpe grouñd.
Thzough an harneys mortally to wounde.
And with this folke of Hector eke also,
Deyphobus assygned was to go.
In the fyelde to guyde them and to lede.
And on their waye they faste gan theim spede.
But or they passe by Dardanydes.
Full discretely Hector for them chese,
Paupsecs cladde in mayle and plate.
Them commaundyng at yssuyng of the gate,
And with the archers in to fyelde to gone.
And many worthy well armed euerychone,
To awayte on them that they were not lore.
For this folke that I of spake tofore,
Of Poenye hadden none armure.
But prudent Hector for to make them sure,
Out of Agrest the myghty regyowne,
Hath chosen out full worthy of renowne,
The best knightes of them euerychon.
¶And with the kynges Esdras and Phylon,
Assygned them for to taken hede.
To the fotemen when that they haue nede.
The whiche Phylon ordeyned full rychely,
Rode in a chere all of Yuery.
Of whyche the wheles wrought full curious,
Were of a tree ycalled Hebanus,
The whiche tree groweth ferre in Inde.
Blacke of hewe and also as I fynde,
When it is korue this tree wyll were anone,
Of his nature harde as any stone.
Whan it is graue eyther rounde or square.
And of pure golde roued was this chare.
Fret with perle and many ryche stones.
That suche an other I trowe now there none
In all this worlde if I shall not fayne, (is.
And it was ladde of mighty knightes twaine.
Men of armes within eke and without,
Armed in stele rydyng rounde aboute.
These worthy kynges Esdras and Phylon,
And Hector hath called to hym anone.
One of his brethern what so that be falle,
To be guyde and leder of them all.
The name of whom was Pytagoras,
¶And to the great Troyon Eneas,
Of whom tofore made is mencion,
Hector by good deliberation,
The seuenth warde assygned hath to kepe.
And vpon stedes lusty for to lepe,
Of suche as were sted moche to ryde,
Full manly knightes to haue by his syde.
Whiche with Ewpheny vnto Troye towne,
Come so ferre from their regyowne.
To succour them and that for Hectors sake.
And when they had of hym leue take,
They rode full proudely forth with Eneas.
Out at the gate a wonder knightly pase,
The brode fyelde tyll they haue atteyned.
¶And in this whyle Hector hath ordeyned,
Lyke myne auctour as I can reherse,
The eyght warde of the folke of Perce.
Worthy knightes manly and ryght wyse,
The whiche were committed to Paryse.
On hun that day tawayte busyly.
To whom Hector tho full beningly,
Spake and saide thus at his departyng.
Oh brother myne in all maner thynge,
Whan thou arte passed by Dardanides,
This daye to ferre put the not in prese.
Amonge grekes nor in iupardye.
Lest thy foen in mischefe the espye.
To whom they haue of olde and newe date,
In their hertes full freche and mortall hate.
The fyre of which their brest hath so enbrased
That it were harde out to be araced.
Wherfore brother loke that thou euer be,
In any wise not to ferre fro me.
But kepe the nye that no misauenture,
Fall vpon the so that I may succoure,
This daye to the mine owne brother deare.
To whom Parys with full humble cheare,
Answered and sayd that in euery thinge,
He would obeye vnto his bidding.
And rode his waye anone with his meyne,
Into the felde out of the Cite.

And

The ninth warde in ordre for to dresse,
Whych he thought hym selfe for to lede,
In whych he put sothly as I rede,
Fiue thousand knightz borne of Troy towne.
The worthyest and greatest of renowne.
And passyngly famous in knighthode.
Borne by discent on the Troians bloud.
And of his brethern taketh vnto hym ten,
Suche as he knewe the most manly men.
That were forayne from stocke of regallye,
Out of the lyne borne in bastardye.
Whom Hector had in great chyerte,
For the knyghthod he could in theim se.
And whan he had by knightly purueaunce,
All his wardes set in gouernaunce,
Lyke Mars hym selfe fast gan hym spede,
Without abode for to take his stede,
Whych was in bokes called Gallathe.
Of all horse hauyng the soueraynte.
As ferre as men ryde in any toste,
Of whom Dares maketh so great a boste,
Of shape of heyght and also of fayrnesse,
Of strengthe of loke and of great swyftnesse,
So lyke an horse performed out and oute,
And vnto wyer men might him tourne about.
Lyke as Dares maketh mencionne,
Of whō Hector rydeth through troye towne.
Armed at all that came him wonder well.
From foote to head full rychly euerydele,
That shone as bright as son on somers daye.
And to Priam he helde the right waye,
And whan that he was come to the kinge,
He reherseth in ordre euery thynge,
How he hath done and all his ordynaunce,
And lowly sayd so it be plesaunce,
To your noble royall excellence,
I haue chosen with busy dylygence,
A thousand knightes full of suffysaunce,
With fyue hundred to haue attendaunce,
On your persone alway where ye be,
With all footmen that be in the Cyte,
That shall awayte on you euer in one.
Wherfore my lorde as fast as we are gone,
Lowly I praye to your worthinesse,
To sewe vs by good aduysenesse.
Out at the towne alwayeke that ye,
Togyther kepe your knightes and meyne.
This I beseche with all my full myght,
Within the boundes where as we shall fight.
That ye suffer none of theim passe,
But kepe ye hole in the selfe place,
Atwyxe vs and this stronge Cyte,
If we haue nede that ye maye aye se,
Vs to relefe kepyng you aslyde,
And specially there for to abyde,
Where most is lyckly our partye to sustene,
For euer amonge there shal men go betwene,
Of our exployt the trouthe to reporte.
For which parte Mars lyst the fielde to sorte.
Of his power this ilke daye fatall,
For ye shal be our castell and our wall,
And our refuge to saue vs from all smerte,
And specially one thynge I ye aduerte,
That no decept fraude nor treasowne,
Compassed be behynde to the towne,
Of our foen through our reckelesnesse,
Whyles that we don hooly our busynesse,
Agaynst theim in the fielde to fight.
In all wise therto haue a syght.
That nothynge tourne vnto our domage,
Through their engine but worke as ỹ sage,
With victorye that we maye conclude,
So that grekes with fraude vs not delude,
By no engyne of vnware vyolence.
Hoping alway that it is none offence,
To your highnes that I haue here sayde.
And with that worde Priamus abrayde,
Beningely of cheare and countenaunce,
And sayde Hector my sothfast suffysaunce,
My fynall truste and supportacion,
In thy discreat dispoycion,
Hooly I put as thou list ordaine,
For nert god if I shall not fayne,
My fayth my hope and all my sikernesse,
And my welfare in very sothfastnesse,
Committed be hole into thy hande.
And gouernaunce playnly of my lande,
As thou ordaynest it must nedes be,
And this prayer I make nowe for the,
To the goddes aboue celestyall,
The to preserue in partye and in all,
From eche myschiefe and aduersyte,
That thou mayst home ayene to this Cite,
Repaire in honour with laude and victorye,
So that the praise renowne and memorye,
Of thy name be put in remembraunce,
Perpetually thine honour to auaunce,
And fare now well mine owne sonne deare.

And Hector tho with full humble cheare,
His leue toke and forth he rode anone,
Amonge his lordes & knyghtes euerychone,
As he that was the roote of noblesse.
Of knyghthode groũd of strengthe & hardy-
The very stocke and therto inuincyble, (nesse
For as muche as it was possyble.
That nature myght to him graunt or kynde,
Touchyng manhode in bokes as I fynde,
He hadde in him soueraygne excellence,
And gouernaunce medled with prudence.
That nought asterte he was so wyse & ware,
And in his shelde I fynde that he bare,
Upon his brest this Troian champyon,
The chyefe of golde of gowlys a lyon,
Depeynt therin and in his baner bete,
The selfe same and so amydde the strete,
He toke the waye to Dardanydes,
That to beholde huge was the prese,
Noyse of trumpettes and of clarions,
Baners vnrolled and longe freshe penons,
Of red and whyte grene blewe and blacke,
And in this wyse Hector hath ytake,
The felde wythout w'herte and hole entente,
As Mars him selfe had tho be presente.
And they that he as Guydo maketh mynde,
Rode with in warde that lefte was behynde,
Of his manhode he would not abyde,
But smote his stede sharply in the syde,
Of fell courage he hath his horse so payned,
The fyrste warde that he hath atayned.
By vale and hylle tofore in the frounteres.
Not astoned of the fell cheares,
Of the grekes nor platly not aferde,
But lyke a knyght euen afore theyr berde,
He gan prease in as theyr foo mortall.
¶And in this whyle vpon Troye wall,
In sondry places on the hygh toures,
As freshe besene as May is with his floures,
The ladyes be ascended of the towne.
So fayre so yonge standinge enuyrowne,
The quene Heleyne passyng fayre to sene,
The kinges doughters & goodly Pollycene,
And many other whych of womanheade,
In'herte weren full of busy dreade,
Inly agaste and of feare afrayde,
Whan they behelde in the fyelde displayde,
The brode baners that some of tenderneſſe,
Some of loue and some of kyndneſſe.
Pale and dreadfull for theyr lordes were.
And some theyr faces hyden eke for feare,
That were not bolde to lyfte vp theyr syghte,
For to beholde the armure cleare and bryght,
So glytterynge aye agayne the sonne shene,
Theyr hertes tender myght not sustene,
And in theyr dreade thus I lette theim dwel.

AND of grekes forth I shall you tell.
Yf so be ye list abyde but a whyle,
For now must I my fordulled style,
Agayne dyrect to Agamenon.
Well maye I make an exclamacion,
On ignoraunce that staunt so in my lyght.
Which causeth me with a full cloudy syght,
In my makynge to speken of the werre.
For lacke of tearmes I must nedely erre,
Conningly my wardes for sette,
Cruell Alecto is busy me to lette,
The nyghtes doughter blynded by derkneſſe,
By crafte of armes the trouthe to exprese,
In ordre dewe a felde to descrywe.
And Chaucer nowe alas is not alyue.
Me to refourme or to be my rede,
For lacke of whom flower is my spede,
The noble Rethor that all did excelle,
For in making he dranke so of the welle,
Under Pernaso that the muses kepe,
On which hylle I neuer yet might slepe,
Unneth slombre for whych alas I playne.
But for all this there is no more to sayne,
Though my wede be not pollympte,
As of coloures forth I wyll endyte,
As it cometh euen to my thought,
Playnly to write how ȳ kinge hath wrought,
The manly knight the great Agamenon.
Lyke as the latyn maketh mencion.
¶What trowen ye that he in his entente,
Was founde slowe other neclygente,
On grekes halfe his wardes for to make,
Nay nay not so for him lyst to wake,
That tyme more sothly than to slepe,
For lyke a kinge that daye the felde to kepe,
No neclygence myght his herte fade,
For in that daye I fynde that he made,
Syxe and twenty wardes by and by,
So well deuysed and so prudently,
That no man might amende his ordynaũce.
And of the fyrst he gaue gouernaunce.

To

To the manfull noble Patroclus,
That w̄ him ladde myn auctour telleth thus,
Myrmydones so myghty and so stronge,
With all the folke that to Achilles longe.
Besyde thylke that were of his meyne,
Whych that he brought out of his countre,
At his cominge to the siege of Troye,
And he rode forth with theim on his waye.
Into the fyelde and made no delaye.
Now fell it so on the same daye,
That Achilles kept him in his tente,
And for sycknesse that daye out ne wente.
For his lechesse made him to abstene,
For his woundes freshe were and grene.
That he caught on the daye tofore,
Whych for to heale of theyr akyng sore,
He by counsayle kept him selfe close,
And from his bedde that daye not ne rose.
In hope onely the better to endure,
Whan that he was restored vnto cure,
But all his men he toke to Patroclus,
Which was in armes passyngly famous.
And by discent come of great kynrede.
And was also of hym as I reade,
Yoboundaunt of golde and of rychesse.
And ferre commẽded for his gentilnesse,
And had a name of hygh discrecion,
¶Now were they aye of suche affection,
Of entyre loue trouthe and faythfulnesse,
So great desyre and inwarde kyndenesse,
Busy thynkyng and so great feruence,
So much frendship w̄ thaughtful aduertẽce,
So huge brennyng so passyng amerous,
Betwyrt Achilles and this Patroclus.
That theyr hertes were locked in a cheyne,
And what soeuer if I shall not fayne,
The tone hath wrought as brother vnto bro=
In herte it was confermed of the other.(ther,
For wyll and goodes weren both commune,
And to the death they euer so contune,
Without chaunge theyr loue so abode.
¶And Patroclus forth anone rode,
Into the fyelde with Myrmydones,
And in his tente abydeth Achilles.
¶The secounde warde to kinge Menon,
Assygned was by Agamenon.
¶And to the worthy kinge Ydumenee,
And to a Duke called Menestee,
Thre thousand knyghtes in stele armed clene,
Wyth all the folke that comen from Athene,
Assygned were wyth theim for to go.
¶The thyrde warde to king Alscalaphò.
And to his sone that hyght Phylomene,
With the knightes that came from Cunane,
¶The fourth warde without more lettynge,
To Archelaus the noble worthy kynge,
To Prothenor and to Securydan,
Whych in his dayes was so stronge a man,
Assygned was holly to these three,
And all the knyghtes with theim for to be,
Of Boece the myghty lande famous.
¶The fyfth warde to kinge Menelaus,
With all the folke of the regyowne,
Called Spertence of full high renowne,
And of yles that were adiacent.
All these with the baner wente,
¶Of Menelay freshe and courageous,
The.vi.warde to kynge Epystrophus,
Was assygned and to the kinge Gelyde,
With many worthy rydyng by his syde,
Of the prouynce and the famous yle,
That called is in Guydo Fordesyle.
¶The seuenth warde to Thelamonius,
Called Ayax the great kynge famous,
Was assygned shortly to termyne,
With the folkes that from Salomyne,
Ye with him brought and many another mo.
And foure Earles with hym went also,
¶Theseus and eke Amphymacus,
And the thyrde that called was Dorus,
And the fourth named Polyrarye.
The.viii.warde if I shall not tarye,
By good aduyse that daye assygned was,
Unto the kinge that called was Thoas,
¶Ayax Tileus the.ix. warde tho ladde,
And the tenth king Philoctetes hadde,
¶And to the kinge the.xi.he did assigne,
That sothly was both of byrth and lyne,
So renowned and of so great encrease,
The mighty kynge called Pallamides,
Kinge Naulus son highest borne of blode,
And Duke Nestor full famous in knighthod,
The.xii.warde ladde on grekes syde.
Melancolyke and surquedous of pryde.
And kinge Honur son of one Maberte,
Into the fyelde by hym selfe aparte,
In order hadde of wardes the thyrtene,
Proudly musterynge endlonge on the grene.

Agayne

Agayne Troians redy for to fyght.
¶And eke the kinge that Ulyres hight,
Ladde with hym the fourtene as I rede,
¶And eke Hymelius the kinge did lede,
The fiftenth mine auctour writeth thus.
¶And a Duke called Curibulus,
The sirtenthhad in gouernaunce that daye,
In which the knightes of king Protheſylay,
Aſſygned were by great ordinaunce,
To enforce theim to do vengeaunce,
Upon the death of their worthy kinge.
By Hector ſlayne at grekes arriuinge.
¶And kinge Rodus ladde the ſeuentene,
And he that was the kinge of Oecymene.
¶The eyghtenth warde had at his ledinge,
Hezantipus that was of Lyde kinge.
Had to kepe committed to his garde,
On grekes ſyde the.xix.warde.
¶And the twenty mine auctour lerneth vs,
Had the kinge called Amphimacus.
Like a kinge to guyde theim and to wyſſe.
And Philoctetes that kinge was of Laryſſe,
The one and twenty ladde eke as I reade,
The two & twenty hadde king Diomede.
¶And Eneus kinge of Cyparye,
That was whylom ſo noble and ſo worthy,
The thre and twenty had in gouernayle.
And the Troians proudly for taſſayle,
The.xxiiii.with ſwerde ſpere and chelde,
¶King Prothecatus lad into the felde.
¶And Carpenor of Carpedye the kinge,
In werre expert and right wiſe in workynge,
The fiue and twenty riche and well beſayne,
On grekes ſyde brought into the playne,
¶The ſyxe and twenty ſothly and the laſte,
As he that could ſe afore and caſte,
Euerye thinge by good inſpection,
The wiſe kinge the great Agamenon,
Had with him this prudent werriour,
As he that was ordayned Emperour,
Of grekes hooſt as wyſeſt of echone.
¶And in this wiſe forth the grekes gone,
In the felde with pompe full royall,
With thenſignes and tokens marcyall.
Haue take their grounde paſſingly araied,
And on theyr ſtanderdes richly tho diſplayed.
Brode baners and many freche penowne,
Agaune the winde ỹ made an hidous ſowne.
And right dredfull playnly for to heare,
And there men ſawe many criſtes cleare,
And many tuſte of golde and ſyluer ſhene,
Meynt with fethers red,whyte,and grene.
And deuiſes wonder meruaylous,
And ſuch of folkes as weren amerous.
The tokens borne to ſhewe openly,
How they in loue brent inwardly.
Some high empryſe that daye to fulfylle,
And there were herde the loude noyſes chryle,
Ferre in the felde and the dreadfull ſownes,
Both of trumpettes and of clarynownes,
That kalendes bin of cheding out of blode,
And with the noiſe almoſte for rage wood,
The fomy bridelles and the mouthes blede.
And furious neyhing of many baſtarde ſtede.
¶Praunſyng of horſe vpon eyther ſyde,
With the enſygnes that myght be of pryde.
On grekes partye and on Troye alſo,
In knightly wiſe for to haue ado.
Euery warde ſtanding in his place.
¶The firſt aſunder but a lytell ſpace,
Began to approche with all their ful entent,
And Hector tho ful vnpacient,
Formeſt of all on the ſyde of Troye,
The yze of whom no man might accoye.
But lyke a Lion in his hungry rage,
Yſſued out furyous of byſage,
Towarde grekes on his mighty ſtede,
That with his ſpores made his ſides blede.
His knightly herte ſo inly was tofore,
Of mortall yre and as he rode forne,
Brenning full hote in his melancolye,
The whych thinge whan grekes gan eſpye,
¶Patroclus then withouten more abode,
Of furquedrye afore the wardes rode.
Out all tofore in both hooſtes ſyght.
For to encountre playnly if he might,
With worthy Hector whan he him ſawe a fer,
And as lyne right as is Dyameterre,
Rode vnto him in his hatefull tene,
And with a ſpere charpe grounde and kene,
Throughout his chelde tho of enuyous rage,
He ſmote Hector without more domage.
Except onely that the head of ſtele,
That was afore whet and forged wele.
Through plate & mayle mightly gan to glace
But to the ſkinne for nothing might it race.
Albe it came w̃ paſſing violence,
Yet to Hector it done hath none offence,

Out

Out of his saddell ones him to flytte.
For though that he sturdely him hitte,
He might not backward bēd or bow his chine
Nor on no partye make him to encline.
¶But fatally to his confusyon,
This mighty man this Troian champion,
In his Ire aye brenning more and more,
Upon him the hate aye fret so sore,
Left his spere inne Auctour wryteth thus,
And with a sworde rode to Patroclus,
Auysed fully that he shall be dead,
And furiously gan aymen at his head,
And roue him downe there was no maner let
Into the brest thrugh his bassenet,
As sayth Guydo with so great a payne,
That with his stroke he parted him i twayne
His mortall swerde whetted was so kene.
That Patroclus myght not sustene,
Upon his horse but fell downe to grounde,
As he that caught his last fatall wounde.
¶Beyng present his knyghtes euerychon,
And delyuerly vpon him anone,
Worthy Hector from his stede adowne,
Descended is like a wood Lyowne,
Of hatefull yre brenning as the fyre,
Hauing in hert inly great desyre,
To spoyle him of his armure there anone.
In which there was full many riche stone,
Both of rubies and of Saphyres ynde,
For that dayes playnly as I finde,
Kinges lordes and knightes this no naye,
To battayle went in their best araye.
And sothly Hector whan he first gan se,
The multitude of stones and perre,
On Patroclus so ourpeut and sheyne,
Upon his arme he hinge his horse reyne,
The meane while while he of hole entente,
To catche his praye was so diligent.
Of couetise in theyr alder syghtes.
¶Tyli king Menō with thre thousād knights,
Armed in stele rounde about him all,
Is sodaynly vpon Hector fall,
The dead corps of Patroclus to saue.
That his purpose Hector may not haue.
At lybertye the riche kinge to spoyle,
Which caused hym in angre for to boyle,
To whom the king that called is Menon,
Irous and wood sayde amonge echon,
Oh gredy Lowne Oh wolfe most rauinous,
Oh hatefull Tygre passing enuyous,
Of auerice Oh beast insaturable,
And of desyre sothly vnstaunchable.
¶Upon this praye thou shalt not now ỹ fede.
Go elles where to sewen for thy mede.
For trusteth well in conclusyon,
Fyfty thousande to thy destruction,
Of one entent playnly will not fayle,
Thine hatefull pryde attones for to assayle.
And sodeynly with speres charpe whet,
On euery halfe they gan him besette.
Maugre his force his might & his manhode.
Enforsyng theim to reue him of his stede.
That sothfastly of great violence,
He was constrayned for all his strong defēce,
As sayth Guydo to fall vpon his kne.
But through his might and magnanimite.
He of manhode hath his horse recured,
And maugre grekes is so ferre assured,
In his strengthe and in his great might,
That he recured like a worthy knight,
His stede agayne amiddes of all his foen,
And right as lyne he rode to kinge Menon.
Full desyrous on him auenged be.
In his furye of hasty cruelte.
For therupon was set his hole delyte,
That in his mortall cruell appetite,
In very sothe he had him slayne anone,
Saue that the kinge that called was Glacō,
Came him to rescue with kinge Theseus.
And his sone that hight Archilogus.
As I haue tolde Menon to reskewe.
And thre thousande knightes gan him sewe,
Full assented attones in battayle,
For life or death Hector to assayle.
In awayte vnware on him to set.
But al this whyle with whō that euer he met,
With his sworde he killed and bare downe.
That fynally there gayneth no raunsowne,
For any greke that durste with him mete,
But or he went he felt it full vnswete,
¶He made a waye aboute him euery where,
That they him fledde as the death for feare.
For where he rode he made a patth ful plaine
And as I reade to Patroclus agayne,
He is repeyred to spoyle him if he might.
Amid the felde in the grekes syght.
As he that would his praye not lightly lete.
Till Idume the mighty king of Crete,

With two thousande cladde in plate & mayle,
Worthy knightes Hector to assayle,
Whiles that he was so inly desyrous,
As I haue tolde to spoyle Patroclus,
And newe agayne to his confusion,
Like as I finde came king Merion,
And or Hector might of theim take hede,
They of force reft him of hys stede.
That sothly he there was none other boote,
Compelled was for to fight on foote.
And of knighthod his herte he resumeth,
And w̄ his swerde about him he consumeth,
All that withstande both the horse and man.
And furyously this Troian knight began,
Armes legges and shoulders by the bone,
To hewe of amid his mortall fone.
That grekes might afore him not sustene,
And as I reade that he slewe fiftene,
Of theim that were busy him to take.
And such a slaught he gan among thē make,
That they ne durst abyde afore his face.
¶ And Merion in the selfe place,
This meane while toke vp Patroclus,
With heuy cheare and face full piteous.
And on his stede he layd it him before,
And to his tente anone he hath it borne.
Alway grekes in their cruell mode,
About Hector furyous and wode,
Felly abode fyghting vpon fote,
Of which some felt it full vnsote.
That presumed vpon him to presse.
But of manhode they ne woulden cesse,
Him to beset rounde on euery side.
Hauing a trust in their great pride,
Fynally at mischiefe him to take.
For they dempt he might not escape,
Their handes shortly by none aduenture,
Nor his stede by lyklyhede recure,
For of force they casten him to let.
And all attones gan on him to set.
And specially amonge theim euerichone,
I finde in sothe how that there was one,
A grekische knight of right worthy fame,
¶ And Carion playnly was his name,
That him enforced Hector to oppresse,
Whan he was most in mischiefe and distresse.
Beset with grekes him enuyroning,
Tyll of fortune aye on him awaytinge,
The longe daye in that fell fight,
To his rescuse there came a Troian knighte.
Widde of grekes whan he was beset,
And hent two dartes sharpe and kene whet,
And furiously fyrst he shoke the toen,
And throughout ye herte he smote this Carion,
That the darte into the felde gan glide.
By playte & mayle throughout outher side.
That fatally of that deadly wounde,
This Caryon glode anone to grounde.
Amonge an hundred knightes of his ferys.
Afore conspyred with their fell chearis.
To haue slayne Hector by some maner waye.
But eft agayne this yonge knight of Troye,
Full delyuer raughte another spere,
And cast at one that he sawe yfere,
Auaunce him selfe on Hector in the felde
And through his plates playnly & his shelde,
Line right that he ne should asterte,
Of very might roue him through the herte.
¶ And after that in all the hast he coude,
Upon Troians he gan to crye aloude,
To enhaste theim knightly to succoure,
Worthy Hector that stode in aduenture,
Amonge grekes hauing no refute,
Sole he him selfe of helpe destitute.
At whych crye on grekes all vnware,
¶ Fyrst of all came worthy Cincibare.
That brother was to Hector borne in baste,
Ridinge him selfe tofore in all haste.
And ye knightes of whom he tho was guyde,
Wonder proudly pricking by his syde.
Sodaynly together one and all,
In a froche be on the grekes fall,
That had Hector rounde beset aboute.
And through manhode of this great route,
That be enbusched on theim at the backe.
Thre hondred knightes of which ye I spacke,
For astoned gan theim to withdrawe.
But thurty first cruelly were slawe.
And maugre theim Hector of manhede,
Amid the felde taken hath his stede,
And entred is in amonge the prees,
As he that daye of knighthode pereles.
While he helde his blody swerde in hande,
All tho that there in felde agayne him stande,
There was no helpe playnly nor no rede,
But that he brake and karfe a two the threde,
And the knotte of cruell Attropos.
Onely for he was let of his purpose,

At his leyser to spoylen Patroclus.
Therfore in Ire wood and furious,
Full cruelly grekes quytte he their mede.
Whiche from his face faste gan them spede.
Whose sharpe swerde bathed in theyr bloud,
Was dyed red for it dyd hym good,
Upon them tho auenged for to be.
For that daye a Lyon played he,
Upon grekes his manhode for to haunte.
For he their pryde so mortally gan daunte,
That they hym fledde where so that he rode,
Makyng all hote the streintes of their bloud,
Endlonge to renne and shede vpon ỹ grene.
¶ Tyll the tyme the duke of great Athene,
That called was whylom Menesteus,
With thre thousande knyghtes full famous,
Of whom he was both lorde and gyrde,
The fyelde hath take vpon the lefte syde.
For a decepte in full secrete wyse.
¶ Where Troylus was with ỹ folke of Frise.
Whiche hath that daye who so lyste to seke,
By his knighthode kyled many greke.
Lyke a Tygre gredy on his praye.
Troylus bare hym all the longe daye,
Sleynge of grekes many worthy knyght,
And whyle that he was busyest in fyght,
¶ Agayne his foen with kyng Antipus,
And the kynge that hyght Alchanus,
Upon grekes ylyche freshe and newe,
Making their sides all of blody hewe.
By one assent these thre through their mãhed,
And specially vpon his bay stede,
Where so euer that this Troylus rode,
Euery greke that his swerde abode,
Sodaynly he made for to sterue.
Through their plates he gan so depe kerue.
¶ And this continued tyll duke Menestе,
Of Troylus sawe the great cruelte.
And the slaughter that he of grekes made,
Of hasty yre with face pale and fade,
¶ Hent a spere and threwe it in the rest.
And Troylus smytte euen amydde the brest,
So sternely that maugre hys renowne,
To the earth anoue he bare him downe.
In the myddes of his mortall foen,
That cruelly hym besette anone,
And hym to treyne layde out hoke and lase,
Rounde about in mauer of compase.
With spere & darte and swordes forged bright
But he hym selfe deffendeth lyke a knight.
With great manhode his honour to auaunce,
Albe his lyfe was hanged in balaunce.
Where he stode and felte full vnswete.
In poynt of deth amonge the horse fete.
With great awayte of duke Menestе,
Howe this Troylus myght haue take be.
Of mortall hate castynge in his thought,
At myschefe take that he escape nought.
On euery halfe he was so besette,
With swerde & spere kene grounde & whette.
Alone alas mortally bestadde,
They sealed hym & forth they haue him ladde.
Tyll Meliers a worthy knight of Troye,
Gan to crye as he stode in the waye,
Sore abashed in ryght furyous wyse,
Oh ye noble worthy men of Fryse,
Manly knightes aye preued in the fyelde,
Moste renowmed both with spere and shielde
Consyder now vnto your hyghe fame,
And aduert the glorye of your name.
How this daye throughe your negligence,
By the power and myghty violence,
Of the grekes Troylus is ytake.
Sool in the fyelde for ye haue hym forsake.
That shall rebounde to your alder shame.
For ye in soth greatly are to blame,
If he that is of worthynesse the floure,
Betake of grekes for lacke of your succoure.
That but yf ye taken hasty wreche,
Shameful reporte your honour shall apeche,
Perpetually and saye therof amys,
In your defaute that Troylus taken is.
Whiche named be so worthy and famous,
And with that worde the kyng Alcamus,
Of melancolye felte his herte ryue.
And in his yre hente a spere blyue,
And pryckyng after enhasteth what he myght
Tyll he of them playnly had a syght.
That busy were Troylus for to lede.
And he full knyghtly syttyng on his stede,
Ran one through that he fell downe dead,
And efte agayne pale and nothyng redde,
In his rancour no longer wolde he lette,
But a greke the fyrste that he mette,
Through the body smet he with a spere.
That men myght se therof the poynt a fere.
By brest and plate through the shulder bone,
That to the ground he fel downe dead anone.

And

And tho forthwith the worthy Fryses all,
Came flokmele downe and on the grekes fal,
So myghtely that maugre their diffence,
They sette vpon with so great vyolence,
That Troylus is from all daunger free.
And through their knightly magnanimyte,
They maden hym there to recure his stede.
And specially helpyng in this nede,
Was Zantipus the stronge manly kyng.
Whiche of disdaine at his commyng,
On Meneste he gan his spere grate.
And through his shelde mayle & thicke plate,
So sore he smote that this Meneste,
Had be dead ne had his armour be.
Whiche for Ire gan tremble tho and shake,
That Troylus was from his handes take,
And escaped to be prysoner.
Dispyte his berde and maugre his power.
Wherfore he gan of hasty hote enuye,
On his knyghtes furyously to crye,
That were so mighty renowmed and stronge,
To payne them for to benge his wronge,
Upon Troyans to mete them in the face.
¶And they in hast gan mightely enbrace,
Their sharpe speres grounde for to byte,
And felly foyne and together smytte.
¶For tho began the great mortall werre,
The fyre brast out shene as any sterre.
On basenettes and their plates bryght,
That through ỹ fielde flaumeth ỹ fereful light
To lyfe nor death they toke tho no hede.
And downe the plaine both in length & bredth
The wardes gan proudly to auale.
And with lokes ryght enuyously pale,
They aproche and assemble yfere.
In hate brennyng that no man may stere.
And gan hurte with spere sworde and darte,
And mortally vpon euery parte,
The slaughter gan greatly for to rewe,
And ylyche alwaye newe and newe,
Hector grekes through his worthynesse,
Where he rode manly dyd oppresse,
And mercyleſſe slowe them and bare downe,
Now here now there without exceptiowne,
So furyously that routhe was to see.
¶And then of new duke Meneste,
Repayred is with full enuyous herte,
From his hondes that Troylus so a sterte,
And for the slaughter eke of his meyne,
That where he rode busy was to slee.
The troian people whan he myght them mete
For him tauenge for nothyng wolde he lete.
Tyll casually amonges all the prese,
¶A knight he mette that hyght Myseres.
Whyche in dispyte of this Meneste,
Had at the rescuse of worthy Troylus be.
And maugre him put hym from his praye,
And so befell on the selfe daye,
As they mete agayne of aduenture,
That Meneste by his cote armure,
Marked hym by armes that he bare.
And sodeynly or that he was ware,
And or that he might taken any hede,
Furiously on his mightye stede,
And with a spere amyd the renges all,
Bare hym ouer and made hym for to fall.
Mauger his might to the earth adowne.
¶And than I fynde howe the kynge Hupon,
Descended is the storye lyste not lye,
Two thousande knyghtes in his companye,
Whiche on grekes felly gan to sette.
And in ỹ berde kynge Prothenor them mette.
And Archelaus the noble werryour,
Of Boece the lorde and gouernour.
With helpe onely of this Prothenor,
Lyke to a Tygre or a wood Bore,
Gan Troyans assaylen to the deth.
And many one him selfe that daye he sleeth.
But kyng Hupon through his chyualrye,
Full fell that tyme in his melancolye,
Full many greke gaue his dethes wounde.
And thus they gan eche other to confounde.
Such mortall hate amonges them there was
Tyll of fortune a knyght Pollydamas,
¶On Troye syde sonne of Anthenor,
With his knightes and hym selfe tofore,
Is on grekes right enuious of pryde,
I myd their wardes fallen in a syde,
And gan them breke & knightly to disseuer,
Againe whose sword they might not persseuer,
He was on them so inly furyous.
¶And him to helpe came the kyng Remus,
With a wynge on that other parte,
Breakyng in with many spere and darte,
Agayne grekes with thre thousand knightes,
That to beholde how felly that he fyghtes,
It was in sothe vnto them of Troye,
A very luste and heauenly aioye.

To

To see how grekes brake there asondre,
That the noyse loude as any thonder,
In the fyelde of strokes gan aryse.
¶And while Remus as ye haue herde deuise
Upon grekes was so enuyous,
Into the fyelde came Menelaus,
With his worthy knightes of Spartense,
Agayne Remus to maken resystence.
And full proudely makyng no delaye,
This worthy Remus and kynge Menelaye,
On horse backe with sharpe speres whette,
Amydde the fielde byn together mette.
And through their manly prowesse & renown,
From horsebacke eche bare other downe.
For none the stroke of other tho might shone.
And in that whyle of Anthenor the sonne,
Pollydamas lusty fresche and lyght,
As he that was in his delyuer myght,
And desyrous to honour to attayne,
Mette in the fielde the neuewe of Heleyne,
The mighty duke called Mereus.
Flouringe in youthe and ryght vertuous.
Fresche armed newe and lusty of courage,
And was in sothe but twenty yere of age.
Whyche of so ponge was a noble knight.
Right renoumed bothe of herte and might.
But of fortune it befell alas,
The Troian knight Dan Pollidamas,
With a spere throughe shelde maile and plate,
Hytte hym so that by cruell fate,
Amonge grekes that he fallen is downe dead
Of whiche thyng when Menelaye toke hede,
And sawe hym lye slayne on the grene,
In his herte remembrynge on the quene,
The quene Heleine to whom he neuewe was.
For dole of which a full delyuer pas,
To Remus rode in his cruelte,
Also ferre as he might hym se.
And full knightly mette him in the berde,
And smytte at him with his sharpe swerde,
Upon the head in his hatefull tene,
That on his stede he might not sustene.
His wounde was so passingly mortall,
That with the stroke and the perillous fall,
His knightes wende dead that he had be.
¶And hent him vp and began to fle,
To Troye warde with him a great pase.
¶But it befell that Pollidamas,
The maner of them when that he beheldе,
Made theim repayre knightly into feldе,
Except that some as they in bidding hadde,
Worthy Remus home to Troye ladde.
Pale and dead with his woundes wide,
And tho came in on the grekes syde,
¶Celydys the lusty fresche kinge.
Of whom Dares sayeth in his wrytinge,
And for a sothe in his boke lyst tell,
How Celydys all other did excell,
Both in beaute and in semelyheade.
Of shape of porte and of goodly heade,
Surmounting all as Dares list describe.
As in fayrnesse all tho that time alyue,
All his limmes compact were so clene.
And as I rede the ponge fresche quene,
Of feminye which was of beaute floure,
Kinge Celidys loued as paramoure.
That vpon him was hooly her plesaunce.
He was so printed in her remembraunce.
For chiefe resorte sothly of her herte,
Was vpon him eche houre to aduerte.
Forfynally he departed nought,
Day nor night nor houre from her thoughte,
For he was fully all her owne knight.
¶But of fortune he lusty fresche and light,
Smote his stede charply in the syde,
Of furquedrye and proudly gan to ryde,
Of mortall hate a full furyous pase,
Right as lyne to Pollidamas.
And with a spere made him for to flytte,
From his sadell in which he tho did sytte,
He marked him with so great a might.
And eft ayene this noble troian knight,
Pollydamas with a despitous face,
Or Celidys departed fro the place,
With a swerde so smyt him on the heade,
From his stede that he fell downe deade,
Which to grekes was great confusion.
And all this time fierser than a Lyon,
Hector grekes knightly gan enchase,
And oft made theim for to lese their place.
Where euer he rode of necessyte.
Afore his swerde he made theim for to fle,
Suche vengeaunce he hath on theim take.
That they the felde were fayne to forsake,
And to pursewe would he neuer fyne,
Till amonge the people of Salomine,
Hector met the worthy kinge famous,
That was their lorde and hight Thesalus,

That

That many Troian that daye had yslawe.
And as Hector towardes him gan drawe,
Kynge Tenter eke that was of grece also,
A manly knight and prudent both two,
Raught a spere in all the haste he can,
And at vnwares he to Hector ran,
And through his shelde plate & mayle of stele,
The speare head forged was so wele,
So sharpe square and so kene ygrounde,
That he to Hector gaue a perillous wounde.
But as Hector tournen gan his stede,
Proude Tenter to aquite his mede,
He full wysely in all the haste he myght,
Was ryght ferre seuered from his syght.
Wherof Hector melancoleous,
And of herte wood and furyous,
For the akynge of the wounde grene,
In haste tauenge the constraynte of his tene,
What greke after shortly that he mette,
That was so bolde his waye to with sette,
Without mercy he was his death anone.
And as I read he encountred one,
Whiche of pryde his purpose wolde diuerte
whom with his swerde he roue to the herte,
Through his herneys of melancolye.
The whiche stroke whan grekes gan espye,
They astoned of one entencyon,
Perylously besettehym enuyron,
And suche assaute gan aboute hym make,
Though their manhod if they might him take
And of accorde with great multitude,
Cruelly they gan him to include,
By lykelyhode in that mortall stryfe.
He myght not escapen with the lyfe,
On hym they were so fell and enuyous.
Tyll that a kynge whiche hyght Theseus,
On grekes syde onely of gentylnesse,
Suche routhe caught vpon his dystresse,
To se hym stande so nye vpon the wrake,
Thus vnto hym of manly pety spake.

O Hy flour of knyghthode rote of hardynes,
Welle of manhode stoke of worthynes,
Why lyst ye not to haue none aduertence,
Thy lyfe to saue of knyghtly prouydence.
But wylfully where most is to drede,
Thy lyfe Jupardest and take lyste no hede,
In mortall peryll howe thou art besette,
Amonge so many closed and yshette.
Alone alas denoyde of all socoure,
And to thy selfe wylte do no fauoure,
But as fortune lyketh to ordayne,
That euery wyght ought to complayne,
To beholde that suche a worthy knyght,
Whiche through the world cast so clere a lyght
In worthinesse and wyll hun not withdrawe,
Rekkelesly this day thus to be slawe,
So pyteously thy persone for to lese,
Withdrawe thy hande yet syth ÿ mayst chese,
Thy hygh prowesse compelleth me to preye,
At suche myschefe that thou not ne deye.
¶ And whan Hector of hym gan take hede,
He thanked hym of his goodly hede,
And maugre sothly the power and the myght,
He from the grekes lyke a worthy knight,
Eft scaped is mydde of all his foen.
And went his way through them euerichone.
His blody swerde alway in his honde,
And in his waye Pollydamas he fonde,
Full lyke a man with all his busy payne,
Defende him selfe agayne the kinges twaine,
Menelay and Thelamonius.
Which vpon him were full furyous.
And w a spere this greke this Thelamowne,
Pollydamas smote to the earthe adowne.
Compellyng him there was none other bote,
Agayne them two to fyght eu on his fote.
Assented fully on him to be wroke.
And fyrst they haue hewen and to broke,
The mighty charnelle of his bassenet,
And whan his vyser after was of smet,
And his face naked was and bare,
They fell on hym in that mortall snare,
And haue him take the storye can deuyse,
And sent hun forth infull cruell wyse,
Towarde grekes with many worthy knyght.
But whan Hector therof had a syght,
And sawe the myschefe of Pollydamas,
He caste fully to socoure in this case,
And prycked after wooder than Lyon,
And where he rode aboute hym enuyron,
With his swerde he made a large space,
Tyll that he came to the selfe place,
Amonges grekes furyous and wood,
Pollydamas the selfe tyme stode,
Socourles denoyde of remedye,
Tyll that he on Hector caste his eye,
That grekes made hastely withdrawe,

And thirty fyrst of them hath he slawe.
And seuered them maugre all their pryde,
Tofore his swoorde they durste not abyde.
Agaynst hym nor make none obstacle.
But of knighthode by very hyghe myracle,
Pollydamas in myschefe fyrste awhaped,
From grekesche hande frely is escaped.
¶But freshly tho the kynge Eppistrophus,
Menelay and Thelamonyus,
With all their knyghtes togyther hole & close,
Agayne Troyans to getten them alose,
Be of new entred in battayle.
With great strength and passynge apparayle,
That mightely Troyans they compell,
In their waye that they dare not dwelle.
Notwithstandyng their great worthynesse.
Nor of Hector the knightly hygh prowesse.
That fought so manly that tyme as I read,
But cowardly they haue slayne his stede,
That he constrayned was to fyght on fote.
That many greke felte full vnsote.
For there was none that aboute hym stode,
With his swerde that he ne shadde his bloud.
Though he so thycke about was be layne.
He voyded them and made a space playne.
In compasse rounde behynde and eke afore,
And on his fete so well he hath hym bore,
That day. that greke was none certayne,
That hardy was hande on hym to layne.
He was so stronge and sturdy as a wall.
And whan his brothern called naturall,
Sawe hym a fote ampd of all his foen,
On a frushe they fell in euerychon,
And founden hym the story maketh mynde,
Deffende him selfe as Tygre doth in Inde.
And him to helpe through their high renown,
They fallen fyrst on kyng Thelamowne.
For he on Hector was so cruell founde.
They gaue to hym many blouddy wounde.
Tyll one of them named Dyndaron,
Hath so ferre amonge the renges gone,
And bore hym so only of manhead,
That he hath wonne a passyng myghty stede.
¶And brought to Hector sothly there he stode
Amonge grekes all bathed in their bloud.
The whiche in haste ful knightly he be strode,
And thē amonge lyke Mars himselfe he rode.
Full many greke makyng for to sterue.
And with this swoorde whetted for to karue,
He daunted hath their enuious pryde.
Tyll Deyphobus entred in a fyde,
Into the fyelde with a knightly chere,
And with hym brought many good archer,
Of Boeme whiche with their arrowes kene,
And with fethers of Pecock freshe and shene,
Upon grekes haue the fyelde recured.
In their shotte they were so muche assured.
That through mayle and thicke plate of stele,
They perced haue their harneys euery dele.
¶And Deiphobus full lyke a manly man,
To kynge Tentran on horse backe tho ran.
And furyously gan his swerde enbrace.
And wounded hym euen ampd the face.
Through the vyser in his felle tene.
On horse backe that he myght not sustene,
And thus on grekes the Troyans are yron,
That they agayne hath the fielde ywonne.
They were on them so prous and so wood,
But Theseus full knightly them withstode,
With the knightes that he with him ladde,
¶And as I read Hector a brother hadde,
The story sayth that hyght Quintilene,
Yonge freshe and lusty armed bryght & shene,
Whiche with the kinge called Modernus,
Is proudely falle vpon Theseus,
And these twayne togither of assent,
Be falle on hym with great aduisement,
That fynally to his vnhappy chaunce,
With their knyghthode broughte hym to out-
And cast shortly that he shalbe dead. (traunce,
Of whose purpose as Hector gan take hede,
He vnto them of very gentery,
With all his myght loude gan to crye,
Besechyng them for nothyng that he deye.
And lowely they his byddyng dyd obeye.
And them withdrewe for to do vengeaunce,
For Hector had fully remembraunce,
How Theseus the same daye tofore,
Towarde hym so goodly had hym bore,
Whan he hym sawe in mischefe and dystresse,
And knightly thought quyte his gentilnesse.
Lyke as it longeth to euery gentylman.
¶And Theseus full lowly tho began,
To thanke Hector that he was escaped.
¶But kyng Thoas tho hath faste yraped,
Into the fyelde with other knightes many,
And specyally with them of Calydony,
¶Came Philoctetes the myghty kinge also,

Againe

Agayne the Troyans for to haue ado,
And fyrst Thoas with a spere ran,
¶Furyously to Cassybellan,
One of the sonnes of kynge Pryamus.
And gaue hym tho a wounde so greuous,
Without recure that he fell downe dead.
Of whiche stroke when Hector gan take hede
In his herte gan his death complayne,
And in all haste dyd his busy payne,
On his brother auenge him if he myght,
And many one he made to a lyght,
Through his knighthod from his horse backe
That sothfastly all went to wrake,
On grekes syde what came in his waye.
So worthely he bare hym all that daye.
¶Tyll duke Nestor is entred in to fyght,
With fyue thousande in stele armed bryght,
Agayne the Troyans grekes to socoure,
And with hym mette of very auenture,
¶The kynge Esdras so mighty and so bolde,
And kyng Phylon in his chare of golde,
With all the worthy noble chyualrye,
That from Agresta came with Jaconye,
The kynges sonne of the same lande,
Full renowmed and worthy of his hande.
And as they semble and together ran,
The same tyme many worthy man,
Hath loste his lyfe vpon eyther syde.
And of the slaught with large woundes wyde
All the soyle of bodyes that laye dead,
Lyke a ryuer ran with streames red.
With their cheres grysely pale and fade,
That in the bloud men might go and wade,
To the ancle the slaughter was so huge.
¶And kyng Phylon socour and refuge,
Unto Troyans so bare hym in that stryfe,
That many greke he made lese his lyfe,
The same day so well his sworde was whette.
But he vnwarely was so sore besette,
With multytude of grekes rounde aboute,
That of his lyfe he playnly stode in doubte.
For lykely was he myght not escape,
And of grekes he shulde anone be take,
Ne had the helpe be of worthy Jaconye,
That to Esdras loude gan to crye,
Alas quod he of routhe and pyte,
¶Worthy Phylon the kyng shall taken be.
Amonge grekes through your necligence,
But in all haste ye do your diligence,
For to rescue this noble worthy kynge.
And all attones without more taryinge,
Maugre all tho that maden resystence,
From grekes swerde by myghty vyolence,
They haue rescued the noble kyng Phylon.
And at his large with them he is gone.
Of his escape wonder gladde and lyght.
¶And Hector than with many lusty knight,
Retourned is and Deiphobus also,
Pollydamas and many an other mo,
Of Troyan knightes that desyre newe,
To causen grekes sore for to rewe.
For of assent they fully them purpose,
In suche mischiefe grekes to enclose,
That if they might fewe shulde escape.
And therupon knightly they them shape,
And them began freshely for to assayle,
That in the fielde grekes gan to faile,
Of their power and to lese their lande.
That fynally through the mighty hande,
And the force of the Troyan knightes,
The grekes had maugre all their mightes
Be brought that day to confusyowne.
¶But Menelay and kyng Thelamowne,
When they them sawe febly and apeyre,
They of knyghthode made them to repeyre,
And so lyke men they haue thē selfe deffended,
Tyll Eneas from Troye is descended.
With Ewfremus the duke the manly man,
And with their knightes of newe they began,
Efte agayne grekes to oppresse.
And Hector aye through his worthynesse,
Lyke a Lyon with a sterne face,
Euer in one so gan them to enchace,
That compelled of great necessytye,
They were echone afore his sworde to fle.
And constrayned ryght of very nede.
Of whiche thynge when Ayax gan take hede,
He had in herte great compassyon,
To se the slaughter and confusyon,
On grekes syde Guydo maketh mynde.
And gan to loke at his backe behynde,
And sawe where many warde stode abrode,
And many baner and penowne that abode,
Amyd the fielde hole and not for broke,
That redy were attones to be wroke,
If nede were on them of Troye towne,
In whiche wardes without excepciowne,
Was hole the floure of grekes chyualrye.

To

¶To whom anone Ayax gan him hye,
As he that was in herte sore agreued,
And with his crye he hath thē so commeued,
That they in haste theim comen to reskuse,
Amonges whom was there no refuse,
And as fast as they gan assemble,
Of noyse of horse the earthe gan to tremble,
Furyously as they together flynge.
There might men the strokes heren ringe,
Of speres sharpe through the harneys borne,
And through sheldes wrought of stele & horn
Into the brest sturdy square and brode.
¶And there I fynde how that Ayax rode,
¶To Eneas and he to him also,
So great enuye was atwyxe theim two,
That not but death might their ire apease.
For in herte nother might haue ease,
Tyll with speres sharpe ground and whette,
On horse backe they togyther mette,
And at coppng so sore haue they hytte,
That euerych other to the earth smytte.
That to beholde was a knightly syght.
And after they bothe on foote fyght,
By fyklyhead tho in their wood rage,
Other to fall in full great domage,
Amonge the horse bycause that they stode,
Upon the soyle all ouer spredde with blode.
¶But Philoctetes is to Ayax come,
And hath him vp amonge the horse fnome,
That knightly fought as made is memorye,
For sothly elles Troians with victorye,
Had had the fyelde playnly for to sayne.
Tyll Philoctetes with his wardes twayne,
Euen in the face manly theim withstode.
And with a spere he fyrst to Hector rode.
And vpon him the shafte I fynde he brake,
But sothly he vpon his horse bake,
Kept him so well for all that fell stroke,
Remeuinge not but sturdy as an oke,
Sat in his sadell vpryght with his chine,
And wyth a spere ryght as any lyne,
Into the body depe through the shyelde,
Philoctetes he smote into the fielde,
That of his lyfe hys knightes were in doubt.
¶But tho came in with so great a route,
¶Kynge Hunerus and Ulixes eke,
And with them brought many worthy greke.
Ten thousād knightes manly men echone,
That gan Troians for to assayle anone.
And cruelly on euery halfe certayne,
With multytude they haue theim so belayne,
That dispayred and disconsolate,
And of longe fyght a waped and a mate,
Gan withdrawe fayntyd in battayle,
And eke theyr horse sothly gan to fayle,
That on theyr syde all went vp so downe.
¶But Parys tho with them of Troy towne,
Is entred in in ful manly wyse,
And fyrst he mette with the kynge of Fryse.
That to Ulyxes nye was of allye,
Whom Parys smote with so great enuye,
That he hym slewe wherof grekes were,
Sore abashed and after wyth a spere,
¶Ulyxes rode to auenge him if he might.
And fyrst when he of Parys had a syght,
Into the brest he gan his spere throwe,
That fynally for he bare to lowe,
Fayling of Parys sothely as I reade,
Under him he slewe his mighty stede.
That maugre him he to grounde is gone.
And he on him would haue fall anone,
¶But Troilus tho mette him in the berde,
And furyously with his sharpe swerde,
He smote Ulyxes throughout his biser.
That lyke a condyte or a small ryuer,
Downe by his face of bloud the streames ran.
But Ulyxes tho lyke a manly man,
Of that stroke astoned not at all,
But on his stede stiffe as any wall,
With his swerde so mightely gan race,
Through the vmber into Troylus face.
That he him gaue a large mortall wounde,
Of which stroke passingly ioycounde,
The grekes were supposing in theyr thought,
How Troians fynally were brought,
Unto outtraunce and sothly so they hadde,
Saue that Hector w̄ knightes which he lad,
And with him Parys and Deiphobus,
And al his brethern i knighthod most famous
Troylus also for all his laste wounde,
That was alway so noble knight yfounde.
All at ones be ioyned into one,
And vpon grekes sodaynly be gone.
¶And worthy Hector alder fyrst began,
Grekes to enchase that afore him ran,
Like as beastes that fledde fro the death,
And euer in one thus he killeth and sleyeth,
Whom he mette or durst his stroke abyde.

And on his foen with freſhe woundes wyde,
Thꝛ ſlaught he made alway to renewe,
And thylke daye in blody roſen hewe,
He hath theyr plates & their harneys ſteined,
And thought it had bloud from heauē rained.
The ſoyle redder might not tho a ben,
And aye ylyche as a ſwarme of been,
The grekes flockmele fledde out of his way.
And Guydo ſayth that all that ylke daye,
Hectoꝛ had foꝛmeſt on the playne,
In the frounter of the grekes layne.
That behynde the knyghtes of his garde,
Foꝛ lacke of hym were all out of warde.
Wherfoꝛe when he had ſought full longe,
And grekes ſawe of new weren ſtronge,
To his knyghtes he is agayne repeyred.
Whych in theim ſelfe greatly were diſpayred,
Foꝛ his abſence.but tho when they him ſe,
Full inwardly recomfoꝛted they be,
And with glad hert haue theyꝛ loꝛde receiued.
And theyꝛ gladneſſe when he hath perceyued,
¶Spake vnto theim full affectiouſly.
And lykewyſe prayed theim full beningly,
To remembꝛe knyghtly in their herte,
And conſyder wyſely and aduerte,
Firſt the wꝛonges that grekes haue them do.
Of yoꝛe ago and ouermoꝛe alſo,
If grekes had that daye the victoꝛye,
Farewell foꝛ aye the honour and gloꝛye,
Of Troyan bloud in concluſyowne.
Foꝛ fynally we and eke our towne,
Shall moꝛtally tournen to ruyne.
And our honour that was wont to ſhyne,
Thꝛoughout the woꝛld and our woꝛthineſſe,
Eclipſe ſhall and tournen to derckneſſe.
But ye this daye lyke as men you quyte.
Wherfoꝛe I pꝛaye that no man ne atwyte,
Your hygh renowne of any cowardiſe,
To ſette vpon in full manly wiſe,
And not to ſpare foꝛ dꝛead of death I pꝛaye.
¶And they echone full lowly gan obeye,
To his deſyꝛe withouten longer tale.
And entryng in by a certayne vale,
Vpon grekes theſe woꝛthy knyghtes all,
Folowing Hectoꝛ ſodaynly be fall,
Full moꝛtally oꝛ that they were ware.
And Hectoꝛ tho no greke would ſpare,
But euery where to theyꝛ confuſyon,
He killed and ſlewe aboute him enuyꝛon.
And his knyghtes riding by his ſide,
Made theyꝛ foen maugre all their pꝛyde,
To leſe their lande & flewe out of their ſighte.
¶Tyll that the kinge which ỹ Thoas hight,
On grekes ſyde inwarde gan him dꝛeſſe,
And of newe fulll knyghtly gan oppꝛeſſe,
Them of Troye this knight this manly mā.
¶That had afoꝛe ſlayn Caſſybellan,
One of the ſonnes of king Pꝛyamus.
But as he rode of foꝛtune it fell thus,
That all the bꝛethꝛen on a fruſche he mette,
Which of aſſent enuyꝛon him beſette,
And from his ſadell that many greke beheld,
Amonge the hoꝛſe ſmyt him into felde.
And of they rente firſt his baſenet,
And cruelly they had his head of ſmet.
Foꝛ he vnarmed all at myſchief ſtode.
¶Saue that the Duke furyous and wood,
Of Athenes riding tho a great paſe,
Reſkued him in this moꝛtall caſe,
With his knightes that about him rode.
And him to helpe without moꝛe abode,
With a ſpere charpe whet and kene.
¶Fyꝛſt of all he fell on Quintiline,
That buſy was Thoas to haue ſlawe.
And the bꝛetherene made alſo withdꝛawe,
Whan Quintiline of his hoꝛſe was thꝛowe.
¶But Parys thē dꝛewe vp his mighty bow,
And to this Duke let an arowe glyde.
And thꝛough his plates hit him in the ſide,
Upon a rybbe that made him ſoꝛe to blede.
Of whych ſtroke he ne toke no hede,
Bycauſe onely that he ſo feruent was,
Amid his foen to helpe thus kinge Thoas,
Amonge the hoꝛſe that was boꝛe to grounde,
In poynt of death with many moꝛtall woūd.
Onely foꝛ he was naked on the head.
But this Duke fully deuoyde of dꝛead,
Of his knighthod in this perillous caſe,
Amid his foen hath holpe the king Thoas,
And with his lyfe made him ſcapen fre.
And Hectoꝛ aye of cruell enmitee,
Iliche freſhe foꝛ nothing would leue,
Upon grekes his manhode foꝛ to pꝛeue.
Enfoꝛſing him to their deſtructiowne.
¶And as he rode amonge theim vp & down,
¶Kinge Humerus hath a bowe take,
And to ſhote gan him redy make.
And hatefully therin ſet an arowe,

And

And to Hector he marked hath so narowe,
That he smote him euen amid the face.
But or he might any ferther pace,
Hector smyt him with so great a payne,
That w̄ his swerd he rove his head atwayn.
¶The death of whō when the grekes know.
Mine auctour saith they haue an horn yblow
That vnwarely with that dreadfull sowne,
Seuē thousād knightꝭ came at ones adowne
About Hector without more abode.
But of force through theim all he rode.
Maugre theyr might that him tho withsette.
And slowe all tho that his way lette.
And would do stynt playnly tyll he came,
To his father the worthy kinge Pryam.
With many worthy full famous of renowne,
That wyth his knyghtes fast by the towne,
Laye all the daye with men on horse & foote,
As he that was of knighthod crop and roote,
And kept him close in full high prudence,
Tyll Hector came vnto his presence,
And him besought in this great nede,
With thre thousand that he would him spede,
Upon grekes in theyr full rage,
To fall on theim at most auauntage.

AND thē in haste this worthy Priamus,
With his knightes freshe & desyrous,
Towarde grekes hath the waye ytake,
And such a morder gan vpon theim make,
That many grekes laye dead on the playne.
For Pryamus hath theim so sore belayne.
On euery halfe through his great might,
That they full fast fledde out of his syght.
So sore of newe he vpon theim sette.
¶And as I fynde they tohether mette,
¶Hector and Ayax of cruell auenture.
And on their stedes stronge and wonder sure,
The storye sayth in all the haste they konne,
Lyke wood Lyons they together ronne.
With so great might ỹ were they lefe or lothe,
Upon the playne they were vnhorsed bothe.
¶And in this whyle Menelay the kinge,
Sodaynly as he camen ridinge,
He slewe of Troye a worthy admyrall.
And thus the slaughter passingly mortall,
Renewed aye for that Celidonas,
The newewe slewe of the kinge Thoas.
And Madā met mine auctour writeth thus,
A grekysche kinge called Tedeus.
Which w̄ his swerde such a stroke him sette,
That through ỹ vmber out his eye he smette.
¶And Sardellus that was of Troye eke,
The same whyle slewe a worthy greke,
A lorde of name and of high prowesse,
Although Guido his name doth not expresse.
¶And then also came Margaryton,
On Troye side agayne Thelamon,
And both two inly set a fyre,
Of high disdayne and of hatefull yre.
As they met on horse backe both ykere,
Kinge Thelamon sothly as I lere.
Gaue vnto him a deadly wounde cruell.
¶But tho came in the Troian Phanuell.
And Prothenor smote downe of his stede,
And thus the sones playnly as I reade,
Of Pryamus nothing nat dismayde,
The grekes haue on euery parte outrayed.
And so knightly all the daye theun borne,
That many greke fatally hath lorne,
His life in sothe of hate and enmyte.
And kinge Anglas is fall on Menestе,
Of Athenes Duke and gouernoure,
And with a spere of yre and olde rancoure,
He ran and smet him tho amyd the shyelde.
But for al that his sadell yet he helde.
¶And for that the Duke spere had none,
He with a swerde to Anglas rode anone,
And through ỹ owmber rove of nigh his nase
That he astoned stode as in a mase,
When that he sawe the condyte of his blode,
So streame out but for all that he rode,
Out alyde fully deuoyde of feare,
Unto the time that he staunched were.
¶But Deamor his owne brother deare,
When he behelde his mortall blody cheare.
¶Of high disdayne he rode to Menestе,
And him vnhorseth but vp anone sterte he,
And or he might fully vp aryse,
Another brother in full creuell wyse,
Is fall on him so that of theim thre,
Attones weten vpon Menestе,
Fully in purpose he shall lese his lyfe.
But he so knightly bare him in that stryfe,
Agaynst theim that wonder was to se.
And vpon him most cruell of theim thre,
Was one Thoas eldest of echone.
Which him to sleye was busy euer in one.

For all to broke they haue his basenet,
¶But when that Tenter sawe him so beset,
A grekisshe kinge as made is mencion,
Had in his herte great compassyon,
And thought playnly of manhode him releue
And if he might his fomen for to greue.
But all for nought was his busy payne,
For Hector tho fallen is on both twayne,
¶Upon Tenter and on Meneste,
¶And had theim slayne ne had Ayax be.
Which vnto Hector faste gan him hye,
A thousande knightes in his companye,
Hun to withstande and Meneste to saue,
From his handes if he might him haue.
¶But Parys tho and the kyng of Perce,
With fiue thousande as I can reherse,
Of worthy knightes and many troian mo,
Be vnto Hector all at ones ygo.
In thryfty wise rydyng on a rowe,
For Parys made a trumpet to be blowe,
At whych there came knightly enbattayled,
Many Troian full well apparayled,
Whych in the fielde of Hector were conueyed.
For of one herte they fully haue obeyed,
Unto the bydding of this Troian knight,
All freshe and newe to begyn a fyght,
Upon grekes as ferre forth as they can.
Of whom was slayne many manly man.
And aye the slaughter pyteously reneweth,
That many greke sore in herte reweth,
Theyr great losse and destructiowne,
Wrought vpon thē by theim of Troye towne.
And specially of Hector as I finde.
Whych on that day as Dares maketh minde,
With his hande a thousande knightes slowe.
That neuer were adawed of their sowe,
For greke none dare in his waye dwell.
For w̄ his swerde he coud theim so compell,
To lese theyr grounde of necessyte,
And lyke as sheye afore the wolfe to fle.
¶And as I reade amiddes this victorye,
Hector hath met vnder a Tentoree,
¶Amonges grekes Mereon the kinge.
To whom he spake without more tarying.
Oh thou tratoure thy houre approcheth faste,
For thou art come sothly to thy laste,
Thy fatall daye hath his course pronne,
For truste well or westrynge of the sonne,
I caste platly to quyten the thy mede.
And with my swerd in haste thy bloud to shed.
For thou so bolde were on me to daye,
Me to disturben of my ryche praye,
At the spoylyng of kinge Patroclus.
That for cause thou were presumptious,
Me to disturbe thou shalt anone be deade.
And downe he sterte & smote of first his head.
¶And him to spoyle also gan him haste.
¶But Meneste came on him as faste,
Whan he beheld trauerse at his backe,
And w̄ a spere in which was no lacke,
Smote him in with so great violence,
Without syght or any aduertence,
Of worthy Hector or any takyng hede,
The wound of whom sore gan to blede.
But out he went and made it faste bynde.
¶And Meneste stale away behinde,
Not in purpose sothly if he maye,
To mete Hector of all that ylke daye.
¶But when that he was ybounde sore,
His wound to staunche that it blede no more,
More furyous than he was erst tofore,
Repeyred is with angre al to tore,
So aye the yre on his herte fret.
That he bare downe all that euer he met.
Slayth and kylleth he was so mercyles,
All tho that put theim selfe in the preasse,
Or hardy were wyth hym for to mete.
For in his boke lyke as wryte Darete,
For very sothe and in the storye sayth,
If it be so that men may gyuen fayth,
And full credence of possybylyte,
As in Guydo clearly ye may se,
After that he caught his latter wounde,
Fynally the grekes to confounde,
So as it is affermed in certayne,
A thousand knightz w̄ his hande were slayn,
Without theim tho that I spake of rathe.
And newe alway he gan his swerde to bathe,
In grekes bloud that sodaynly they be,
So ouerlayne thrōugh his cruelte,
That greke was none of high nor low estate,
That he ne was awhaped and amate,
Of his knyghthod and manly excellence.
For there was none to maken resystence,
Nor vtterly that durste take on hande,
Of all that daye Hector to wythstande.
¶And as is made also mencion,
Thylke daye kyng Agamenon,

As

As sayth Guydo came not into felde,
For causes great his presence he withhelde,
On grekes syde that al goeth vp so downe,
Hector on them so playeth the wood Lowne.
That to theyr tentes they fledde for socours,
And they of Troye proudly as victours.
Sewed after theim by traces of theyr bloud,
And there they wan treasour and great good.
And spoyled theim in full great dystresse,
Of their armure and of theyr richesse,
And fell on theim or that they were ware,
And home to Troye all that good they bare.
For fynally that daye wyth myschaunce,
Grekes had be brought vnto outraunce,
Without recure in sothe for euermore,
On euery parte they were belayde so sore.
Through the manhode of Hector & ỹ mighte,
With helpe of many other worthy knyght,
That so felly agayne the grekes wrought,
For to such mischief playnly they thē brought,
That ne had be theyr owne pyteous slouthe,
Of pryde onely and of folye routhe,
They had of theim at theyr volunte,
That daye for euer had the soneraynte.
And recured through theyr hygh renowne,
Lordshyppe of theim and dominacyowne,
Whych shoulde haue laste and be contiuuall,
Victoryously and perpetuall.
Haue endured saue that cruell fate,
Is redy aye with fortune to debate,
Agayne thynges that gynne in wilfulnesse.
To make theim fine aye in wretchednesse.
Through theyr enuyons disposytion,
Of sodayne chaunce and reuolucion,
And vnware tourning of her false whele,
That wyll not byde when a thinge is wele.
Alas freyle deuoyde of sykernesse,
The cause was dimmed so with derckenesse,
That hath troians through false opynyon,
Yblinded so in theyr discrescion.
And specially forderced so the syght,
Of worthy Hector the prudēt manly knyght.
To se afore what shulde after sewe,
By good aduyse the mischyefe to eschewe.
That folowed theim at the backe behinde.
Alas they were wilfully made blynde.
The same daye when they sytten softe,
By victorye on the hill alofte.
That they ne could of neclygence not se,
The after fall of theyr felycite.
So put abacke was theyr aduertence.
For lacke of reason and of high prudence.
For they their hap haue voided & theyr grace,
That presently were set afore theyr face.
For in a man it is not commendable,
If fortune be to him fauorable,
And blandeching with a forhead cleare,
To smyle on him with a plesaunt cheare,
Onely of fauoure for to helpe him oute,
When he in myschyefe is beset aboute,
If he refuse his hap of wylfulnesse,
Fortune auoyding through vnkindnesse,
Whan she ministreth to him of her grace,
Another tyme he shall not her embrace.
Whan he hath nede to her helpe at all,
To succour him or he catche a fall.
But rather then for his ingratitude,
Frowardly with mowes him delude,
Whan he best weneth to stande in sikernesse.
Fortune is aye so full of brotilnesse,
Remouable and ready for to flytte.
¶ Her welfull houre ỹ who lyst not admytte,
With her fauour for to be allyed,
Another time it shall be denied,
When he were leuest finde her fauorable.
For in some houre sothly this no fable,
Unto some man she graunteth his desyres,
That will not after in a thousande yeares.
Peraunter ones condescende,
Unto his will nor his lust him sende.
¶ As it hath fall this daye vnhappely.
To worthy Hector that so wilfully,
Wrought of head grekes for to spare,
Fatally when they were in snare.
For he of theim lyke a conquerour,
With victorye trymphe and honour.
Myght haue brought thrugh his hye renown
The palme of conquest into Troye towne.
Which he that daye refused folyye.
¶ For as he rode this Hector cruelly,
Amonges grekes slowe and bare all downe,
Casually he mette Thelamowne,
I meane Ayax nygh of his allye,
That of hate and cruel hote enuye,
To Hector rode lyke as he were wood,
Albe to him he was full nygh of bloud.
Yet for all that this ponge lusty knight,

Dyd his power and his full myght,
Without fayning to haue borne hym downe.
Whose father hyght also Thelamowne,
That hym begat the storye telleth vs,
Of Eryon syster to Pryamus.
And this Ayax flourynge in yonge age,
Freshe and delyuer and of great courage,
Sette on Hector of knyghtly hygh prowesse.
And as they met both in theyr woodnesse,
On theyr stedes these manly champyons,
Euerych on other lyke Tygres or Lions,
Began to fall and proudly to assayle,
And furyously seuere plate and mayle.
First with speres longe large and rounde,
And afterwarde with swerdes kene ygroũde.
And fyghtyng thus longe they do contune,
Tyll it befell of case or of fortune,
Token or sygne or some apparence,
Or by natures kyndly influence,
Wych into hertes doth full depe myne,
Namely of theym that borne be of one lyne.
Wych cause was peraunter of these twane.
Naturally theyr rancour to restrayne,
And theyr yre for to modefye,
Onely for they so nygh were of allye,
Unwyst of other and therof vnsure,
Tyll they were taught onely of nature.
For naturally bloud wyll aye of kynde,
Drawe vnto bloud where he may it fynde.
Wych made Hector kyndely to aduerte,
To be meued and stered in his herte,
Both of knyghthod and of gentilnesse,
Whan he of Ayax sawe the worthynesse,
Spake vnto him full beningnely.
And sayd Cosyn I saye the trewly,
If thou lyst grekes here forsake,
And come to Troye I dare the vndertake,
To thyne allyes and to thy kynrede,
Thou shalt be there withouten any drede,
Full well receyued in partye and in all,
Of theim that be of the blode royall,
Sothly decended and hyghest of degre.
That it of ryght shall suffyse vnto the,
And kyndely be to the great plesaunce,
For to repayre vnto thyne allyaunce,
Of gentyll herte sythe nothyng is so good,
As be confedered with his owne bloud.
For I conceyue by thy worthynesse,
Wych nature doth kyndly in the impresse,
Of Troian bloud that thou art descended.
Wych of grekes longe hath be offended.
Wherfore I reade to leue theim vtterly,
And he aunswered agayne full humbly,
That sythen he of byrthe was a greke,
And was of youthe among them fostred eke,
From the tyme of his natiuitye.
And taken had the ordre and degre,
Of knighthod eke amonges theun aforne,
And ouer this bounde was and sworne,
To be trewe as to theyr nacion.
Making of bloud none exception,
He swore he would conserue his behestе.
And to Hector he made this requeste,
That if that he of manfull gentilnesse,
Would of knyghthod and of worthinesse,
Shewe vnto hym so great affectiowne,
To make theim that were of Troye towne,
Onely withdrawe grekes to pursewe,
And for theyr tentes make them to remewe,
And resorte agayne vnto the towne.
Of knighthode routhe and compassyowne,
Without assaylynge or anye more affraye,
Made on the grekes for that ilke day,
Sythe vnto theim ought ynoughe suffyse,
That of the fielde in so knightly wyse,
They were of manhead fully possessours,
And of theyr fomen fynally victours,
Like as tofore fully is defyned.
To whose request Hector is enclyned.
Alas the while of hasty wilfulnesse,
And made anone without auysenesse,
Amydde the fielde trumpet for to blowe,
Wherby Troians fully mighten knowe,
His wil was that they shulde thē withdrawe,
After custome playnely and the lawe,
And the vsaunce both of nyghe and ferre.
Amonges them that be experte in werre.
Whan they were moste feruent for to fyght,
Upon grekes for to preue their might.
And had them chaced lowe to the stronde,
That they were weake of power to withstãde
For they of Troye all of one desyre,
Gan sette on with shotte of wylde fyre,
To brenne their shyppes & of high mischaũce,
Fynally to put them at outtraunce.
And so they had this the very trouth,
Ne had Hector had vpon them routh,
Makyng Troyans repayre ayene to towne,

Ungra-

Ungraciously to their confusyowne.
As the story shall after specifye,
For tho he put alas in iupardye,
Lyfe & death whyche elles might haue be sute,
And whyche againe they shall neuer recure.

¶How the grekes through their suite opteyned of kyng Priam a trewce for eyght wekes and of their battayles after the trewce ended. Capitulo. xxiii.

They haue matter to complaynen sore,
For fro that daye farewell for euermore,
Laude victory and fro them of the towne,
To them denyed by disposyowne,
Of mortall fate whyche contrarye,
In this matter me lyste no lenger tarye.
For they of Troye be entred their Citie,
And shet their gates formore suretie,
For of that daye lyke as made is mynde,
Thus was the ende in Guydo as I fynde,
They wende haue done peraunter for the best.
¶And when the sonne was ygo to rest,
They toke their ease all that ylke night,
Tyll on the morowe Tytan clere and bryght,
Shadde his beames on their hemispherye,
Makyng the daye for to shewe merye.
At whyche tyme Troyans anone right,
They that were hole and lusty for to fyght,
Gan arme theim in purpose full that daye,
Their foen to mete platly if they maye.
For that was hole their wyll & playne entent.
And eke they had in commaundement,
Tofore of Hector redy them to make.
Out of their slepe a morowe whan they wake
Of whyche thynge they were not neclygent,
But to Priam the grekes haue ysent,
There messangers the same day or pryme,
To take trewce onely for the tyme,
Of eyght wekes the whyche Priamus,
With Hectors wyll the story telleth thus,
Hath graunted them and by auctorite,
Of all the wyse that were in the Citie.
Inswhyche tyme whyle they leyser haue,
The grekes gan to burye and to graue,
The bodyes that afore weren slawe,
Lyke their rytes in their paynem lawe.
With all their might and their busy cure,
For some brent and some by sepulture,
Enclosed were lyke their estate in all,
And thus they helde the feast funerall,
Fro day to day durynge aye the peace.
¶In whyche space I fynde how Achelles,
Of Patroclus the death hath sore playned.
As he that was with teares all be rayned,
So inwardly he loued hym in herte.
That for the anguysche and the cruell smerte,
He longe abode in lamentacion,
And dyd make by great affection,
A large toumbe for a remembraunce,
Myd the fielde as tho was the vsaunce,
Amonge grekes with great reuerence.
Lyke the honour and the excellence,
¶Of royall burying. so this Patroclus,
Ygraue was and Protheselaus,
In their toumbes korue of marbyll graye.
And nye together in a playne they laye.
The werke about them rychly was ywrought
And to the earth they were together brought.
Solempnely lyke the obseruaunces,
Of their rytes with the circumstaunces,
Of grekes vsed sothly in tho dayes.
Fro poynt to poynt as longeth to their layes.
Of suche as weren of estate royall,
So holden was the feast funerall,
Of these two whyles the trewse doth laste.
¶And they of Troye busyed them full faste,
With all their might and their busy eure,
The grene hurtes and woundes for to cure.
By their aduyse that were in surgerye,
Full well experte to shapen remedye,
Their swolle sores to soften of their payne.
That in the space of these monthes twayne,
They were restored to helth in euery thynge,
In whyche time Priamus the kinge.
¶Suche sorowe made for Cassybellan,
In his herte that no wyght ne can,
Hym recomforte of his heuinesse.
For day by day of inwarde tenderneſſe.
Full pyteously he gan to sobbe and wepe.
¶And the body he made for to kepe,
Aboue the earth for a certayne space,
Tyll he had chosen out some worthy place,
To his burying and his sepulture,
And as Guydo vs fully doth assure,
¶In Uenus temple rychc as any shryne,
He made his men a toumbe for to myne,
In marbell greye and metall rychely,

In

In whiche he put full solempnely,
The dead corps of this Cassybellan.
Beinge present full many manly man.
In the phane of Cytherea.
The whiche thynge when that Cassandra,
Within her selfe consyder ꝛd and behelde,
And sawe vp offred his helme & eke his shelde,
His sworde also and vnto Mars his stede,
Of inwarde wo she felte her herte blede.
Heryng the noyse and the pyteous crye,
The tender wepynge and sorowyng vtterly,
Of them of Troye and lamentaciowne,
Which for their frend' throughout al ẏ towne,
They gan to make that were slawe afore.
With sodeyne rage her herte was all to tore.
So inwardely she might her not restrayne,
Furyously to crye and to complayne,
And sayde alas full ofte and welawaye.
¶ Oh wofull wretches that ye be this daye,
Unhappy eke and graceles also,
Infortunate and inly wo bego.
How ye may suffre the great harmes kene,
Whiche ye are lykely hereafter to sustene,
Duryng the syege in this towne belocke,
Seynge your foen redy to be wroke,
Aboute you beset on euery syde.
To be venged on your great pryde.
I wote ryght well ye may them not eschewe.
That they ne shall vnto the death pursewe,
You euerychone besyeged in this place.
Withont mercy rewth or any grace.
Alas alas why wyll ye besy be,
Ye wofull wretches shet in this Cite.
With the grekes for to seken peace,
Or the sworde of vengeaunce mercyles.
On hygh and lowe do execuciowne,
And or this noble worthy royall towne,
Euersed be and ybrought to nought.
Why lyst ye not consyder in your thought,
How the Modres with their children smale,
In stretes shall with face dead and pale,
Lye murdred there through grekes cruelte,
And yonge maydens in captiuite,
Bewepe shall in myserye and wo.
Their seruitute and this towne also.
So famous ryche alas it is pyte,
With grekes fyre shall destroyed be.
In shorte tyme sothly this no were.
Heleyne of vs alas is bought to dere.
Syth for her sake we shall euerychone,
Poore and ryche exceptyng neuer one,
An ende make wofull and pyteous.
The yre of them shalbe so furious.
Upon vs all there is none other meane,
Saue onely death vs to go betwene.
¶ This was the noise and the pyteons crye,
Of Cassandra that so dredefully,
She gan to make aboute in euery strete.
Through ẏ towne whom euer she might mete
Lyke as she had be out of her mynde,
Tyll Pryamus faste made her bynde,
And shytte vp it as the more routhe,
She was not harde albe she sayd trouth.
¶ For neyther wysedome nor discrecion,
Counsayle nor wyt prudence nor reason,
Trouth nor rede withouten any lye,
Nor the spirite of trewe prophecye.
Auayleth not nor all suche sapyence,
In place where there is no audyence.
For be a man inly neuer so wyse,
In counsaylyng or in hyghe deuyse,
In workyng outher or in eloquence,
Eche thynge to se in his aduertence,
Or it be falle afore in his reason,
Amyd the eye of his discrecion.
Yet for all this it is the more dole,
Without fauour he holden is a fole.
For vnfauoured wisedome vayleth nought,
Neyther trouth how dere that it be bought.
As Cassandra for all her wyse rede,
Dispysed was and taken of no hede.
Of them of Troye to their confusyon,
But cruelly ythrowen in pryson,
Where as a whyle I wyll lette her dwelle.
And of grekes forth I wyll you telle.

And fyrst of all how Pallamydes,
Gan to grutche agaynst them ẏ chese,
He beyng absent kyng Agamenon,
To haue lordshyp or domynacyon,
On them all namely syth that he,
Was not worthy to suche dignite,
For to gouerne so great a myghty hoste.
Throughout the world come from euery cost,
Of kynges, prynces, so worthy of renowne.
For he therof had indignaciowne.
¶ And sayd himselfe was of more poustee,
Amonge grekes and greater of degree,

Concludyng

Concludyng that by no maner weye,
To his power he ne wolde obeye.
In peace and werre as by subiection.
Syth he ne was at his election.
Playly affyrmyng how there were but thre,
Whan he was chose kynges of degre,
Where as thurty were that tyme absent,
For whiche he swore it was not his entent,
Nor accordyng with his opynyon.
¶In any wyse that Agamenon,
Of grekes shulde haue suche gouernaunce.
¶Lo what myschyefe lyeth in varyaunce.
Amonge lordes whan they not accorde.
For to drawe fully by one corde.
Enuye is cause of suche dyuysyon,
And couetyse of dompnacyon.
That euerych wolde surmounten his felowe,
This cursed vyse often hath withdrawe,
Hap and grace in many regyon.
For whan discorde and false discencion,
Allyed ben in hertes for to stryue,
Among lordes that kingdom may not thryue.
Tyll they reformed be agayne to peace.
Amonge them selfe playnely this no lease.
Of whyche thinge grekes token hede,
And thought not good ferther to procede,
In the matter that Pallamydes,
Ymeued had amonges all the prese.
And through their wyt they set all in quyete,
And made him his rancour for to lete.
And to accorde fully in his herte.
But nowe must I my style agayne dyuerte,
Unto the werre and telle on the maner,
After the trewes how they mette yfeare.

Lyke as the storye maketh mencion.
The worthy kyng the great Agamenon,
When the trewes were passed and ygone,
In all haste he gan ordeyne anone,
With all myght and waker dylygence,
Deuoyde of slouthe and all neclygence,
To sette his wardes full auysely.
¶And to Achylle he full prudently,
The fyrste warde cõmytteth for to lede,
And the seconde vnto Diomede.
The thyrde also to kyng Menelay,
And the fourth on the same daye.
¶He had Menestе the duke of Athene,
At his ledyng in stele armed clene.
And other wardes folowyng by and by,
Agamenon the kyng full manfully,
Ordeyned hath how they shall procede,
As he that was in all his worke and dede,
Full circumspect both in werre and peace.
¶And worthy Hector was not reckles,
To sette his wardes of them of the towne.
In knightly wyse of discrecionne,
And to Troylus so ponge frethe and lyght,
The fyrst warde with many lusty knyght,
He hath assygned and other wardes set,
So prudently they ne myght be no bet.
And forth in hast hym lyste no longer byde,
With many worthy rydyng by his syde.
Out at the gates he went of the towne,
Towarde grekes this Troyan championne,
And fyrst whan he sawe the fyerse Achylle,
He ne coulde no lenger kepe hym styll,
But smote his horse felly in the syde,
And towarde hym cruelly gan ryde.
The whiche thynge with a dispyteous eye,
Whan Achylles sothly gan espye,
Agayne Hector of manfull hardynesse,
With herte enuyous gan his stede dresse.
And in the fyelde together as they mette,
With rounde speres the poyntes kene whette,
At the encountryng of knightly excellence,
Euerych other through great vyolence,
By very force bare other vnto grounde.
As full ofte it happeth and is founde,
Whan stronge doth mete with his peregall.
There is no more but euerych had a fall.
But Hector fyrst of strength most assured,
His stede agayne hath anone recured.
And lefte Achylle tho of gentilnesse,
And in great hast forth he gan hym dresse,
Amonge grekes and where so that he rode,
He kylled and slewe all that hym with stode.
For ẅ his swerde he made their woũdes wide
And through the brest & some through the side,
He perced hath and waged them for euer,
And theltroũs brake & made them to disseuer.
For in his herte him thought it did him good,
To bath his swerde in the grekes bloud.
And this continued tyll that Achylles,
Caught his stede agayne amonge the prese.
And entred in amonges them of Troye,
And with his swerde he made large weye.
Sleeth and bare downe whom ẏ euer he met,

For

For there was none hardy hym to lette.
Tyll it befell in his melancolye.
¶Hector he mette rydyng sodainly,
And when they sawe eche other come a ferre,
Without abode euerych caught a spere,
And ran together there was no more a reste.
¶But Hector fyrst smette hym in the brest,
That his spere playnely this no tale,
All to shyuered into peces smale.
That Achilles of necessyte,
To grounde goth it wolde none other be.
And vnhorsed at the earth laye.
And Hector then in all the haste he may,
Enforced hym for to catche his stede.
But many a greke in this great nede,
Came to rescues of this Achylles.
And for his loue put them selfe in prese.
Thrugh help of whō his horse he doth attaine
Enhastyng him with al his might & payne,
To be auenged of his great iniurye.
And sodeynly in his wood furye,
With a sworde ful sharpe ground and whette,
¶He smote Hector vpon the basenet,
That from his sadell he made hym to remewe
The whiche stroke he might not eschewe,
But for all that this noble worthy knight,
Of very force through his great myght,
Maugre his foen his sadell hath recured.
As he that was in manhode most assured.
And sodeynly in herte he wered so wroth,
That in arage to Achylles he goth,
And with his sworde so smyt him on the head,
Through the basenet that the bloud all red,
By his face gan to ronnen downe,
Lyke a ryuer his chekes enuyrowne.
But he hym selfe deffendeth as a knyght,
And tho of newe began the cruell fyght.
Atwene them two to se that it was wonder.
For euery stroke great as dent of thonder,
Range in the eyre for none wolde other spare.
And this the soth in their fyght they fare,
Lyke wood Tygres or Bores in their rage,
Or sterne Bulles whan they be sauage.
That it semyd in very sothfastnesse,
If these two so full of worthynesse,
Contune longe in fyghtynge and endure.
The tone or both of cruell aduenture,
Must haue be dead of necessyte.
The whiche thyng had great petye be.
Bycause they weren worthy knyghtes bothe.
But whyle that they in fyghtyng fell & wroth,
Most busy were the grekes tho begyn,
With their wardes for to entre in.
And they of Troye the storye maketh mynde,
On their partye lefte not behynde,
But in the fyelde enhaste them euerychone.
In knightly wyse to mete with their fone,
That with the preasse here and also ponder,
The knyghtes two seuered were a sonder.
¶And tho came in sterne Dyomede.
With the knyghtes whiche he there dyd lede,
Full lustly and in the selue place,
With whom hath mette proudly in the face,
Worthy Troylus on his horseback e.
That neuer had yet in manhode lacke.
And as they countre the storye doth vs lere,
Euerych vnhorsed knightly hath his feare.
¶But fyrst his horse recureth Dyomede,
And in all haste gan him for to spede,
Tassayle Troylus stondyng vpon foote.
And when he sawe there was none other bote
And knightly yet as dyd erst any man.
Agaynst hym to deffende tho he began.
But Dyomede hote as any fyre,
Wonder enuyous and hatefull of desyre,
With his sworde of rancour for the nones,
The ryche Cercle full of Inde stones,
That was that tyme on Troylus basenet,
Full cruelly hath raced of and smet.
But Troilus nolde for that him wdrawe,
For hym deffendynge he hath the stede slawe,
On whiche sat that tyme Dyomede.
That mauger him he must alyght nede.
And whan they were on fote both twayne,
They dyd their myght and their cruell payne,
Euerych of them other to assayle.
With swordes sharpe so that plate and mayle,
They gan to seuere and a sonder race.
As wood Lyons with mortall chere and face,
Tyll the Grekes stronge stoute and felle,
As myne auctour in his boke can telle,
Haue through their might caused Dyomede,
All sodeynly to recure his stede.
And Troyan knightes on the tother syde,
Haue Troylus brought a stede for to ryde.
¶And when they were horsed both two,
Without more they efte togyther go.
With stronge foynes and yfeare ran,

Eche

Eche at other as felly as they can.
Tyll at the laste cruell Dyomede,
Lyke as ye may in myne auctour rede,
Were it by case hap or aduenture,
In whiche no man fully may assure,
Or by fortune with her false vysage,
Had that tyme of Troylous avauntage.
For he on hym was fallen at myschyefe,
The whiche thynge to hym was no repryefe,
Though he him toke amonge so great aroute
On euery halfe with grekes set aboute.
Syth doubtous euer is the fyne of fyght.
Now vp, now down, now derk, & after bryght,
For no wyght may be aye victorious,
In peace nor werre nor ylyche eurous.
Let euery man syth hap it sette in doute,
Take his tourne as it commeth aboute.
Though troylus now was take of Diomede,
In other tyme he shall him quite his mede.
For as the storye telleth in this place,
This Dyomede but a lyttell space,
Troylus ladde forth as pryſoner,
That to reskewes in stele armed clere,
Many Troyan came pryckynge in this rede,
That maugre all the myght of Dyomede.
They Troylus haue from his handes take,
And tho began the slaughter for his sake,
On euery halfe that wonder is to telle,
Of the Troyans and the grekes felle.
¶Than into fyelde is entred Menelay,
Whiche on Troyans all that ylke daye,
Full busy was auenged for to be.
To them he had so cruell enmyte.
¶And whan Parys sawe hym in the fyelde,
Towardes hym the ryght waye he helde.
And of purpose they their wardes sette,
Eche on other tyll they together mette.
And tho the skyrmysche & the slaughter gan,
On outher parte of many manly man.
¶And all this whyle Hector ne wolde ceasse,
Amonge grekes cruelly to preasse.
And new and new of hym as I read,
Alyke freshe the bloud of them to shede.
For of his swordе the traces were ysene,
That the grekes ne myghten not sustene,
To resyste nor stande afore his face.
But where he rode aye they gaue him place.
¶Tyll that a knyght whiche Boetes hyghte,
Yonge of age whan he had a syght,
How Hector slewe the grekes mortally,
On euery syde hauynge no mercy.
He preased in to encrease his name.
Perpetually to purchase him a fame.
And furiously in herte not aferde,
He caste platly to mete him in the berde.
The whiche thynge when Hector gan aduert,
So hyghe rancour enbraced hath his herte,
That with his swordе of indignacionne,
He rofe hym euen to the nauell downe.
Fro the crowne with so great a payne,
That in the fyelde he parted laye in twayne.
And Hector tho assygned hath his stede,
To a squyer and bad he shulde it lede,
To Troye towne without more abode.
And all this while furyously he rode,
Amonge grekes and euer mercileſe,
He slewe all tho that put them selfe in preſe.
And shedde their bloud of herte despiteous.
The whiche thynge when kyng Archylogus,
Rydyng beſyde sawe and gan espye,
How Boetes his cosyn and allye,
So cruelly was of Hector slawe,
Towardes him in hast he gan him drawe.
Upon his death auenged for to be.
And rode at him with great cruelte,
Fully in purpose Hector for to quyte.
And sodeynly as he gan at hym smyte,
Hector vnwarely hyt him on the head,
So myghtly that he fell downe dead.
Parted on two by cruell aduenture.
Notwithstanding his mighty stronge armure
Agayne his stroke it was of no deffence,
For it was geuen with suche violence,
That it holpe hym in no maner thynge.
¶And then anone Prothenor the kynge,
Of hatefull yre and fole hardyneſſe,
Of surquedye and of hastineſſe,
Of melancolye and indignacion,
Caught in his herte a preſumpcion,
To assayle Hector of in warde folyche pryde,
And goth to him attrauerſe on the syde,
Furyously with a dispiteous herte.
That his commonge he might not aduerte,
Onely for he came at his backe behynde.
And vnwarely in Guydo as I fynde.
And Hector smote from his horſe to grounde,
In whom there was so muche manhod founde
That he anone with a knightly herte,

Without

Without abode into his sadell sterte,
And ryght fyersely Prothenor pursueth,
That fynally his hande he not eschueth,
For with his swerde he marked hym so wele,
Through the basenet by his breste of stele,
That into twayne without any fayle,
He roue him downe into his paunce of mayle.
And he fell downe in full pyteous wise.
Of whych stroke the grekes sore agryse.
¶ And specially the hardy fierse Achille,
When he beheldе lyked it full yll.
¶ For Prothenor was nygh his cosyne,
And descended of the same lyne,
For death of whom he hath such heuynesse,
So inwarde thought and so great distresse,
In all this worlde he ne wyst what to do.
For him he had so much payne and wo.
And for the death of him Archilogus,
To be auenge he was full desyrous.
And in his herte many waye he caste,
And in the wardes gan to seke faste,
With many greke on Hector to haue fall.
Conspyred fully in sothe amonge theim all,
Of one entente Hector to assayle.
But all for nought it would not auayle,
He was that daye so cruell in his rage,
They might of him haue none auauntage.
And Troian knightes by fauour of Fortune,
Upon grekes so mightely contune,
Thrugh conueyeng of Hector and his might,
That they anone haue put theim to flyght.
And to theyr tentes maugre who that stryue,
In their pursuite forwoũded they them dryue.
That here and there they laye as in a swowe,
And many a greke merciles they slowe.
The longe daye till it drewe to nyght.
And sothly then for very lacke of lyght,
These troians knightꝭ ful worthy of renowne
Aboute Hector repayren to the towne.
And entre in with honour and with glorye,
That daye of grekes hauing the victorye.
And thus I leue theim in their towne within,
And forth of grekes to tel I will begyn.

When Hesperus the faire bright sterre,
Agaynst eue hath caste his streames fer,
And in the west rathest gan appeare,
Whan the twylight with a pale cheare,
In maner morneth thabsence of the sonne.
And night approcheth with his coopes dunne.
The same time when Titan toke his leue,
That clerkes call Crepusculum at eue,
Whych is not elles but the meane lyght,
Of Phebus absence and the dercke night.
And twylight hatte for it is a meane,
Of daye and night departing theim betwene.
Fully nother but of both ymeynt,
Or the heauen be clustered and depeynt,
With bryght sterres in the eueninge.

At whyche tyme Agamenon the kinge,
For his lordes sodaynly hath sente,
To come echone anone into his tente.
And when they were assembled all yfeare,
Tryst and heuy with a ruthfull cheare,
They gan ꝑ slaught of Hector to complayne.
Affirming playnly they ne maye attayne,
Unto victorye while he were alyue.
Wherfore they gan to conspyre blyue,
The death of him in many sondry weye.
Echone concludynge whyle he were in Troy,
It was not lykely grekes for to wynne.
For he alone of them that were within,
Was chiefe deffence and protectiowne.
And soueraynly vpholder of the towne.
Their mighty Castell and their stronge wall,
And vnto grekes deadly foe mortall.
For they ne myght his great force endure,
Nor neuer aryght agayne their foes be sure.
He standyng hole they sayde in no degre,
Nor whyle he floureth in felycitye.
Wherfore echone of one entencion,
They condiscende to this conclusyon.
That by some slyght of awayte lyinge,
Whan he were moste busy in fyghtynge,
Amonge them in myschyfe or distresse,
That Achylles do his busynesse,
With all his might vnwarely hym to assayle.
That hym to slea for nothynge that he fayle.
¶ And grekes all gan their prayer make,
To Achilles for to vndertake.
Of this Empresse fynally the suite.
Through his manhode that it be execute,
The hasty deth of their mortall foe,
And Achylles without wordes mo,
Their request assenteth to perfourme.
And to their luste gan hooly hym conformе.
From that tyme lett hym beware I reade,

To

To be to hasty this iourney for to spede,
Upon Hector his power for to kythe.
Lest fortune awronge her face wrythe,
To loke on him wyth a frowarde cheare,
Him to bringe vnto his handes nere.
Through sorte or hap of Hectors folyye,
To put his lyfe of death in Jeopartye.
Lest vnto him it happe euen lyche,
To fall him selfe in the same dyche,
That he for Hector compassed hath & shape,
For it is wonder if that he escape.
Sith Hector had without any dreade,
As brennyng yre and as great hatrede,
To Achilles his death for to puruey,
If he hym founde or in any place to saye,
Conuenyent for execucion.
I trowe there should gayne him no raunson,
Nor other mede his herte to quyete,
But onely death when so that they mete.
This the ende and fyne of my mattere,
As in this boke after ye shall heare.
And thus Grekes made haue an ende,
Of theyr counsayle and anone they wende,
Euerych of theim home to theyr lodgynge,
And toke theyr resten till in the morninge.

¶Howe the troians toke kinge Thoas pry-
soner and led him captiue to Troie. Ca. xxiiii.

Vthan Auroza the syluer droppes shene,
Her teares shad vpon the freshe grene,
Complayning aye in weping & in sorow,
Her chyldrens death euery somer morowe,
That is to saye when the dewe so soote.
Enbawmed hath the floure and eke the roote
With lusty lycoure in Aprill and in Maye,
When that the larke messenger of daye,
Of custome aye Auroza doth salue,
With sundrye notys her sorow to transmewe.
Or Phebus ryse with ioye and gladnesse,
Through hermonye to leue her heuynesse,
Taking her leue with sainct John to borow,
The same time Grekes by the morowe,
With lusty herte early did aryse,
And armed theim in all theyr best wise.
For they theim caste that daye for to gone,
Into the felde to mete with their fone.
¶And Hector hath the same morowe also,
I cast him fully with Grekes haue ado.
And yssued is knightly out of Troye,
In herte he hath so great desyre and ioye,
The same daye with grekes for to fyght,
And wyth him ladde many lusty knyght,
Of such as were of the Cyte borne,
And forthe he rode him selfe all aforne,
¶And Eneas with many a worthy,
Folowed after wonder fast by.
¶And Paris thē and next him Deiphobus,
¶And syth Troylus that was coragious,
With all the wardes made of Troye towne,
In which as Dares maketh mencionne,
Within his boke there were on Troye syde,
Of fighting men ỹ went and that did ryde,
An hundred thousande armed for to go,
Into the felde and fyfty thousande mo.
Which haue theim cast that daye or at eue,
Of one entent Grekes for to greue.
¶And so they mette strongly on other syde,
And gan assemble and together ryde,
Full cruelly and with great hatrede.
And with theim tho that Paris had to lede,
He entred in full mighty stronge archeres,
Of Perce lande with many Arbalasters,
That with theyr arowes filed sharp & rouñde,
And w̄ quarelles square whette and ground,
Full many greke hath reued of his lyfe.
And amiddes of this morrall stryfe,
¶Agamenon into the felde is come.
Towardes whom Hector hath ynome,
The right way & threwe him from his stede,
Amonge his knightes that he there did lede.
He spared nought for all the great prese.
¶And therwithall anone came Achilles,
That in awayte of Hector tho had layne,
And sodaynly with all his might and payne,
¶Hector he smote on the head so sore,
That w̄ ỹ stroke mine auctour sayth no more
His basenet was bowed and yrased.
¶Of which stroke Hector not amased,
On Achilles shuld anone yfall,
Ne had Eneas with his knightes all,
And worthy Troylus come and go betwene.
The which twayne with their swerdes kene,
Gan Achilles felly for to assale.
To hewe his playtes and to perse his mayle.
And tho began the slaught on enery syde,
Of men of foote and of theim that ryde.
¶Like a condyte their woundes gā to blede,

And in this whyle cruell Dyomede,
Were it by hap aduenture or case,
So as he rode mette wyth Eneas,
And ryght anone as hi had him founde,
He smet at hym and gaue him such a wound,
That lykly was he should it not recure,
But if therto be do the better cure.
¶And therupon full despyteously,
Thys Diomede in his melancolye,
Repzeued hath this Troian knight Enee,
And sayd to him all hayle for thou art he,
That whylom gaue to Pzyamus the kinge,
A fell counsayle hasty and bytynge,
We to haue slayne by sodayne violence,
When I was last at Troye in his presence.
That trust me wel and haue it well in minde,
Amyd the fyelde if I the eft fynde,
Thou shalt thy counsayle mortally repente.
If that fortune hereafter will assent,
To brynge the aryght vnto my hande,
At good leyser here in thine owne londe,
¶I am full sette thy labour for to quyte.
& here my trouth this swerde shal kerue & bite
So kenely thy Troian bloud to shede,
That fynally death shall be thy mede,
The which I beare atwene my hãdꝭ twayne
And wt that word he might him not restrayn,
This Diomede but rode all sodaynly,
Upon Enee and tho so furyously,
He smote at hun this hardy cruell knight,
With such a payne and so great a myght,
That from his horse he made him for to fall.
Maugre the myght of his knightes all.
The which stroke he lyked but full yll.
¶And in this while Hector hath Achylle,
Assayled so that through his basenet,
He persed hath and with his swerde hun smet
And hath so narowe brought hun to ỹ poynt,
Of hye mychefe and in suche disioynt,
Constrayned hym that of necessite,
He had hym take ne had only be,
Sodayne rescues of thys chyualrous.
¶That called is the sonne of Tydyus,
I meane the fell fyrse Dyomede.
Which Achilles hath holpen in his nede.
For he through force of his armes twayne,
Smote Hector tho with so great a payne,
That he hun gaue a wounde full greuous.
But he nothyng mine auctour wryteth thus,
Astoned was this knight this manly man,
But with his swerde in all the haste he can,
Smote Diomede so furyous and wrothe,
That from his horse to the earth he gothe.
For all his pryde and his surquidrye.
¶The which anone as Troylus did espye,
Without abode downe of his stede alyght,
With Dyomede a foote for to fyght.
And eche of theim in sothfastnesse than,
Aquyte him selfe lyke a manly man.
That nother was in muche nor in lyte,
In no degre of manhode for to wyte.
¶And while they fought, Hector & Achilles,
Togyther mette agayne amonge the prees.
And ran yfeare fyersly in theyr rage,
As wood Lyons when they be ramage.
Right so in sothe they faired in their fighting.
And in that tyme Menelay the kinge,
Full proudly thope him Troians for to mete.
¶Ulyres eke and also Pollymete,
And after him came Neptolonyus,
¶Pallamides and eke Sceleinus.
¶Duke Meneste, Nestor and Thoas,
¶Currynulus and Phyloctheas.
¶And Theseus as it is made mynde,
With his knyghtes proudly came behinde.
¶And on the partye of theim of the towne,
Came all the kinges without exceptiowne,
That were assembled into their diffence,
Agayne Grekes to maken resystence.
Except the knightes which ỹ Hector ladde,
And the wardes that he made hadde,
The same daye as sayeth the Latin boke,
In knightly wyse the fyelde when ỹ he toke.
And tho began the fell mortall fyght,
In which that daye ful many worthy knight.
In fates handes fynally are fall.
And of fortune amonge the wardes all.
¶Agamenon the noble mighty kynge,
All sodaynly as he came rydynge,
¶Pantysylaus in his waye he mette,
Agaynst whom anone his horse he sette,
And he to him full knyghtly rode agayne.
And as they mette there is no more to sayne,
On horse backe whiles they weren wrothe,
Of violence they were vnhorsed bothe.
¶And Menelay Parys mette of newe,
The whych two well togyther knewe,
Full desyrous eche other for to dere.

But

¶But Menelay caught fyrst a spere,
And hytte Parys wyth all his busy cure.
But for surcnesse of his stronge armure,
And mighty plates his woūde was but small.
Which in effect greued not at all.
But with that stroke vnto grounde he gothe.
Of whych fall Parys wered wrothe,
Wonder confuse and also red for shame,
Lest the reporte in hinderyng of his name,
Came to the eares of quene Helcyne,
How he that daye might not atteyne,
With Menelay to holde chaunpartye,
Lykly to sowne vnto his vilanye.
The whych at herte greued him full sore.
And Adrastus the kinge withouten more,
So as he rode the kinge Ulyres fonde,
And knightly both they fought hōde to hōde,
And as they fought downe to the earth lowe,
From his horse Ulyxes hath him throwe.
And ful proudly in sygne of his victorye,
He sente his horse home to his Tentorye.
¶And in that tyme amonges all the prese,
¶Full sodaynly kynge Pallampdes,
Is fall on Hupon with his lockes hore,
And in his eye wounden hym so sore,
That he fell dead and grouelyng to ỹ groūd.
His mortall swerde was so kene ygrounde.
Besyde whom Neptolonius,
Assayled hath kinge Archylogus,
The whych himselfe manly gan defende,
But as they faught and many strokes spēde,
In their diffence it would be none other.
Euerych of them hath vnhorsed other.
¶And tho came in riding on his stede,
¶Pollidamas and gan to taken hede,
Amonge the renges a lytell him besyde,
Where as the kinge Pollamides doth ryde.
And fiersely tho full lyke a manly man.
He smote his stede and to him he ran.
And maugre his might and his worthinesse,
As the storye playnly beareth wytnesse.
Onely to benge the death of kinge Hupowne,
From his stede he proudly bare him downe.
And in his rancoure and his cruell hete,
Of that despyte gan him to rehete,
¶And tho besyde the kynge Scelenus,
Of deadly hate and herte full yrous,
With kinge Carras by aduenture hath met,
And furyously from his stede hym smet.
¶And thenalso the kinge Philomene,
Is on the Duke fall of Athene.
That maugre both his manhode & his might
He hath his horse berafte hym in this fyght,
And lad with him proudly by his syde,
Where as him lyst that it shoulde abyde.
¶And Philoctetes the worthy kinge also,
The selfe tyme with Remus had ado.
And euery other sothly as I reade,
His felowe made to boiden from his stede.
¶And Theseus the king that was so strong,
Amid the fyelde so as he rode amonge,
In great prese hathe met Curyalus.
The worthy king of knighthod most famous
And both two in armes wonder stronge,
By theim selfe fought at leyser longe,
Til eche other with woundes freshe & grene,
His felowe threwe from horsback on ỹ grene.
And afterwarde I fynde how they two,
Upon foote knightly had ado.
They were in armes so inly desyrous.
And of manhode passyngly famous.
¶And all this whyle the sonnes naturell,
Of Pryamus bare theim wonder well,
Amonge Grekes vp and downe ryding,
And prudently together abydynge,
Made a slaught of grekes full pyteous.
Of kinges, dukes and lordes right famous.
And as I reade how worthy Thelamowne,
That tyme mette kynge Sarpedowne,
And with theyr speres squared full sharply,
Euerych hath wounded other mortally,
Through chelde & plate & haberion of mayle.
That as the storye maketh rehersayle,
How their harneys wered of bloud red,
And how they fell almost bothe dead.
At great mischyefe amonge the horse fete.
Of whose bleding the soyle gan were wete,
Through theyr harneys as it gan destylle
Whiles kinge Thoas and the fyerse Achille,
As they that were of kynne and allyed.
¶Amyd the fyelde Hector haue espyed,
Where as he faught beset amyd his foen,
And vpon him of one accorde they gone,
And mortally if that it would auayle,
On euery halfe they gan him newe assayle.
And of hate in herte borne of yore,
They haue beset this Troian knight so sore.
That they alas from his head hath smet,
By violence his ryche basenet,

And wounded him felly on the head.
But for all that he ne toke none hede,
This worthy man floure of chyualrye,
But him defending tho so myghtely,
¶Kynge Thoas smet him in the face so,
That wyth a stroke he rafte his nose a two.
And shorted it by the halfe dele.
To whych stroke the brother naturele,
Of manly Hector fast gan theym hye,
To succoure him when they first espye,
His great myschyefe and at theyr in coming,
They so manly bare theim in fightyng,
¶Agayne Grekes ꝑ Thoas they haue take,
And Thelamon so they made a wake.
With newe assaute of sharpe woundes kene.
That he was take and lefte vpon the grene.
And of his men borne home to his tente.
¶And kinge Thoas home to Troye is wēt,
Maugre grekes which may hi helpe no more
For Deiphobus and also Anthenore,
Haue sent him forth to Troye the Cyte.
¶And Menelay tho began to se,
¶So as he rode Parys stande aside,
And shope him shortly of hate & cruell pryde.
If it would fallon on his chaunce,
Sodainly to giuen him mischaunce.
¶But he was ware & kept him self so narow
¶That Menelay he marked with an arowe,
The head of which w̄ venym was enoint,
Intoryeate at the square poynt,
That the king of that dreadfull wounde,
All dispayred of his men was founde.
Whych in great haste bare him to his tent.
And he anone for surgyens hath sente,
Which fyrst the head toke out of his wounde,
Albe it was yperced full profounde,
Through his harneys depe into the bone.
But cunningly they did theyr craft echone,
To drawe it out with their instrumentes,
And subtylly with certayne oyntmentes.
They serched haue the wounde enuyron.
To make it cleane from corrupcion.
And prudently first they token hede,
That the venim further nat procede.
Rounde in compasse clensed it aboute,
And after that bounde it sure without,
And defensyues made on euery syde.
And Menelay no longer would abyde,
And bad in haste to bryngen forth his stede,
¶In purpose full Parys to quite his mede,
If he him finde the selfe same daye,
Him lyst no longer put it in delaye,
What euer fall of his grene wounde.
And forth he rode tyll he hath him founde,
By aduenture vnarmed in the fyelde,
Without swerde pollax spere or shelde,
Or bowe in hande were it of recklynesse,
Or to refreshe him after werynesse.
¶And Menelay a spere anone hath take,
And in his yre felly gan it shake,
Towarde Parys by great auysenesse.
And shoulde haue slayne him as by lyklinesse,
Ne had Eneas whych all this thinge beheld,
Bore of the stocke with his stronge shelde,
To defende him in this auenture,
Destytute and naked of armure.
¶Parys that tyme in suche peryll was,
Wherfore in haste hath this Eneas,
Ordayned knightes armed bryght in stele,
¶Aboute Parys for to kepe him wele,
From all myschyefe and confusyowne,
Hym to conueye vnto Troye towne,
Right in despyte of kinge Menelay,
Which in awayte so for Parys laye.
¶Whom Hector had ytaken sodaynly,
And vnto Troye ladde hym vtterly.
Ne had Grekes come in his defence,
Agaynst him to maken resystence.
¶Of which Hector as they came in his weye,
Full many Greke made for to deye.
And the remnaunt put vnto the flyght,
That through his māhode ꝑ day & his might,
Troians made the Grekes for to fle,
Vnto their tentes of necessytee.
And theim to sewe ne would neuer leue,
But slee and kill tyll it drewe to eue.
That Phebus gan faste for to weste,
To drawe thē home they thought for the best.
For Tytan was at his goyng downe,
Whan they gan entre into Troye towne.
Their gat̄ shet they to their lodging wende.
And of this daye thus they made an ende.
Tyll on the morowe that the rowes red,
Of Phebus carte gan to ouer spredе.
Afore his vpryste in the Oryent.
At which tyme king Pryamus hath sent,
For such as were wyth him most pryue.
And of his counsayle inwardly secre.

And

¶And specially he sent for by name,
¶For worthy Hector ỹ greatest was of fame
¶For Parys eke and for Deiphobus,
¶And for Troylus freshe and desyrous.
¶For Anthenor and for Pollidamas,
¶And for the Troian called Eneas.
For he that daye cast him not to gone,
Into the felde to mete with his foen.
And when they were to his paleys come,
These lordes haue the right waye ynome,
Unto the kinge within his closet.
And when the vsher had the dores shet,
And euerych had lyke to his degre,
His place take and his dewe see,
This worthy kinge as made is mencion,
Gan to declare his hertes mocion,
And his meninge afore theim specifye,
And sayd syres in whom I most affye,
¶To you is knowē how ỹ king Thoas here,
Is in this Cite taken prisonere.
And is as yet belocked in prisowne,
Whych euer hath be vnto Troye towne,
An enemye great vnto his power.
And vs offended aye both ferre and nere.
In many wise albe we lytell retche,
Is ferre as he his force might do stretche.
And now ỹ Grekis came to besiege our town,
As he that willeth our destructiowne.
And therupon hath do his busynesse,
Wherfore of dome and of rightwysnesse,
Both of reason and of equite,
I saye playnly as semeth vnto me,
So that it be to you acceptable,
And that ye thynke my counsayle cōmēdable,
Like as he hath cast our death and shape,
I holde it rightfull that he not escape.
But that by death he receyue his guerdon.
For ryght requireth and also good reason,
That death for death is skilful guerdonning.
Unto my witte and right well syttyng.
¶Say your aduise now playnly in this case,
¶And fyrst of all tho spake this Eneas,
And sayd lorde so it be none offence,
To your highnesse to gyue me audyence,
Thrugh suppost here of thē that be full wyse,
I shall reherse playnly my deuise,
What is to worke as in this mattere.
Me semeth fyrst my lyege lorde so deare,
That your noble royall excellence,
Consydre shoulde with full high prudence,
In euery worke and operacion,
To caste afore in conclusyon,
The fynall ende that may after sewe.
For to a wyse man onely is not dewe,
To se the gynning and the ende nought.
But both attones peysen in his thought,
And weye theim so iustly in balaunce,
That of the fine ensewe no repentaunce.
Why I saye this and platly why I meane,
Is for that ye ought for to sene,
How kinge Thoas one of the pryncipall,
Amonge the grekes is and of ỹ bloud royall,
If ye consydre descended as by lyne.
Wherfore if he haue thus foule a fyne,
As to be slayne whyle he is in pryson,
It happen might as in conclusyon,
That ye and yours that therto assente,
Here afterwarde shoulde it sore repent.
¶I preue it thus that by aduenture,
Of fortunes rule that no man may assure,
Some of your lordes were another daye,
Of grekes take as it happe maye.
Or of your sonnes full worthy of renowne,
Or of kinges that here be in this towne.
Trusteth me well that suche lyke gentylnesse,
As ye to theim shewen in their distresse,
They will you quyte when in case semblable,
Fortune to theim they fynde fauorable.
The which no man constrayne may or binde.
Wherfore my lord haueth this thing in mind.
¶For yf Thoas of shorte auysement,
Shall now be dead through hasty iudgemēt,
Another daye Grekes wyll vs acquyte,
And for rygour make their malyce byte,
On some of yours who euer that it be.
And nother spare high nor lowe degre.
Though he were peraunter of your bloud.
The which thinge for all this worldes good,
It might fall that ye ne would se.
Wherfore I reade to let kinge Thoas be,
Honestly kept in your presowne,
Like his estate still here in this towne,
Lest as I sayd that another daye,
Some lorde of yours as it happe maye,
Casuelly were take of auenture,
By his eschaunge ye might best recure,
Without stryfe your owne man agayne,
In this matter I can no more sayne,

But fynally this is my full rede.
¶ To which counsayl Hector toke good hede,
And for it was according to reason,
He it commendeth in his opynion.
¶ But Pryam euer of one entencion,
Stode alway fire to this conclusion.
Playnly affirminge if grek's may espye,
That we this kinge spare of gentrye,
They will arrecte it cowardyse anone,
That we dare not venge vs of our foen,
For very dread haupnge none hardynesse,
Nor herte nother to do rightwisenesse.
Yet nevertheless after your assente,
That he shall lyue I wyll in myne entente,
To your desyre fully condescende.
¶ And of this counsayle so they made an end,
Without more. saue Eneas is ygo,
¶ And Troylus eke and Anthenor also,
Into an hall excelling of beaute,
The quene Heleyne of purpose for to se.
With whom was eke Hecuba the quene,
And other ladyes goodly on to sene,
And many mayde that ponge & lusty was.
And worthy Troylus with this Eneas,
Did their labour and their busy payne,
For to comforte the fayre quene Heleyne,
As she that stode for the werre in dreade.
But for all that of very womanheade,
Thilke time with all her herte entere,
As she well could made to theim good chere.
Hauinge of conninge inly suffysannce,
Both of cheare and of dalyaunce.
And Hecuba beyng in this hall,
Very example vnto women all,
Of bounte hauinge soueraygne excellence,
In wisedome eke and in eloquence,
Besought theim tho wonder womanly,
And counsayled eke full prudently,
For any haste both of nigh and ferre,
Juysely to kepe theim in the werre,
And not ieoparte theyr bodies folyly,
But to aduerte and caste prudently,
In diffence knightlyy of the towne,
Theim to gouerne by discrescioune.
She spake of fayth & could nothing feyne,
And then of her and after of Heleyne,
They toke leue and no longer dwell,
But went their waye & forth I will you tell,
¶ How the Grekes on the same morowe,
Amonge thē selfe complayne & makē sorowe,
Their harmes great in murmur and in rage,
The losse the costes and the great domage,
That they haue there endured folyly.
Lastynge the werre and wisten neuer whye.
The death & slaught of many worthy man,
That there were dead sith ỹ the werre began.
Hunger and thurst watche and colde also,
Full great vnreste sorowe, thought, and wo,
And all together for a thinge of nought.
In sothfastnesse if the grounde be sought.
This was the noyse & rumour eke that ran,
Throughout ỹ hoost ỹ day from man to mā.
And most amonge the pore souldiours.
Which bare the bronte euer of such shoures.
And the mischiefe of werre comonly,
And though they plain they haue no remedy.
Of sondry thinges which sit theim full vnsoft.
And thus grekes complayned haue full ofte.
Of many mischief that hath on theim fall,
The which they might haue eschewed all,
If they ne had of foly gonne a werre.
Out of Grece nat come halfe so ferre,
To their mischief and confusyon.
This was that daye their lamentacion.
¶ Which to encrease the same nexte night,
So derked was without sterre light,
So cloudy blacke and so thicke of ayre,
Dimmed with skyes foule and nothing fair,
So windy eke with tempest all belayne,
Almost forwrenched with the smoky rayne.
And in the felde astoned here and ponder,
With sodayne stroke of the dreadfull thonder,
And with opening of the hidous leuene,
That it semed in the high heauen,
The Cataractes hadden be vndo.
For both the cloudes and the skyes two,
Sodainly weren were so blake,
Like as the goddes would haue takē wrake,
And had of newe assented be in one,
The lande to drenche of Deucalyon.
And all this world without more refuge,
To ouerflowe with a freshe deluge.
The winde also so sternly gan to blowe,
That their tentes standing on a rowe,
Forpossid were and ybeten downe.
And furyously to their confusyowne,
The flode raught thē from their stāding place
And bare theim forth frō thens a large space.

Wherof

Wherof in myschefe and in great distresse,
In great labour and hertye heauynesse,
The grekes bydde all the same nyght.
What for the tempest and for lacke of lyghte,
Tyll the floude gan agayne withdrawe,
The wynde to appease and the day gan dawe,
And the heauen gan agayne to clere,
Without cloudes freshly to appere,
And Phebus eke with a feruent hete,
Had on the soyle dryed vp the wete.
And the moysture enuyrowne on the playne,
And grekes had their tentes sette agayne,
And were adawed of their nyghtes sorowe,
Through the apering of the glade morowe.
They them arayed nothynge for the peace,
And into fyelde fyrst went Achylles,
As ye shall here of entencyowne,
That daye to fyght w̄ them of Troye towne.

VWhan dryed was the lusty large playne,
w̄ Phebꝰ bemes as ye haue hard me sain
The troian knightes full worthy of renowne,
Descended be and yomen downe.
And in the fyelde toke their fyghtyng place,
But Achylles to mete them in the face,
Tofore went out lyke as I you tolde,
With his lordes and his knightes bolde,
And fyrst I fynde without more abode,
Unto Hupon furyously he rode.
I meane Hupon that was of his stature,
Lyke a Gyaunt as bokes vs assure.
Whom Achylles with his sharpe spere,
Through the body perced him so fere,
That he fylle dead his wounde was so kene.
And after this the kynge Octamene,
As he fyersly on Hector wolde haue gone,
Without abode Hector hath slaine anone,
And cruelly quytte him his fatall mede.
And sodaynely agaynst Diomede,
CAsxantipus the worthy kyng gan drawe,
Full pyteously he of hym was slawe.
And ryght anone the kyng Epystrophus,
And eke the kyng that hyght Cedius,
Of one assent proudly in battayle,
Begonne Hector mortally tassayle.
And with a spere fyrst Epystrophus,
Ran at hym with herte despyteous,
And as Guydo also doth deuyse.
Rebuked him in vngoodly wyse.
At hym so sore in herte he was a meued.
Wherof Hector furyously agreued,
Hath mortally his wounde made so large,
That hym ne geyneth plate shelde nor targe.
For he fell dead amonge his men echone.
To whom Hector bad he shulde be gone,
And to the Furyes depe downe in helle,
Suche proude wordes amonges them to tell,
For here quod he men take of them no hede.
And thus whan he was waged for his mede,
CAnone his brother called Cedyus,
Suche sorowe made for Epystrophus,
So hertye dole and so wofull chere,
That pytie was for to se and here.
So inwardely on his death he thought,
And with a thousande knightꝭ ẏ he brought,
To be auenged by manhode of them all.
Despyteously on Hector he is fall.
Where he hym founde fyghtyng w̄ his foen,
That thrōgh the force of them euerycone,
So sore enuyrowne they haue him beset,
That frō his stede downe they haue him smit.
CWhom Cedyus aye in his cruell rage,
Whan that he sawe to his ouauntage,
Hector vnhorsed and he on his stede,
His sworde he lefte of inwardly hatred,
Markynge at hym with so great a payne,
With all the force of his armes twayne,
Fully in purpose withouten more delaye.
To slea Hector playnly if he maye.
But or his stroke descende myght downe,
Hector of hate and indignacyowne
With his sworde that was full sharpe whet,
From his shoulder hath his arme of smet.
And after that he reuyd hym his lyfe.
Than Eneas amydde all this stryfe,
Came rydyng in ryght wood and furious.
And as he mette the kyng Amphymacus,
He fell on him and slewe hym in his rage.
And from the grekes holdyng their passage.
CThere be descended fyrst Menelaus.
CAnd after him kynge Thelamonius.
CThe great duke also of Athene,
In whom there was so moche manhode sene.
Ulires eke and cruell Diomede.
And eke also to helpe them in their nede,
There came with them the kyng Machaon.
And alderlast the great Agamenon.
With all their wardes and fell in sodeynly,

Upon

Upon Troyans and they full manfully,
Diffende them selfe agayne the grekes proude
And put them of full knightly as they coude.
And eche on other sothly as they mette,
With spere and sworde enuyously they sette,
So mortall hate there was them betwene,
And whan the sonne was merydyen,
In mydday angell passyng hote and shene,
The grekes gan felly in their tene,
So myghtely to falle on them of Troye,
That they them made for to geuen weye,
Of very force and necessytye.
¶And Achylles so full of cruelte,
Amonge the renges as he gan hym drawe,
The kyng Phylem enuyously hath slawe.
¶And amyd of grekes the same tyme Hector,
Maugre them all slewe kyng Alphenor.
¶And eke the kynge called Dorius,
On them he was so cruell and Irous.
That through vertue of his knyghtly honde,
Troyans wonne haue agayne their londe,
Upon grekes and made them for to flee.
¶And thylke houre from Troye the Cite,
Epystrophus full of manlynesse,
The felde haue take through his worthinesse.
And on grekes proudely for the nones,
With his knightes he fauleth all attones,
And seuered them & made them for to twinne,
And gan the fyelde fast vpon them wynne.
¶Hauyng that tyme in his companye,
Amonges other that he tho dyd guye,
¶A certayne archer the whiche as I fynde,
Was monstruous and wonderfull of kynde.
For from the myddell vp vnto the crowne,
He was a man and the remnaunt downe,
Bare of an horse lykenesse and fygure.
And horses heire this monstre in nature,
Had on his skynne growyng enuyrowne.
Full rough and thycke & of his voice ỹ sowne,
Was lyke the neyhynge of an horse I reade.
And though his face both in length and brede,
Of shape were mannyche yet in sothfastnesse,
His colour was semblable in lykenesse,
Unto the fyry hoote brennyng glede.
Whose eyen eke flawmyng also reade,
As the blase is of an ouen mouthe.
And for he was in syghte so vnkouth,
Where soeuer he was met in the berde,
Both man and horse sore were a ferde,
His face was so hatefull and so odyble.
And his loke so hydous and horrible.
And aye he had in custome and vsaunce,
As in bokes is made remembraunce,
For to go vnarmed into fyelde.
Without sworde, spere, axe, or shielde.
For he nothyng coulde of that myster.
But as I fynde he was a good archer.
And bare a bowe styffe and wonder stronge,
And for he was also of tyller longe,
His arrowes were lyke to his tyller.
In a buschment trussed wonder ner,
By his syde aye ready to his hande.
Where so he were outher on sea and lande.
And as I fynde how that none armure,
Agayne his shot playnly myght endure.
And there was horse stede nor couser,
That durst abyde nouther fer nor ner,
But fledde anone with all their full myght,
As fast as they of hym had a syght.
To them he was so passynge odyous.
So lyke a deuyll and so monstruous.
And there was founde none so hardy a knight
On horsebacke that had force or might,
To holde his horse whan they myght hym se,
But that anone a backe he wolde do flee.
And of this archer I fynde wryten eke,
That he that day slewe full many greke.
And wounded them with his arrowes kene,
Throughout ỹ plates forged bryght & shene.
For there was none afore hym that abode,
But to their tentes faste away they rode,
They myght not his hydous loke endure.
Tyll there befell a wonder aduerture,
Whyle they of Troye by helpe of this archer,
Sewe on the chase to their lodgyng ner,
And slewe of them in mischiefe and in dreade,
¶Besyde a Tent mette hym Dyomede,
With this archer of necessyte.
For it stode so that he ne myght hym flee.
No maner way nor a backe remewe,
For lyfe nor deth he myght hym not eschewe.
So many Troyan was tho at his backe.
That in his flyinge he had go to wracke.
¶Wherfore anone this worthy Dyomede,
With cruell herte faste gan hym spede,
And towarde him proudely for to dresse,
But this archer by great aduysenesse,
Fyrst with an arrowe smytte Dyomede,

Through

Thrugh his harneys that he made him blede,
Of whiche stroke he wexed so wood & wroth,
That to this monstre so hydous and so loth,
He went a pase and hym vnarmed fonde.
And with ỹ swoꝛde that he helde in his honde,
He gaue to hym his laste fattall wounde.
That he fell dead grouelynge vnto ỹ ground.
The death of whom grekes reioysynge,
And in all haste their hertes reſunynge,
Began them selfe foꝛ to recomfoꝛte.
And into fyelde pꝛoudely they reſoꝛte.
¶By conueyinge of Policenare,
The woꝛthy Duke that so well hym bare,
Upon Troyans that day in the fyelde.
But whan Hectoꝛ the slaught of him behelde,
Upon this Duke anone he gan to sette.
And on their stedes fyersly as they mette,
¶Hectoꝛ hym slewe of full great hatrede,
And after that on Gallathe his stede,
So as he rode foꝛth amonge the pꝛese,
Oꝛ he was ware he mette with Achylles,
And with their speres longe large and round,
In purpose fully eche other to confounde,
They ran yfeare prous and right wꝛothe.
That with the stroke they were vnhoꝛsed both
¶But Achylles with a dispyteous herte,
Fyrst as I reade into his sadell sterte,
And busy was with all his inwarde peyne,
Gallathe to taken by the reyne,
Therof foꝛ euer Hectoꝛ to depꝛyue.
And bad his men to lede it home as blyue.
So that Hectoꝛ there was none other bote,
Full lyke a man faught standyng on his foꝛt.
Amonges the grekes and his fomen all.
And to his knightes loude he gan to call,
Foꝛ his stede that they shulden sewe,
And they in haste his hoꝛse to reſcue.
Ben attones fallen vpon Achylle.
¶And maugre him of foꝛce agayne his will,
They haue from hym berafte it on the plaine,
And vnto Hectoꝛ reſtoꝛed it agayne.
Which in knighthod so moche him self assureth
In their dispyte his sadell he recureth,
Whiche afterwarde full dere they aboughte.
Foꝛ lyke a lyon all that day he wꝛought.
Amonges them rydyng here and there,
And as the death they fled his swoꝛd foꝛ fere,
Through whose manhod troians efte begyn,
Upon grekes the fielde agayne to wyn.

¶But it befell amyd their great fyght,
That Anthenoꝛ a certayne Troyan knight,
Amonge the pꝛese is so fer ygone,
That of grekes he was take anone.
And to their tentes sent in haste he was,
Albe his sonne called Pollydamas,
To reſcue hym dyd his dylygence.
So manfully that no neclygence,
Was founde in hym who so lyste to seke.
And that full dere a bought many greke,
The same day through his woꝛthynesse.
But foꝛ cause onely of derckenesse,
And foꝛ that it gan dꝛawe towarde nyght.
They made an ende onely foꝛ lacke of lyghte.
And grekes went home to their lodgyng,
And eke Troyans tyll on the moꝛnyng,
¶That Pheb⁹ gan his bꝛyght beames shew,
And Auꝛoꝛa newe gan to dewe.
The herbes sote and the grene leues,
Both on hayes and in freshe greues.
Spluer bꝛyght with rounde perles fyne.
That so clerely agayne the sonne shyne,
And shewe them selfe so oꝛyent and shene,
On hylle and dale and on euery grene,
The rody moꝛowe tyll the hote beames,
Of bꝛyght Phebus with his fyꝛy stemes,
Uapoureth vp their moysture into ayꝛe.
The wether cleare agreable and fayꝛe,
And attempꝛe also of his hete.
Whan the Troians caste them foꝛ to mete,
With their fomen platly if they maye.
And out they went in their beste arraye,
With their wardes into fyelde by rowe.
¶Agaynst whom grekes were not slowe,
But shope them foꝛth without longer lette,
Tyll they togyther manfully haue mette.
And with their speres and their swoꝛdes clere
They ran together with a dispyteous chere,
Tyll shyuered was a sonder many spere.
On sheldes stronge them selfe foꝛ to were,
And ryuen was on peces many targe,
And with axes rounde bꝛode and large,
On basenettes as they tho smyte and shꝛede,
Full many knyght moꝛtally gan blede.
In sothfastnesse and as I tell can,
The same day was slayne many a man,
On outher parte but most of Troye towne,
Albe Guydo maketh no mencyowne.
Of no person as in speꝛyall.

On

On nouther syde but in generall,
Saue he concludeth playnely that this fyght,
Lasted fro morowe tyl that it was nyght.
The which Troyans haue ful dere abought.
For that day fortune holpe them nought,
But tourned hole to their confusyowne,
And so they be repeyred to the towne.
And to their tentes grekes fast them spede.
¶Till on the morowe they senten Dyomede,
With Ulixes to Troye the cytie,
For a trewes onely for monthes thre.
If kyng Pryam therto wolde assente.
And as they two on this message wente,
A certayne knyght borne of Troye towne,
That hyght Dolon of great discrecyowne,
And also was ryght famous of rychesse,
Of curtesy and of gentylnesse,
His deuer dyd and his diligence,
Them to conueye vnto the presence,
¶Of Pryamus in his paleys royall.
And in his sea most chyefe and pryncipall.
Where as he satte his lordes enuirowne,
With many knyght full worthy of renowne.
They gan to hym fyrst to specyfye,
Hooly the substaunce of their embassadrye.
And of the trewes theyr entent they tolde.
If it so were that he assent wolde.
And the kyng benygnely them herde,
And by aduyse prudently answerde,
That therupon his honour for to saue,
At good leyser he wolde a counsayle haue.
With his lordes and fully hym gouerne,
In this matter lyke as they discerne.
¶And to conclude shortly euerychone,
Assented be except Hector alone,
Unto the trewes and wolde it not denye.
But Hector sayde that of trecherye,
Onely of slaughter and false treason,
Their aryuge was vnder occasyon,
Fyrste to burye grekes that weren dead,
And vnder coloure therof out of dread,
Afterwarde them selfe to vyttayle.
For he well knewe that their stuffe gan fayle.
And enfamyned leste they shulden dye,
They sought a space them selfe to purueye.
By outwarde sygnes that he dyd espye.
Wherfore quod he me lyketh not to lye,
By apparaunce as I dare presume,
Whyles that we waste thus and consume,
Oure stuffe within as it is to dreade,
They wyll prouyde of what ỹ they haue nede,
For all that is to them auauntage,
Myght be to vs hyndryng and damage.
And whyles that they encreasen and amende,
We shall our store discrease and dispende.
Yet neuertheless how euer that it be,
Touchyng this trewes as for monthes thre,
Sythen ye all assent and it accorde,
From your sentence I will not discorde.
In no wyse as to be baryaunt.
And thus the trewes confirmed was by graũt
On outher syde they thought for the beste.
Bycause they shulde in quyet and in reste,
The meane whyle ease them and releue.
And they that felte their woundes sore greue,
Myght leyser haue their sores to recure.
And in ỹ meane while trewes did thus endure
They fell in treatee and in communyng,
¶Of Anthenor and of Thoas the kyng.
That Anthenor delyuered shulde be,
For kyng Thoas to Troye the cyte.
¶And Thoas shuld to grekes home againe,
By this enchaunge as ye haue herd me saine,
One for an other as it accorded was.
¶And in this while ỹ troian byschop Calchas,
Remembred hym vpon his doughter dere,
Called Cryseyde with her eyen clere,
Whom in Troye he had lefte behynde,
Whē he went thense as bokes maken mynde:
For whom he felte passyngly great smerte,
So tenderly she was sette at his herte.
And enpryented both at eue and morowe,
And chiefe cause and grounde of al his sorowe
For she was lefte behynde him in the towne.
Without comforte or consolacyowne.
As he caste sothly in his absence.
And specially for his great offence,
That he hath wrought agaynst thē of Troye,
And as hym thought he shuld neuer haue ioye
Tyll he his doughter recured hath agayne.
¶Wherfore Calchas the story sayth certaine,
In his wyttes many wayes caste,
How he best might while the trewes doth last,
Recure his doughter by some maner waye.
And as I fynde vpon a certayne daye,
In his porte wonder humbly,
With weppyng eye wente full pyteously,
In his complaynyng ofteares albe reyned.

Whose

Whose inwarde wo sothly was not keyued,
And on his knees anone he falleth downe,
Tofore the great kyng Agamenowne,
Besechynge hym with all humilite,
Of very mercy and of hyghe pyte,
With other kynges syttyng in the place,
To haue routhe and for to do hym grace,
And on his wo to haue compassyon.
That he maye haue restitucion,
Of his doughter whom he loued so.
Prayyng them all their deuer for to do,
That through their prudent mediacyon,
For Anthenor that was in their pryson,
With kyng Thoas she myght eschaunged be.
If that them lyste of their benignite.
To his requeste goodly to assent.
And they hym graunt & forth anone they sent,
To kyng Pryam for to haue Cresеyde,
For Calchas sake and therwith al they leyde,
The charge for her wonder specially,
On them that went for this embassadrye.
To Troye towne and to kynge Pryamus,
To whom Calchas was so odyus,
So hatefull eke throughout all the towne,
That this reporte was of hym vp and downe,
That he a treatour was and also false,
Worthy to be enhonged by the halse.
For his treason and his doublenesse.
And euermore they sayd eke erpresse,
That he deserued hath by ryght of lawe,
Shamefully fyrste for to be drawe,
And afterwarde the moste horryble death,
That he may haue to yelden vp the breth,
Lyke as a treatour in as dyspyteous wyse,
As any herte can thynche or deuyse.
Euerych affyrmyng as by iudgement,
That death was none fully equyvollent,
To his deserte nor to his falsenesse,
As yonge and olde playnely bare wytnesse.
Concludyng eke for his iniquyte,
That they wolde assent in no degree,
Unto nothyng that myght his herte please.
Nor of Cresеyde for to do hym ease.
They caste not to make delyueraunce.
Leuer they had to gyuen hym mischaunce,
If they hym myght haue as at good large.
But fynally the effect of all this charge,
Is so ferforth dryuen to an ende,
That Pryamus hath graũted she shal wende,
With kyng Thoas shortly there no more,
Unto her father for Dan Anthenore.
Who euer grutche the kyng in parlement,
Hath therupon geuen iudgement,
So vtterly it may not be repealed,
For with his worde the sentence was asseled
That she must parte with her eyen glade.
And of the sorowe playnely that she made,
At his departynge hereafter ye shall here,
Whan it agayne cometh to my matere.

How duryng a trewes of.iii.monthes Hector walked into the grekes hooste, and of the talke hadde betwyxte Achylles and hym. Capitulo. xxv.

The truse affyrmed as ye haue herd deuise
On outher syde of them ỳ were full wise,
And full assented of them euerychone,
Tyll three monthes comen be and gone.
Lyke as I reade on a certayne daye,
Whan agreable was the morowe graye,
Blandyshyng and pleasaunt of delyte,
Hector in harte caught an appetyte,
Lyke as Guydo lyketh for to wryte,
The same daye he wolde grekes vysyte,
Full well besene and wonder rychely.
With many worthy in his companye.
Of suche as he for the nones chese,
And to the tent fyrst of Achylles,
I fynde in soth that this Troyan knyght,
Upon his stede hath take the weye ryght.
Full lyke a man as made is mencion.
How had Achylles great affection,
In his herte both by daye and nyght,
Of worthy Hector for to haue a syght.
For neuer yet by none occasyon,
He myght of hym haue full inspection,
Nor hym beholde at good lyberte.
For vnarmed he myght hym neuer se.
But wonder knightly aswell in porte & chere,
They had them both as they mette yfere,
And ryght manly in their countenaunce,
And at the laste they fell in dalyaunce.
But Achylles fyrst began abreyde,
And vnto hym euen thus he sayde.
Hector quod he full pleasynge is to me,
That I at leyser naked may the se.
Syth I of the neuer myght haue syght,

But whan thou were armed as a knyght.
And now to me it shalbe full greuous,
Whiche am to the so inly enuyous,
But thou of me there is no moze to sayne,
Be slayne anone with my handes twayne.
Foz this in soth were hooly my pleasaunce.
By cruell death to take on the vengeaunce.
Foz I full ofte in werre and eke in fyght,
Haue felte the vertue and the great myght,
Of thy foze. through many woundes kene,
That vpon me full fresche vyn and grene,
In many place by shedyng of my bloud.
Thou were on me so furyous and wood,
Aye compassynge to my destructiowne,
Foz many a mayle of myne haberiowne,
Thy sharpe swerde racyd hath a sonder.
And cruelly seuered here and yonder.
And mortally as I can sygnes shewe,
My plates stronge persed and yhewe,
And my harneys forged vryght of stele,
Myght neuer yet assured be so wele,
In thyne yre whan thou lyste to smyte,
That thy swozde ne wolde them kerue & byte,
Into my flesche full depe and full profounde.
As sheweth yet by many mortall wounde,
On my body large longe and wyde,
That yet appere vpon euery syde,
And day by day full soze ake and smerte.
Foz whiche thynge me semeth that my herte,
Enbolleneth newe nowe whan I the see.
Of hyghe despyte auenged foz to be.
So am I fret of olde enuious rage,
That it may neuer in my vzest aswage,
Tyll the vengeaunce and the fatall sute,
Of cruell death be on the execute.
¶And of one thyng most is my greuaunce,
That whan I haue fully remembzaunce,
And in my mynde consyder vp and downe,
Howe thou hast made fynall deuysyowne,
¶Of me alas and of hym Patroclus,
So yonge, so manly, and so vertuous.
Whom I loued as it was skylle and vyght,
Euen as my selfe with all my full myght.
With as hoole herte and inly kyndnesse,
As an tongue may telle oz expzesse.
Now hast thou made a departisyon,
Of vs that were by hole affection,
Yknyt in one of hertis allyaunce.
Without partyng oz disseueraunce.
So entyerly our faythfull hertes twayne,
Yplaced were and locked in a chayne,
Whiche myght not foz none aduersyte,
Of lyfe noz death a sonder twynned be.
Tyll cruelly thou madest vs departe.
Which thzugh my hert so inwardly doth darte
That it wyll neuer in soth out of my thought.
And trusteth well ful dere shalbe bought.
The death of hym and be nothyng in were,
Perauenture oz ended be this yere.
Foz vpon the onely foz his sake,
Of cruell deth vengeaunce shalbe take,
I the ensure without other bonde.
If I may lyue with myne owne hande,
I shall of death do execucyon.
Without abode oz longe delacyon.
Foz vryght requireth without any dzeade,
Death foz death foz his fynall mede.
Foz I my selfe theron shall be wzoke.
That thzough ỹ wozld hereafter shalbe spoke
How Achylles was venged on his foe,
¶Foz Patroclus that he loued so.
And though that I be to the enuyous,
And of thy death inly desyzous,
Ne wete me not noz put on me no blame.
Foz well I wotte thou arte to me the same.
And hast my death many day desyzed,
And thervpon inwardly conspyzed,
And thus shoztely as atwene vs two,
There is but death without wozdes mo.
Whan foztune lyst the tyme thereto shape.
I hope fully thou shalte not escape,
Truste none other I saye the vtterly.
¶To whom Hectoz not to hastely,
Answerde againe with sober countenaunce,
Auysed well in all his dalyaunce,
As he that was in nothyng rekles,
¶And euen thus he spake to Achylles.
Syz Achylles without any fayle,
Thou ne oughtest greatly to merueyle,
Though with my power and my full myghte,
With herte and will of very dewe vryght,
Day by day I thy death conspyze.
And euer in one it compasse and despyze.
And do my laboure early and eke late,
It to pursue by full cruell hate,
Thou oughtest not to wonder in no wyse.
But fully knowe by sentence of the wyse,
In no maner who so taketh hede,

Of ryghtwyſeneſſe it may not then procede,
That other I or any other wyght,
Should do hym loue that with al his myght,
My death purſeweth and deſtruction.
And ouer this to more confuſyon,
Hath layde a ſyege aboute this Cyte.
On my kinrede and alſo vpon me.
And therupon felly doth preſume,
With mortall hate of werre to conſume,
Us euerychone ywyſſe I can not fynde,
In my herte as by lawe of kynde,
Suche one to loue of ryght nor equyte.
Nor hane him chere ſothly in no degre.
For of werre may no frendlyhead,
Nor of debate loue aryght procede.
¶ For ſothly loue moſt in ſpeciall,
Of faythfulneſſe hath the ozygenall.
In hertes ioyned by conuenyence,
Of one accorde whom no difference,
Of doubylneſſe may in no degre,
Nother in ioye nor in aduerſyte,
For lyfe nor death aſunder nor diſſeuer.
For where loue is it contuneth euer.
¶ But of hate all is the contrarye.
Of whych ſothly from hertꝫ when they varye
Procedeth rancoure at eye as men maye ſe,
Debate, enuye, ſtryfe and enmyte,
Mortall ſlaughter both to nygh and ferre.
Nother of whyche in ſothfaſtnes is werre.
The fyne wherof longe or it be do,
Seuereth hertes and frendſhip cutte atwo.
And cauſeth loue to be leyde full lowe.
¶ But for all this I wil that thou knowe,
Thy proude wordes in herte nor in thoughte,
In very ſothe agaſten me ryght nought.
And if I ſhall furthermore out breake,
Without auaunt the trouthe for to ſpeake,
I ſaye the playnly henſe or two yeare,
If I maye lyue in the werres here,
And my ſwerde of knighthod forthe acheue,
I hope in ſothe ſo mortally to greue,
The Grekes all when I with thē maye mete
That they and thou ſhall fele it full vnſwete.
If ye contynue and the werres haunte.
I ſhal your pryde and ſurquedrye adannte,
In ſuche a wiſe with my handes two,
That or the werre fully be ado,
Well many greke full ſore ſhall it rewe.
For well I wote of olde and not of newe,
That the grekes gathered here in one,
Of ſurquedrye are founde euerychone,
Onely for lacke of diſcreſcion,
To vndertake of preſumpcion,
So highe a thinge a ſyege for to layne.
And your ſelfe to ouer charge in vayne.
With empryſes withouten any fable,
That vyn to you of weyght importable.
And the peys of ſo great heuyneſſe,
That fynally it will you all oppreſſe,
And your pryde auale and lowe enclyne.
Which burthē ſhall enbowe backe and chyne,
And vnwarely cauſen you to fall.
Or ye haue done I ſaye to one and all.
¶ And ouer more be full in ſuert,
¶ Thou Achilles I ſpeake this vnto the.
That fatall deathe firſt ſhall the aſſayle,
To fore thy ſwerde in any thynge auayle.
Agaynſt me for all thy worthyneſſe.
¶ And if ſo be that ſo great hardyneſſe,
Courage of wyll, vygour force or myght,
Meue thy herte by manhode as a knyght,
To take on the as in derryng do,
For to darreyne here betwene vs two,
Thilke quarell how ſo that befall,
For the whych that we ſtryue all.
I wyll aſſent playnly to ieoparde,
Tyll that the death one of vs departe,
There is no more but that theſe lordes here,
Kinges and prynces wyll accorde yfere,
That it be do fully by one aſſent.
And holde ſtable of herte and of entente,
So that the felde onely by vs tweyne,
As I haue ſayde this quarell may darreyne,
And ended be by this condiciowne
That if it happe through thy highe renowne,
Me to venquiſche or dryue to outtraunce,
I will you make fully aſſuraunce,
That fyrſt my lorde Priamus the kinge,
Shall vnto grekes in all maner thinge,
With crowne and ſceptre holy him ſubmitte,
And in a poynt varye nother flytte,
Fully to yelde to our ſubiectiowne,
All his lordſhip within Troye towne.
¶ And his lyeges in captyuytye.
Shall go theyr waye out of this cyte.
And leue it quyte as to your gouernaunce,
Without ſtryfe or any varyaunce,
And therupon to make ſecuryte,

To deuoyde all ambyguyte,
To fore the goddes by othe of sacrament,
We shall be swore in full good entente.
And ouermore our fayth also to saue,
To assure you in pledge ye shall haue,
The meane whyle and kepe thē on your side,
At your choyse hostages to abyde.
From Troye towne of the worthiest,
That ye lyst chese and also of the beste.
So that ye shall of nothyng be in were,
Of all that euer that I saye you here.
¶And Achilles without wordes mo,
If that you lyste accorde therunto,
That I haue sayd thy honour to encrease,
To make this werre sodaynly to cease,
That lykly is for to laste longe,
Betwene Troians and the Grekes stronge,
Thou shalt not onely ẅ honour & with fame,
Throughout the worlde winnen the a name,
But therwithall and that is not a lyte,
Thrugh thy knighthod to many man profite,
That fro the death shall escape alyue.
And to h is countre hole and sounde aryue.
That lykly are by cruell aduenture,
For to be dead if the werre endure.
Come of therfore and let not be prolonged,
But let the daye atwene vs two be ioyned.
As I haue sayd in condicionne,
If in diffence onely of this towne,
I haue victorye by fortune ouer the,
I are not elles but anone that ye,
Breake vp siege and the werre lete,
And suffer vs to lyuen in quyete,
Into Grece home when ye are gone.
To which thinge Achilles there anone,
Hote in his yre and furyous also,
Brenning full hote for anger and for wo,
Assented is with a despytous cheare.
¶And gan anone to Hector dresse him nere,
And sayd he would delyuer him vtterly,
Fro poynt to poynt his arynge by and by,
And therin made none exceptionne,
But of hole herte and entencion.
His requeste accepted euery dell.
And as it semed leked it right well.
And for his parte he caste his gloue adowne,
In sygne and token of confirmacionne,
For lyfe or death that he will holde this daye,
Agayne Hector happe what happe maye.
Unto the which Hector lykely sterte,
And toke it vp with as glad an herte,
As euer yet did any man or knyght,
That quarell tokewith his foe to fight.
There can no man in sothe a ryght deuyse,
How glad he was of this high empryse.
¶Of whych the noyse and the great sownе,
Ran to the eares of kinge Agamenownе.
And he anone him selfe came to the tente,
With all the lordes of his parliament,
¶Where Achilles and Hector were yfere,
To wytte their will as in this mattere,
Where they would assenten fynally,
To put the quarell full in Jeopardy,
Of other parte atwene these knightes twayn
As ye haue herde fully to dareyne.
¶And with one voyce Grekes it denye,
And sayde they nolde of suche a companye.
Of kinges, Dukes, and of Lordes eke also,
Bothe life and death Jeoparte atwene two.
Nor to the course of fortune theim submutte,
That can all daye her face chaunge & flytte.
And some of Troye in conclusyownе,
Jeoparde ne wold their liues nor their towne
In the handes onely of a knight,
To put all in auenture of fyght.
¶Priam except whyche sothly in this case,
Within him selfe fully assented was,
Playnly to put and sette in Jeopardye,
Hooly the honour of his regallye.
Supposynge aye as made is memorye,
That Hector shoulde haue had the victorye,
Of this empryse if he toke it on hande.
¶But for Priam might not tho withstande,
Agayne so many of one entencion,
That were contrarye to his opynion,
Bothe of Grekes and on Troye syde,
He held his peace and let it ouer slyde,
And so the Grekes parted be echone.
¶And Hector is from Achilles gone,
Home to Troye where I him leue a whyle,
Whiles that I dyrecten shall my stile,
To tell of Troylus the lamentable wo,
Which that he made to parte his lady fro.

ALas fortune gery and vnstable,
And redy aye for to be chaungeable,
Whē folke most trust in thy stormye face,
Like their desyre the fully to embrace,

Then is thy ioye away to tourne and wrythe,
Wpon wretches thy power for to kythe.
Record of Troylus ȳ from the whyle so lowe,
By false enuye thou hast ouerthrowe.
Out of the ioye whych that he was in,
From his lady to make hym for to twynne.
When he best wende for to haue be sured,
And of the woe that he hath endured,
I muste nedely helpe hym to couplayne.
Whych that in herte felte so great payne,
So inwarde wo and so great distresse,
More than I haue cunning to expresse,
When that he knewe the partynge of Creseyd
Almoste for wo and for payne he deyed.
And fully wiste that she departe shal,
By sentence and by iudgement fynall,
Of his father gyuen in parlyamente,
For which with wo and tourment al to rente,
He was in poynt to haue fallen in rage,
That no man might appease nor aswage,
The hydde paynes which in his brest gā dare.
For lyke a man in furye he gan fare,
And such sorowe daye and nyght to make,
In complaynynge onely for her sake.
For when he sawe that she should aweye,
He lener had playnly for to deye,
Than to lyue behynde in her absence.
For him thought without her presence
He was but dead there is no more to sayne.
And into teares he gan to berayne,
With which his eyen gan for to bollen,
And in his brest the sighes tho vppe swollen,
And the sobbynge of his sorowes depe,
That he ne can not do but rore and wepe,
So sore loue his herte gan constrayne.
And she ne felte not a litle payne,
But wepte also and pyteously gan crye,
Desyrynge aye that she might do dye,
Rather than parte fro him out of Troye.
Her owne knyght her lust her lyues ioye.
That by her chekes the teares downe destyll,
And fro her eyen the teares round drops tryl
That all fordewed haue her blacke wede,
And eke vntrussed her heyre abrode gā sprede
Lyke golde wyre forrent and all to torne,
Yplucked of and not with sheres shorne.
And ouer this her freshe rosen hewe,
Whilom ymeynt with whyte lylyes newe,
With wofull weppynge pyteously disteyned,
And like the herbes in April all bereyned,
Or floures freshe with the dewes swete,
Right so her chekes moyste were and wete.
With cristall water vp ascendinge hye,
Out of her brest into her heauenly eye,
And aye amonge her lamentacionne,
Full ofte sythe she fell in swonne adowne,
Deadly pale for dimmed in her syghte,
And ofte sayde alas myne owne knight,
Myne owne Troilus alas why shal we parte
Rather let death with his spere darte,
Through my herte and the vaynes kerue,
And with his rage do me for to sterue,
Rather alas than fro my knight to twinne.
¶ And of this wo Oh death that I am in,
Why nilt thou come & helpe to make an ende,
For how shulde I out of Troye wende,
He abyde and I to Grekes gone
There to dwell amonge my cruell fone.
Alas alas I wofull creature,
How shonlde I there in the werre endure,
I wretched woman but my selfe alone,
Amonge the men of armes euerychone.
Thus gan she crye all the longe daye,
This was her playnte with full great affray.
Her pyteous noyse till it drewe to nyght,
That vnto her her owne trewe knight,
Full tryst and heauy came agaynes eue,
If he might ought comforte or releue.
¶ But he in sothe hath this Creseyde founde,
All in a swonne lyng on the grounde.
And pyteously vnto her he wente,
With wofull cheare and her in armes hente.
And toke her vp and then atwene theun two.
Began of newe suche a deadly wo,
That it was routhe and pyte for to sene,
For she of cheare pale was and grene.
And he of coloure like to asches deade,
And fro her face gone was all the red.
And in his chekes deuoyded was the bloude,
So wofully atwene theim two it stode,
For she ne might not a worde yspeake,
And he was redy with deathe to be wreke,
Upon him selfe his naked swerde besyde.
And she full ofte gan to the grounde glyde.
Out of his armes as she fell a swonne,
And he him selfe gan in teares drowne.
She was as stille and domme as any stone,
He had a mouthe but wordes had he none.

The wery spyryte flykered in his brest,
That of the death stode tho vnder a reste,
Without maynpryse sothly as of lyfe.
And thus there was as it semed a stryfe,
Whiche of theim two shulde fyrste ypasse.
For death portrayed both in herte and face,
With coloure such as men go to theyr graue.
And thus in wo they gan togyther raue,
Disconsolate all the longe nyght.
That in good fayth yf here I should aryght,
The processe hole of theyr bothe sorowe,
That they made till the next morowe,
From poynt to poynt do it specifye,
All to longe it would me occupye,
Of euery thynge to make mencion.
And tarye me in my translacion.
If so I shoulde in her wo procede,
But me semeth that it is no nede,
¶Syth my maister Chaucer here afore,
In this matter hath so well him bore,
In his boke of Troylus and Creseyde,
Whych he mayde longe or that he deyed,
Rehersyng first how Troilus was cõtrayre,
For to ascende vp on loues stayre.
And how that he for all his surquedrye,
After became one of the compaynye,
Of loues folke for all his olde game.
Whan Cupide had subdued him full tame,
And brought him lowe to his subiectiowne.
In a temple as he walked vp and downe,
When he his gynnes and his hookes leyde,
Amid the eyen cercled of Creseyde,
Whych on that daye he might not asterte,
For through his brest perced hath his herte.
He went him home pale dead and wan,
And in this wise Troylus first began,
To be a seruaunt my mayster telleth thus,
Till he was after holpe of Pandarus.
Through whose comforte and mediacion,
As in his boke is made relacion.
With great laboure fyrst he came to grace,
And so continueth by many yeares space.
Till gery fortune gan vpon him frowne,
That she fro him must go out of the towne,
All sodaynly and sythe hun se.
Lo here the ende of false felycite.
Lo here the ende of worldly brotilnesse,
Of fleshly lust lo here thunstablenesse,
Lo here the double variacion,
Of worldly blisse and transmutacion.
This daye in myrthe and in wo to morowe,
For aye the fine alas of ioye is sorowe,
For now Creseyde with the kinge Thoas,
For Anthenor shall forth gon alas,
Unto Grekes and euer with theim dwell.
¶The hole storye Chaucer can you tell.
If that ye lyst no man better alyue,
Nor the processe halfe so well discriue.
For he our englyshe gilt with his sayes,
Rude and boystous firste by olde dayes.
That was full fer from all parfection,
And but of lytell reputacion.
Till that he came and with his poetrye,
Gan our tunge first to magnifye,
And adourne it with his eloquence.
To whom honour laude and reuerence,
Throughout this lande giuen be and longe,
So that the laurer of our englische tonge,
Be to him giuen for his excellence.
Right as whilom by ful high sentence,
Perpetually for a memoriall,
¶Of Columpna by the Cardinall,
To Petrack fraũceis was giuen in Italye,
That the reporte neuer after fayle.
Nor the honour dirked of his name,
To be registred in the house of fame,
Amonge other in the highest sete.
My mayster Galfride as for chiefe Poete,
That euer was yet in our language,
The name of whom shall pallen in none age,
But euer pliche without eclipsing shine,
And for my parte I will neuer fine,
So as I can him to magnifye,
In my writinge plianly till I dye.
And god I praye his soule bringe in ioye,
¶And where I lefte I wil agayne of troye,
The storye tell and first how that he Guydo,
Within his boke thus speaketh Troylus to.
Rebuking him full vncurteysly,
That he so sette his herte folyly,
Upon Creseyde full of doubilnesse.
For in his boke as Guydo list expresse,
That her teares and her complaynynge,
Her wordes white softe and blandishinge,
Were meynt with fayning & with flatterye,
And outward farsed with many a false lye.
For vnderhid was all the varyaunce,
Cured aboue with fayned countenaunce.

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As women can falsly teres bestowe,
In theyr herte though there be no sorowe,
Lyke as they would of very trouthe deye,
They can thynke one and an other say,
As a serpent vnder floures fayre,
His venym hydeth where he doth repayre,
The sugre afore the galle hydde behinde,
As propered is aye vnto theyr kynde.
To be dyuerse and double of nature,
Ratheste deceyuing when men most assure.
For vnder coloure euery thynge they werke,
The fayre aboue the foule in the dercke,
They hydde so that no man may espye.
And though so be that wyth a wofull eye,
They can outwarde wepe pyteously,
The tother eye can laugh couertly.
Whose sorowes all are tempred with alleys,
And theyr coloure is euer meynt with rayes,
For vpon chaunge and mutabylyte,
Stande hole theyr truste and theyr suerte.
So that they be sure in doubylnesse,
And alway double in theyr sikernesse,
Seminge one when they best can barye,
Lykest to a corde when they be contrarye.
And thus they be most varyaunt in accorde,
And hoolest seme when there is discorde.
And Guido sayth how there are fewe or none
That in herte apayed is in one,
And yet they can be it to one or twayne,
To thre or foure in theyr speche fayne,
Lyke as they were to one and to no mo,
Hoole in theyr loue for well and eke for wo.
That enerychē shall of hym selfe deme,
That he be next lyke as he doth seme.
And thus in hope stādeth eche in of theim all,
The trewest aye redyest forto fall.
Who serueth best next to be appayred.
And thus in chaunge all theyr loue is fayred,
Let no man truste but catche when he maye,
Farewell to morow thongh it be sure to daye.
The fayre of chaunge lasteth all the yeare.
But it is folye for to bye to deare,
Thilke treasour whyche harde is to possede,
But flieth away when men therof most nede.
And yf it happe that no chapman be,
As sayth Guydo yet all daye men maye se,
It sheweth out at large fenestralles,
On chaumbers high & lowe downe in halles.
And in windowes eke in euery strete,
And also eke men maye wyth theim mete,
At Pylgramage and oblacions,
At spectacles in Cityes and in townes,
As sayth Guydo and all is for to selle.
But after him I can no further telle,
And eke he sayth in his sentement,
There is no fraude fully equyppolent,
To the fraude and sleyghty compassinge,
Of a woman nor lyke in their worekyng.
For who that set all his faithfulnesse,
Wening in theim to finde stablenesse,
He shall theim fynde stedfast as the mone,
That is in poynt for to chaunge soone.
If he be ponge they caste hun in rage,
If he be olde he falleth in dotage.
Wherfore my counsayle is to bothe two,
Caste of the brydell and lightly let theim go.
¶ This teacheth Guido god wote and not I
That hath delite to speake cursedly,
Alway of women throughout all his boke.
As men maye se who so lyst to loke.
To theim he hadde enuye in specyall,
That in good fayth I am right wrothe w̄ al.
That he with theim lyst so to debate,
For yre of which the Latin to translate.
Inwardly my hert I felte blede.
Of high dispite his clauses for to rede,
That resowned in conclusiowne,
Onely of malyce to accusasiowne,
Of those women full euyll mote he thriue.
So generally their secte do descryue,
Whiche made not through in discrecion,
Of good nor badde none exception.
He was to blame foule mote he falle,
For cause of one for to hynder all.
For I dare well affyrmen by the rode,
Agayne one bad their ben an hundred good.
And though some one double be and newe,
It hyndreth not to them that be trewe.
And by example also though he shewe,
That some one whylom was a shrewe,
They that be good take shall no hede,
For it no hinderinge is to womanheade.
Though twaine or thre can double be & faine
For there agayne sothly at Colayne,
Of vyrgyns weren inly full of grace.
A leuen thousande in that holy place.
A man may fynde and in our kalender,
Full many mayde parfyt and enter,

Which to the death stable were and trewe,
For some of theim with the rosen hewe,
Of Marterdome the blysse of heauen wonne
And some also as bokes telle konne,
With the lylye of byrgynyte,
And violettes of parfyte chastyte.
Ascenden be aboue the sterres cleare.
And the sercle of the nynthe sphere.
Where ioye is aye with gladnesse eterne.
Wherfore in sothe as I can discerne,
Though some clerkes of shrewes haue missaid
Let no good woman therof be mispayde,
For lacke of one all are not to blame.
And eke of men maye be sayde the same,
For to the trewe it is no reprefe,
Though it be so another be a thefe.
For what is he the worse in his degre,
Though that the other be hanged on a tree.
Nor vnto women hinderyng it is none,
Amonge an hundred though ỹ there be one,
Of gouernaunce that be vicious.
For there agayne that byn ful vertuous,
yf that ye lyst a thousande ye may fynde.
And though Guido write they haue of kinde,
To be double men shoulde it goodly take,
And there agayn no maner grutching make.
Nature in worchynge hath full great powere,
And it were harde for any that is here,
The course of her to holde or to restreyne,
For she will not be guyded by no reyne,
To be coarted of her dewe righte,
Therfore eche man with all his full might,
Shoulde thanke god and taketh paciently.
For yf women be double naturelly,
Why shulde men laye on theim the blame.
For though min auctour hider so their name
In his writynge onely of Tryseyde,
And vpon her such a blame leyde,
My counsayle is lyghtly ouerpasse.
Where he myssayth of her in any place.
To hyndre women other eue or morowe,
Taketh no hede but let theim be wyth sorow.
And passe it ouer where ye list not rede,
Tyll ye be come where that Diomede,
For he was sente into Troye towne.
Where ceryously as is made menciowne,
Fyrst how that she to hym delyuered was,
¶ For Anthenor and for the kinge Thoas.
And how Troylus gan her to conueye,
With many other to bryngе her on the weye.
¶ And after this how that Dyomede,
By the waye gan her brydell lede,
Tyll he her brought to her fathers tent.
And how that Calchas in full good entent,
Receyued her lodged there he laye,
And her speche duryng all that daye,
And all the maner hole and euerydele,
All is rehersed ceryously and wele,
In Troylus boke as ye haue herde me saine,
To wryte it ofte I holde it were but vayne.
¶ But Guydo sayth longe or it was nyght,
How Tryseyde hath forsake her owne knight
And gaue her herte vnto this Diomede.
Of tenderneſſe and of womanhede.
That Troylus in her herte is now as colde,
Without fyre as byn these asches olde.
I can none other accusacion,
But onely kyndes transmutacyon,
That is approprysed vnto her nature.
Selde or neuer stable to endure.
By experyence as men maye ofte lere.
But nowe to tourne agayne to my matere,
I must resorte though that I be ferre,
As I began to wryten of the werre.

¶ Of their battayles after that trewse, the description of the Pallase of Ilion, of a great pestylence in the grekes hoste, whereby they were enforced to seke for trewse, whiche vpon their suyte they obteyned for thyrtye dayes. Capitulo. xxvi.

The tyme passed of the trewse ytake,
the next morow whã Tũ hath forsake,
The vnder partye of their hemysperye,
Where al the night he had be full merye,
With Auroza lynge by his syde.
But in his bed hym lyst no longer byde,
But shope him vp & caste his streames shene,
¶ On Troy wall whan Hector armed clene,
Into the fyelde faste gan hym hye.
With fyftene thousande in his companye,
Of worthy knyghtes and of manly men.
And as I fynde Troylus had tenne,
Of knyghtes eke that his baner sewe.
And in all hast Parys gan remewe,
Out of the towne with them of Perce londe,
With eche of thẽ a mighty bowe in his honde,

And

And arrowes sharpe trussed by their syde.
And of knyghtes that aboute him ryde,
He had also thre thousande as I fynde.
¶And Deiphobus next him came behynde,
With thre thousande knyghtes armed clene,
On whose plates the sonne shone full shene,
¶And nexte hym came the Troyan Eneas,
And as I reade sothly that there was,
The same day with them of Troye towne,
An hundred thousande knyghtes of renown,
Lyke as recordeth Dares Frygyus.
And in his boke Guydo writeth thus.
¶And with the grekes all tofore that day,
With seuen thousande goeth Menelay.
knyghtes echone whiche he tho dyd lede,
And with as many went this Dyomede.
And next them seweth the hardy Achylles,
With his mayne called Myrmydones.
¶And zantipus the worthy kyng eke had,
Thre thousand knights which w hym he lad,
Into the fyelde agayn them of the towne.
And alderlaste the great Agamenowne,
With suche a nombre of the grekes felle,
That wonder is for to heren telle.
And whan the wardes in the felde abrode,
Had take their place without more abode,
¶A grekysche kyng which that Phillis hight,
Anone as he of Hector had a syght,
Towardes hym syttynge on his stede.
With his spere he gan him faste spede,
But when Hector hath his commynge sayne,
He hente a spere and rode to hym agayne,
And through his shyelde & his plates rounde,
He gaue to hym hys laste fatall wounde.
Upon whose deth auenged for to be,
Full many greke gan on Hector flee.
And fyrst of all the worthy kyng famous;
¶That of grekes was called zantypus,
Of hye disdayne onely for Phyllys sake.
Towarde Hector hath his course ytake,
And with a spere ran at him full ryght,
But Hector fyrst hyt him with suche a might,
Through his harneys with his speres head,
That zantyhus fell to the grounde deade.
The death of whom the grekes sore cõplaine
And dyd their myght and their busy payne.
On euery halfe furyous and wood,
Them to auenge on the Troyans bloud.
And through their passyng cruell hardynesse,
They gan Troyans tho so sore oppresse,
That many one that day ne myght asterte,
Through the brest ypersed and the herte,
For to be dead and slayne amonge the prese.
Amonge whiche cruell Achylles,
Slewe Lychaon and Eutorbyus,
Noble knyghtes ryght worthy and famous.
That were ycome out of their countre,
Agayne grekes to helpen the citie.
And while troians cõstrained were so narow
Were it with spere quarell darte or arowe.
Hector was wounded throughout the tyser,
Into the face that lyke a ryuer,
The red bloud downe began to rayle.
By his harneys through his auentayle,
Wherof astoned whan they had a syght,
Full many Troyan toke hym to the flyght,
And to the cyte faste gan them drawe.
And in the chase full many one was slawe.
Or they myght efte out of the felde remewe;
And euer in one grekes after sewe,
Unto the walles almost of the towne.
Tyll that Hector the Troyan champyowne,
Of his knyghthode gan to taken hede,
Albe his wounde sore gan to blede.
Yet of manhode he gan them recomforte,
And maugre them into the fyelde resorte,
Namely whan he had inspectiowne,
On the walles and toures of the towne.
How that Helayne and Hecuba the quene,
And his syster fayre Polycene,
With many other lady gan beholde,
Hym thought anone his herte gan to colde,
Of very shame his knygytes shulden flee.
And lyke a Lyon in his crueltee,
He made theim tourne manly euerychone,
And in his waye he meteth Meryon,
A grekysche kinge that was nygh of allye,
To Achilles as bookes specifye.
And with his sworde Hector smote him so,
That he his bodye clouen hath on two.
And when Achilles sawe that he was deade,
Parted atwo euen fro the head,
He hẽt a spere and thought he ne would fayl,
To hyt Hector through shelde plate & mayle,
And rode to him tho full enuously,
And myd the shelde he smet him cruelly.
But with the stroke Hector neuer adell,
Remeueth not he sat so faste and well.

But

But with his swerde anone & tarveth nought
He to Achylles with envyous thought,
But knyghtly ran vpon his courssere,
And on his creste that shone so bright & clere,
With such a myght Hector hath hym smyt,
That he perced throughe his basenet,
And raced eke from his auentayle,
With that stroke many pece of mayle.
That Achylles constrayned was of nede,
Maugre his myght to stagre on his stede.
To enclyne and to bowe his backe,
At whiche tyme Hector to hym spake.
And sayde Achylles I do well aduerte,
The great envye of thy cruell herte,
And specyally that thou haste to me.
But be well ware therfore I counsayle the,
Thy selfe to put so farre in aduenture,
For of one thynge I playnely the ensure,
As I desyre at my luste some daye,
Here in the fyelde yf I the mete may,
Trust me ryght wel there gayneth no socour,
That ne shal acquyten thy labour,
So mortally I do the vnderstande,
With this swerde that I holde in hande,
That with thy life thou shalt not thēs escape.
So cruelly the vengeaunce shalbe take,
Efte whan we mette euen vpon thy head.
¶ Of which thyng whan Achylles toke hede
Aduertynge all that he herde hym sayne,
Ryght as he wolde haue answered agayne,
¶ Worthy Troylus knyghtly entred in,
And made them a sonder for to twynne,
And through the manhode of his companye,
Of worthy knyghtes that he tho dyd guye,
And hyghe prowesse of his owne might,
He hath the grekes put agayne to flyght.
And layne of them that day out of dread,
Syx hundred knyghtes sothly as I reade.
For lesse of whyche the grekes faste gan flee.
To their tentes as of necessytee.
Tyll Menelay dyd his busy cure,
To make them the fyelde agayne recure.
Through whose manhode ỹ day out of doute
And worthy knightes that weren hym about,
The fyelde of grekes recured was anone.
¶ But tho fro Troye came kyng Odemon.
And in all hast possyble that he may,
He came enbusched vpon Menelay,
And hym vnhorseth in the selfe place.
And suche a wounde gaue hym in the face.
That from the death he wende not escape.
And doubtles anone he had hym take,
With helpe of Troylus and lad vnto ỹ towne
But of grekes suche a prese came downe,
To rescue hym in this great nede,
¶ That Odemon myght tho no further lede,
Kyng Menelay towarde the cyte.
Whan Dyomede came with his meyne.
And many worthy rydynge hym aboute,
When Troylus mette amonges al the route,
All sodeynly of hap or aduenture,
Hath him vnhorseth as it was his eure,
And after that anone he hent his stede,
And bad a squyer that he shulde it lede,
Unto Cryseyde onely for his sake,
Besechynge her that she wolde it take,
As for a gyfte of her owne man.
Syth he that day for her loue it wan.
Amyd the fyelde through his great myght.
Of hym that was whylom her owne knight.
And he in haste on his waye it went,
And therof made vnto her present.
¶ Prayinge her in full humble wyse,
This lyttell gyfte that she not despyse.
But it receyue for a remembraunce,
And with all this that it be pleasaunce,
Of very pitye and of womanhede,
On her seruaunt called Dyomede,
To remembre that was become her knyght.
And she anone with harte glad and lyght,
Full womanly bad hym repayre agayne,
Unto his lord and playnly to hym sayne,
That she ne myght of very kyndnesse,
Of womanhead nor of gentylnesse,
Refusen hym platly from her grace,
That was to her there in straunge place,
So kynde founde and so comfortable.
In euery thynge and seruysable.
That it may not lykely out of mynde,
To thynke on hym that was so true & kinde.
¶ With which answere the messager is gone,
Unto his lorde and tolde it hym anone,
Worde by worde lyke as she hath sayde,
And he therof was full well apayde.
That hym thought playnely in his herte,
He was recured of his paynes smerte.
And forth he had hym in armes as a knyght,
¶ But that day duryng the stronge fyght,

They

They of Troye so manly haue them borne,
That grekes myght not stande them afore,
For to their tentes they haue thē chased down
That ne had be kyng Agamenowne,
Grekes had be driuen clene out of the fyelde.
The whiche thyng anon as he behelde,
He came vpon with many worthy man,
And tho of new the slaught agayne began.
On euery halfe vpon the large playne.
That grekes haue Troyans so be laine,
That efte agayne they haue the fyelde ywon.
So that Troyans canstrayned tho begon,
To lese their lande tyll Pollydamas,
Whiche with his knyghtes there besyde was,
Gan fall vpon endlonge on the grene,
Them of Troye full manly to sustene.
And the grekes he gan so to enchace,
Whan he came in that they loste their place,
And to the stronde euen vpon the see,
Thrugh his knyghthod he made thē for to fle
Of their lyfe that they were in dread.
The whiche mischiefe whan that Diomede,
Behelde and sawe how Pollydamas,
Mortally pursued on the chase,
On horsebacke both and in the fyelde yfere,
With cruell herte hent anone a spere,
And spryngyng out rode to hym full ryght,
And he agayne tacupte hym lyke a knyght,
As he that lyste on no partye fayne,
Of his stede helde agayne the reyne,
¶And raught a spere & threwe it in the rest,
And Dyomede he smote so on the breste,
That mortally lyke as it is founde,
He hym vnhorseth with a greuous wounde.
And ryght anone with a knightly herte,
Pollydamas all attones sterte,
Unto the horse of this Dyomede,
And by the reyne proudely gan it lede,
¶Unto Troylus where he on foote stode.
All forbathed in the grekes bloude,
On euery halfe whiche that he chadde,
Amonges them so knightly he him had.
That they ne myght endure nor sustene,
His sharpe swerde grounde was so kene.
¶And delyuer maugre all his foen,
Into the sadell vp he sterte anone,
Of very force armed as he was,
And vnwarely by aduenture or case,
With sharpe swerdes for the nones whette,
As Achylles and he together mette,
Worthy Troylus of rancour and of pryde,
Achylles smote that he fell a syde,
Downe of his horse lowe to the grounde.
And notwithstanding his grene mortal woūde,
He rose agayne and fast gan hym spede,
If that he myght recure agayne his stede.
But all for nought it wolde not auayle.
For sodaynly with a freshe battayle,
They of Troye as made is mencyon,
In compasewyse beset hym enuyron.
Euerych of them armed bright and clene,
And Hector tho in his furious tene,
¶As Dares telleth all the maner howe,
The same daye a thousande knyghtes slowe.
Whiche them withstode onely in diffence,
For Achylles to maken resystence.
That tyme of death standyng in ieopardye.
That certaynly but yf that bokes lye,
By lyklyhode he myght not tho escape,
In that mischefe to be dead or take,
Hector on hym was so furyous.
¶But as I read kyng Thelamonyus,
Rescued hym in this great nede.
And caused hym there to recure his stede.
Notwithstandyng all that it disdayne.
For he the duke and lorde of Athene,
Was in case of herte and hole entent,
To helpe Achylles wonder dylygent.
That with hym ladde many noble knyght,
¶But for bycause that it drewe to nyght,
As the storye maketh rehersayle,
They made an ende as of that battayle.
And they of Troye entred be the towne,
And after that as made is mencionwne,
By and by hauyng no delayes,
Mortally they foughten thirtye dayes.
Without lette or interrupcyon.
On outher parte to great destruction.
But aldermost nathles their great pryde,
They lost most on the grekes syde.
¶Saue Pyramus lost in specyall,
Syre of his sonnes called naturall.
For whom he made great dole and heuinesse.
And as the storye lyketh to expresse,
This mene whyle Hector in certayne,
In his face wounded was agayne,
And thus they haue in this cruell rage,
On euery parte receyued great domage,

Tyll

Tyll Pryam hath from Troye sent downe,
For a trewes vnto Agamenowne.
For sir monthes if he assente wolde.
And therupon he hath a counsayle holde
With his lordes what were beste to do.
And they echone accorded be therto,
And graunte his askynge conclusyon.
¶And all this whyle within Ylyon,
Durynge the peas on outher parte assured,
Of his woundes fully to be cured
¶Lay worthi Hector protector of the towne.
But of this ryche royall chefe doungeowne,
That Ilyon in Troye bare the name,
Whiche of buildyng had suche a fame,
If that I shuld commende it vp and downe,
As Dares doth in his discrypciowne,
I wante cunnyage my termes to aplye,
For in his boke as he doth specifye,
In all this worlde was there newe so ryche,
Of hyghe deuyse nor of buildyng lyche.
The whiche stode the more to delyte,
As he there sayth on twelue stones whyte,
Of Alabastre shortly to conclude,
And twenty pase was the latytude,
That grounde ypaued thzughout w crystall,
And vp an hyght performed euery wall,
Of all stones that any man can fynde,
Of Dyamountes and of saphyres Inde.
The royall rubye so ozyent and lyght,
That the derkenesse of the dymme nyght,
Enchaced was with the beames shene.
And euer amonge were emeraudes grene.
With stones all that any maner man,
In this worlde deuyse or recken can.
That were of pryse, value, or richesse,
Ther were wrought of large & gret roũdnes
As sayth Dares. and Iuory the pyllers,
And therupon set at the corners,
Of pured golde all aboue on hyght,
There were ymages wonder huge of weight.
With many perle and many ryche stone,
And euery piller in the halle had one.
Of massyfe golde burned clere and bzyght,
And wonderfull to any mans syght,
For of this worke the meruelous fasshyon,
Was more lyke by estymacyon,
A thynge ymade and founded by fayrye,
Thau any worke wrought by fantasye,
Thzough wytte of man as by lykelynesse.
For in his bokes Dares doth wytnesse,
That it was lyke to recken syght and all,
In apparaunce a thynge celestyall.
Seeth in this boke ye get no more of me.
For but in wrytynge I myght neuer it se.
Albe that it all other dyd excelle,
No more therof I thinke nowe to telle.
But to retourne agayne to Pryamus.
Whiche all this whyle was inly curyous,
With all his myght and his busy cure,
To ordeyne for the sepulture,
Of his sonnes that afore were dead.
¶And all that tyme sycke laye Dyomede,
With loues stripe wounded to the herte.
As he that felte inwardly the smerte,
Of woful syghes whiche in his brest abreide.
Full ofte adaye for loue of her Creseyde.
For he was shake with a feuer newe,
That caused hym to be full pale of hewe.
And to weren megre poore and lene,
For pyteously he gan hym to abstene,
For meate and drynke and from all solace,
As it was sene in his deadly face.
And ofte a daye to her he wolde complayne,
Of his dissease and of his mortall payne,
Prayinge of grace that she wolde do se,
Upon his woo for to haue pytye.
And of mercy for to taken hede,
Of her seruaunt onely of womenhead.
Or playnely elles there is no more to seye,
For her sake he sayde that he wolde deye.
¶But cunnyngly and in full sleyghty wyse,
To kepe hym lowe vnder her seruyce,
With delayes she helde hym forth on hande
And caused hym as in a were to stande.
Full vnsure betwene hope and dispayre.
And whan that grace shuld haue had repaire
To put hym out of all this heynesse,
Daunger of newe brought hym in distresse.
And with disdayne to encrease his payne,
Of double were she brought him in a trayne.
As women can holde a man full narowe,
Whan he is hurte with Cupydes arowe.
To sette on them with many fell assayes,
Day by day to put hym in delayes.
To stande vnsure betwyxe hope and dread.
Ryght as Creseyde lefte this Dyomede.
Of entent to sette hym more a fyre,
As this women kyndly aye desyre.

Whan

Whan they a man haue brought in to a trauce
Uneuenly to hange hym in balaunce,
Of hope and dread to lynke hym in a chayne,
And of the fyne vnsure of bothe twayne.
To dryue hym forth yeres them to serue,
And do no force where he lyue or sterue,
This is the fyne of loues fyry rage.
And for she wolde haue hym in seruage,
She locked hym vnder suche a keye,
That he wote not where to lyue or deye.
Wherof in doubte thus I lette hym dwell.
And forth I wyll of the story tell.
And to my matter eke resorte agayne,
And as myne auctour recordeth in certayne,
After the trewse were wered out and gone,
Twelue dayes supyng all in one,
The grekes haue faught vp thē of the towne.
To great damage and confusyowne,
Of outher partye and aduersyte.
And in this whyle a great mortalyte,
Both of sworde and of pestylence,
Amonge grekes by fatall influence,
Of noyous hete and of corrupte eyre,
Engendred was that tho in great dispayre,
Of theyr lyfe in the fyelde they leye,
For day by day sodaynly they deye.
Wherby theyr nombre fast gan dyscrece,
And whan they sawe that it ne wolde sece,
By theyr aduyse the kyng Agamenowne,
For a trewse sent vnto the towne.
For thirty dayes. and Priamus the kinge,
Without abode graunted his askynge.

¶How Andromecha was by a dreame forwarned of the death of her husbande Hector, if he the day folowing entred the fielde, wher of she admonyshed him, and he therto hauing no respect, was the next day slain of Achilles. Capitulo. xxvii.

Whan the mozeyne and the wofull rage,
Of pestylence began for to aswage.
And the trewse were wered out and gone,
The grekes caste to meten with their foen,
Upon a day in plates armed clene.
Whan Phebus rose with his beames shene,
Full pleasauntly and gan to shede his lyghte.
¶But as I fynde tofore the selfe nyght,
Andromecha the faythfull trewe wyfe,
Of worthy Hector hym louyng as her lyfe,
By whom he had gette chyldren two,
Wonder semely and inly fayre also,
¶And Lamedowne called was the tone,
So yonge the tother that it ne myght gone.
¶And Astyonax I read that he hyght,
Fetured well and passynge fayre of syghte,
And as Guydo lysteth to endyte,
Of his moder at the pappes whyte,
For very yonge that tyme was suckynge.
And with his arme his brestes embrasyng,
And she that nyght as made is mencyon,
Had in her slepe a wonder vysyon,
I note in sothe what I may it neuene,
Outher a dreame or veryly a sweuene,
Or fro aboue a reuelacyon,
As whylom had the kyng Scyppyon,
Or a shewyng outher an Oracle,
Or of goddes a warnyng by myracle,
For in sothnesse slepynge as she laye,
Her thought playnly if the nerte daye,
¶Hector went his fomen for to assayle,
As he was wonte armed in battayle,
That he ne shulde escape vtterly,
In fates hondes to falle fynally.
And ouermore Attropos shall fyne,
For euermore his lyues threde to twyne.
And shewe the force of her fell myght,
When the Parodye of this worthy knyght,
A proche shall without wordes mo,
Into the fyelde playnly if he go.
Of which astoned strete and short of breth,
Where as she laye abrayde vpon the death,
And with a syghe stynte for to slepe,
And pyteously brast out for to wepe,
For the constraynte of her herty sorowe.
And specyally on the wofull morowe,
When that she sawe this stocke of worthinesse
As he was wonte manfully hym dresse,
To arme hym in stele borned bryght.
This troian wall Hector this worthy knight.
She can no more but at his fete fell downe,
Lowly declaryng her a vysyowne,
With quakyng herte of very womanhead.
Wherof god wote he toke full lyttle hede.
But therof had hygh indignacion.
Platly affyrmynge that no discrecion,
Was to trusten in suche fantasyes.
In dreames shewed gladly meinte with lyes.

Full

Full of Japes and of illusyons,
Of whiche playnely the conclusyons,
Be not elles but folkes to delude.
Albe it so that these people rude,
Therin some whyle haue affection,
To iudge and deame in their oppynion,
Dyuersly what they may pretende.
And ofte falle and happen as they wende,
And foloweth lyke in conclusyon.
For dread of whiche the lamentacion,
Encreasle gan of this Andromecha.
And in her swone fyrst she cryed ha.
Sayinge alas myne owne lorde so dere,
Your trewe wyfe alas why nyll ye here.
Whyche of so faythfull hoole affection,
Desyreth aye your saluacyon.
And vp she rose deadly of vysage,
And lyke a woman caught with sodayne rage
To kynge Pryam and Hecuba the queue,
In haste she went her selfe to be meue.
And of her wyfely herte trewe as stele,
Ceryously declared euery deale,
Her pyteous dreame which through myracle,
To her onely by deuyne oracle,
Yshewed was through goddes purueyaunce.
And tolde them eke the fynall ordynaunce.
Of fortunes false dispocisyon.
Fully purueyed to destruction,
Of her lorde without more delaye.
Into the fyelde yf he go that daye.
¶Wherfore she prayeth with a deadly hewe,
Unto the the kynge of mercy for to rewe,
Upon her wo to haue compassyon.
For to ordeyne by hyghe discrecion,
Of his lordshyp and of souerayntе,
That her lorde may not destroyed be.
Of reckelesshead or wylfulnesse.
And with that worde of very kyndnesse,
In whom was aye so moche loue founde,
To fore the quene in sowne fell to grounde.
And sayde alas with a deadly chere,
Helpe in this case myne owne mother dere,
Of womanhead and routh do me grace.
That my lorde into the fyelde ne pace.
And do your deuer of motherly pytee,
Benygnely and goodly for to se,
To his knyghthode and his hygh prowesse,
For to restrayne his renowmed noblesse.
This ylke day to handle spere or shelde,
Nor that he go armed into fylde.
¶And both twayne assent for the beste,
And condescende vnto her requeste,
Fynally accordynge into one.
That whē the wardes were redy euerychone
¶On yssuynge out and Troylus fyrst of all
And Parys next on grekes for to fall,
¶And after hym the troyan Eneas,
Kinge Sarpedan and Pollydamas,
Kyng Eroys and kyng Epystrophus,
And eke the kyng ycalled Forcyus,
In plate and mayle euerych armed clene,
And alderlast came kyng Phylomene,
Withall the kynges and lordes of renowne,
That in deffence come of the towne,
With the grekes knyghtly to debate.
¶And Pryamus sothly to the gate,
Conueyed them at theyr out goynge,
And set their wardes this noble worthy king.
Full prudently through his sapyence,
And after gaue them congee and lycence,
Upon grekes for to proue their myght.
Agaynst whom full redy for to fyght,
Their fomen were with royall apparayle.
Amyd the fyelde abydyng the battayle.
¶But Pryamus in the meane whyle,
Lyke as Guydo remembreth in his style.
For thylke tyme that ye haue herde me sayne,
To whothy Hector repayred is agayne,
Hym contermaundyng that he ne shuld goue,
Thilke day to fyght agayne their foen.
For whyche thynge of hygh despyte he brent,
Whan that he sawe other lordes went,
Out at the gate and he alone abode.
For whiche he wexed furyous and wood,
Hooly the cause arettynge to his wyfe,
That was of cheietie so tender of his lyfe.
Puttyng on her fully the occasyowne,
Of his abydynge that day in the towne.
In preiudyce of his worthynesse,
And disencreasle of his hygh prowesse,
And leest through tongues to his hygh estate,
Through false reporte it were derogate.
He caste anone of a full knightly herte.
For lyfe nor death it shulde hym not asterte,
Within the fyelde that daye to be founde,
Though it so were wt many mortall wounde,
He shulde on peces hewen be a sonder.
Upon the playne dismembred here & yonder.

So

So hole in manhod was his herte sette,
That he anone without longer lette,
Agayne to arme hym was full dyligent,
Agayne the precept and commaundemente,
Of his father and rode on his waye,
For feare of whyche anone as she would deye
His wife of newe crye gan and shoute.
And with her papes also hangynge oute,
Her lytell chylde in her armes twayne,
Tofore her lorde gan to wepe and playne,
Besechynge him of routhe and pyte,
If so he would vnto her sorowe se,
At the least for her wykely trouthe,
That he of manhode haue in herte routhe,
Upon his childe and vpon her also,
Whych that she bare in her armes two,
And not might hun from cryinge kepe,
Whan he sawe his wofull mother wepe,
And knelynge downe vnto hun she sayde,
In her sobbynge as she might abrayde,
Mine owne lorde haue mercy now on me,
And on this lytell chylde whych that ye se,
So pyteously afore you wepe and crye,
Haue mercy lorde on vs or that we dye,
Haue mercy eke vpon this Cite,
Myne owne lorde haue merry or that we,
By cruell death passe shall echone,
For lacke of helpe alas when ye are gone.
¶ This was the crye of Andromecha,
With whom was eke her syster Cassandra,
Hecuba and fayre Pollycene,
And Heleyne eke the lusty freche quene,
Which all atones fell him before,
With heyr vntrussed and weping all to torne.
And loude gan to crye in the place,
Besechynge him of mercy and of grace.
For thilke daye to abyde in the towne,
And in his hert to haue compassyowne,
On her complaynte and her wofull mone.
Sith all the truste of the towne alone,
In him abode and all the resystence,,
Agaynst death he was their chiefe defēce,
And in hun onely was their affiaunce,
Their suerte and their suffysaunce,
In eche tynge that theim might greue.
¶ And yet all this ne might his herte meue.
For to abyde yet of goodlyheade,
They him besought to their womanheade,
He would encline his herded herte of stele,
That they might a lytell droppe sele,
Onely of pyte on their woo to rewe,
That lykly was to more and renewe,
Fynally to their destructiowne,
For of the Cite and lykewyse the towne,
His death in soth shulde fully be ruyne,
But yet all this might not him enclyne,
That he ne would out in conclusyon,
As indurate and harted as a Lyon.
He was alwaye continuinge in his rage
Whose herte might asoften nor aswage,
Nother prayer nor lamentacion,
Him to restrayne from his opinion.
For euery peryll he layde hath asyde,
And on his waye gan anone to ryde.
Where through his wife none other bote can.
But in her rage to the kinge she ran,
So amased in her mortall wo,
That she vneth might speake him to.
So diffaced and rewefull of her sight,
That by her hewe knoweth her no wight.
For loste she had bothe might and strengthe,
And plat she fell to the grounde at length,
Tofore the kynge that routhe was to sene.
¶ Besechinge him of entente full clene,
That he of grace consider wolde her wo,
For but he helpe Hector was ago.
And he seynge her faythfull womanhead,
At her request raughte anone his stede,
And pricked after onely for her sake,
In so great haste that he hath ouertake.
Worthy Hector within the Cite,
And hent his reyne with great difficulte,
And maugre him made him tourue agayne.
In suche wise he durst it not with sayne,
Albe that he was full lothe therto.
So that by prayer and by force also,
From his stede he made him to alyghte.
The arestе of whom eschewe he ne myght.
For he ne would agayne his father strue,
Albe that he felte his herte ryue,
Of melancolye and of hertye yre.
And of disdayne newe set a fyre,
So inwardly stered was his blode.
That lyke a Tygre or a Lyon wood,
That were depriued newly of her praye.
Right so he fared all that ylke daye.
Or lyke a bore that his tuskes whette,
Whyle the Grekes and they of Troye mette,

Furyously

Furyously walkynge vp and downe,
And in diffence sothly of the towne,
Troylus fyrste on his baye stede,
Of aduenture mette with Diomede.
And eche at other surquedous of pryde,
With sharpe speres gan togyther ryde,
And Guydo sayth without any dreade,
One or bothe had anone be deade,
Ne had Menelay knightly go betwene.
And after that in a furyous tene,
He smette his horse in full knyghtly wyse,
¶And Mereon the mighty kinge of Fryse,
Menelaus marked hath full well,
And wyth his swerde ful sharp groūd of stele,
Unhorsed him and threwe hym on the grene.
For he the stroke might not tho sustene,
This Menelay was on him so wood.
That it was lykly euen there he stode,
With his lyfe he shoulde not thense eskape.
For the Grekes ful hastely theim shape,
This Meryon as ye haue herde me sayne,
For to be sette rounde vpon the playne,
And to cesse him by the auentayle,
On euery parte and cruelly to assayle,
All destytute in this wofull case,
¶But him to helpe came Pollydamas,
With his knightes and gan to nighe nere,
When he him sawe taken prysonere.
And maugre all that there vpon him sette,
From theyr handes Pollydamas him fette,
At whose reskues there was so great a strife,
That many one therfore loste his lyfe.
For Grekes rather then he shoulde escape,
From their handes in that hasty rape,
Caste theym playnly that he shoulde be dead.
Fully in purpose to haue hadde his head.
He stode of mischefe in so great disioynt,
But hym to selpe euen vpon the poynt,
¶Came Troylus in most knightly of arraye
And of his manhod made suche affraye,
Amōges theim in reskuse of this kinge,
That maugre theim at his incominge,
Deliuered was this mighty kinge of Fryse.
From cruell death as ye haue herde deuyse.
But therupon came Thelamonyus.
Proude in armes and euer surquidous,
With thre thousande full worthy euerychone,
And he vnhorseth Pollydamas anone.
Among his knightes proudly bare hi downe.
¶Bnt Troilus hath thrugh his hie renowne
Myd of his foen get him his horse agayne,
But they of Troye so sore were belayne,
On euery halfe throughe the grekes pryde,
That they ne might afore theim tho abyde,,
For newe and newe the hardy Achilles,
Assayled theim with his Myrmydones.
That they compelled of necessyte.
In mischefe were made for to flee,
Home to the walles and gates of the towne,
To great domage and confusyowne.
Of theyr partye that abacke so gone.
¶The whych thynge when Margaryton,
Behelde and sawe howe the game gothe,
In his herte he gan to weren wrothe.
And passyngly for to haue disdayne,
As the storye recordeth in certayne,
That he was bothe hardy and famous.
And sonne also to kinge Priamus.
A noble knight and of great worthinesse,
And when he sawe the mischefe and distresse,
Of theim of Troye and how they gan flee,
He caste anone auenged for to be,
Upon Achilles for all his great might.
And ran to him full lyke a manly knight,
On horse backe for the townes sake.
And him enforseth Achilles for to take,
Amyd the felde amonge his knightes all.
¶But Achilles alas it should befall,
That daye him slewe by cruell aduenture.
Where through Troians mightē not endure,
The felde to holde but homeward gan thē hye
And mortally they maken noyse and crye,
First for the death of Margaryton,
¶And for the pursuyte that king Thelamō.
Made on the chase throngh hys crueltye.
Home to the gates of Troye the Cite,
That slewe and killed alwaye as he rode,
Albe that Parys manly him withstode,
With his brethrene that in baste were borne,
But for al that their ground they haue lorne,
Lefte and forsake vtterly the felde.
And home they wēt and brought on a shelde,
The dead corps of Margaryton.
And after that theyr gates shette anone,
The whych mischefe as Hector gan beholde,
Of very yre his herte gan were colde,
And sayd platly without more delaye,
He would auenge his death the same daye.

And

And made in haste his stede to be fet,
And vp he sterte and on his basenet,
Unwyste the kinge or who be lefe or lothe,
There was no gayne forthe anone he gothe,
Tyll he was passed the gates of the towne,
Wore furyous then Tygre or Lyowne.
At whose coming as thick as swarme of been.
Tofore his sworde Grekes gan to fleen,
They thought it was tyme to withdrawe.
And fyrst I finde how that he hath slawe,
Two worthy Dukes as he wyth theim met.
That busy were his waye for to let,
The one ycalled was Eurypalus,
¶And the other hyght Halcydius,
And so Troians the felde agayne haue won,
And of newe manfully begon,
Grekes to sewe and folowe on the trase,
And yet at myschefe Dan Pollydamas,
The same tyme was of Grekes take,
But Hector hath so borne him for his sake,
Where as that he forest was belayne.
And thrugh his knighthod reskued hi agayne
And put the Grekes in so great distresse,
Through his manhode and his worthinesse,
That where so euer thylke daye he rode,
His sharpe swerde he bathed in their bloud,
He was so cruell and so mercles.
¶But then a knight called Leothydes,
Shope him anone with Hector for to mete,
While he was most prous in his hete,
And set on him full presumptuously,
But Hector tho deuoyde of all mercy,
Anone hym slewe and threwe him in the felde
The whych thinge when Achilles behelde,
The great slaughter and the woundes wide,
That Hector made vpon euery syde,
He gan anone compasse in his herte,
And vp and downe caste and aduerte,
How the grekes neuer maye be sure,
Agayne their foen to fyght nor endure,
Nor kepe a felde with theim for to stryue,
All the whyle that Hector were alyue.
Wherfore he caste and shope many weye,
By what engyne Hector might deye.
At auauntage if he might him finde,
¶And therto eke Pollicenes of Inde,
A worthy Duke was also of assent,
Onely for he of herte and hole entente,
In hope stode his syster for to wyue,
For loue of whom he felte his herte tryue.
And in her grace better for to stande,
He caste fully for to take on hande,
This high empryse as I haue you tolde,
But while that he was on hym most bolde,
Hector him slew there was none other gayne
The whych anone as Achilles hath seyne,
For yre he wered in his herte as wood,
As bore or Tygre in theyr cruell moode,
Upon Hector auenged for to be.
And furyously he gan on him to fle.
¶But Hector caught a quarel sharp ygroũd
And threwe at him & gaue him such a wound,
Throughout the thighe vpon other syde,
That in the felde he might not abyde.
But him withdrewe and anone is wente,
With all his men home vnto his tente,
And made anone a surgeyn for to binde,
His mortall wounde and after as I fynde,
Whan he was staunche & ceaseth for to blede,
In all haste agayne he toke his stede,
And leest he were of that wounde deade,
Afterwarde as it was great dreade,
He thought fyrst auenged for to be,
Upon Hector if he might him se.
Of happe or sorte yf it would fall,
For him thought to his paynes all,
It were to hym the beste remedye,
Of his hande if he might dye,
For of his lyfe he routhe not a mite,
Be so that he Hector might acquyte,
Deathe for deathe in conclusyon,
For that was holy his entencion,
Of his desyre fully suffysaunce,
By death vnwarely to gyue him mischaunce.
¶But all this time Hector vp and downe,
As he was wonte playeth the Lyon,
Amonges Grekes in many sondry place,
And with his swerde gan theim so enchase.
That as the death where they might hi seen.
They fledde afore him like a swarme of been.
For none so hardy was him to wythsette.
And in this while a grekische kinge he mette,
Were it of hap or of aduenture,
The whiche in sothe on his cote armure,
Embrouded had full many ryche stone,
That gaue a lyght when the sonne shone,
Full bryght and cleare that ioye was to sene,
For Perles white and Emerawdes grene,

Full many one were therin sette.
And on the cercle of his basenette,
And rounde enuyron of his auentayle,
In veluet fret all aboue the mayle,
Saphyres ynde and other stones red.
Of whose arraye when Hector taketh hede,
Towardes him fast gan hun drawe.
And fyrst I fynde how he hath hym slawe,
And after that by force of his manheade,
He hente him vp afore hun on his stede,
And fast gan wyth him for to ryde,
From the wardes a lytell out of syde,
At good leyser playnly if he maye,
To spoyle him of his ryche arraye,
Full glad and lyght of his newe empryse.
But outalas of false couetise,
Whose gredy fret the which is great pytee,
In hertes may not lightly staunched be.
The Etike drayweth by so great distresse,
That it defaceth the high worthynesse,
Full ofte sythe of these conqueroures.
And of theyr fame rente away the floures.
Desyre of hauynge in a gredy thuoght,
To hygh nobilesse sothly longeth nought.
Nor suche pylfre spoylynge nor robberye,
Appartayne not to worthy chyualrye.
For couetyse and knighthod as I lere,
In one chayne maye not be knet yfere.
For kouthe it is that ofte suche rauyne,
Hath cause be and roote of ruyne,
Of many worthy who so lyst take hede,
Lyke as ye maye nowe of Hector reade.
That sodaynly was brought to his endynge,
Onely for spoylynge of this ryche kinge,
For of desyre to him that he hadde.
On horse backe out whan he him ladde,
Rekkelsly the slorye maketh mynde,
He caste his shelde at his backe behynde,
To welde him selfe at more lyberte,
And for to haue oportunyte,
To spoyle him and for no wyght spare,
So that hys brest disarmed was and bare.
Except his plates there was no diffence,
Agayne the stroke to maken resistence.
Alas why was he tho so reckles,
This floure of knighthod of mãhode pereles
When that his foo all that ylke daye,
For him alone in awayte so laye,
I kin mischiefe of hate or of enuye,
In the fielde he might him ought espye,
This Achilles cruell and venymous,
Of hertye moste melancolius,
Whych couertly houng hym beside,
When that he sawe Hector disarmed ryde,
He hente a spere charpe grounde and kene,
And of yre in his hatefull tene,
All vnwarely or Hector might aduerte,
¶Alas the while he smote him to the herte,
Thyroughout ỹ brest that dead he fel adowne.
Unto the earthe this Troian champyowne,
Thyrough neclygence onely of his shelde,
The death of whom when Odemon behelde,
The worthy kinge might hym not refrayne,
¶But to Achilles rode with all his payne,
And hit him so amyd of all the prese,
Maugre the might of his Myrmydones,
That for dead Guydo sayth certayne,
Of that wounde fel grofeling on ỹ playne.
But his knightes on a shelde alofte,
They layde him and caryed him full softe,
Unto his tente in all the haste he can,
And there I leue this deadly wounded man,
Full sore sycke tyll he maye releue.
And after that when it drewe to eue,
They of Troye with great reuerence,
Did their laboure and theyr diligence,
The dead corps to carye into towne,
Of worthy Hector whẽ Titan went adowne
And to the temple dolefully they wende.
And of that daye this was the wofull ende.
I can no more but thus the longe night.
In heauinesse as it is skill and ryght,
I will theym leue and agayne retourne,
To my matter to helpe theym for to mourne.

¶The complaynte of Lydgate for the death of Hector. Ca.xxviii.

But nowe alas how shal I forth procede,
In the storye that for wo and dreade,
Fele my hande bothe tremble and eke quake,
Oh worthy Hector onely for thy sake.
Of thy deathe I am so lothe to wryte.
Oh who shall now helpe me to endite,
Or vnto whom shall I clepe or call,
Certys to none amonge the muses all
That by accorde singen euer in one,
On Pernasus beside Helycon.

So

So aungelyke in theyr hermonye,
That tunge is none that may specifye,
The great sweteneſſe of theyr goodly songe,
For no diſcorde is founde theim amonge,
In theyr mmſyke they be entuned ſo.
It ſytte theim nought for to helpe in wo,
Nor in maters ỹ be with mournunge chente,
As tragydyes all to tore and rente.
In camplayninge pyteouſly in rage.
In the Theatre with a dead vyſage,
To theim alas I clepe dare nor crye,
My troubled penne of grace for to guye,
Nother to Clyo nor to Callyope,
But to Alecto and to Theſyphone,
And to Megera that euer doth complayne,
As they that lyue aye in wo and payne.
Eternally and in torment dwell,
With Cerberus depe downe in hell.
Whom I muſt praye to be gratious,
To my matter which is ſo furyous,
For to a wyght that is comlaplayninge,
A dzery feare is ryght well ſyttinge.
And to a mattter meynt with heuyneſſe.
Accordeth well a cheare of dzerypneſſe.
To be allyed as by vnyte.
Wherfore helpe nowe thou wofull Nyobe,
Some dzery teare in all thy piteous payne,
Into my penne dolefully to rayne.
And helpe alſo thou cruelly Yrione,
And Belydes that dothe the bokette gone,
And with thy ſtone helpe thou Secyphus,
And in thy ryuer helpe eke Tantalus,
That for hunger haſte ſo huge pyne.
This wofull playnte helpe me for to fyne.
Me to further do your buſyneſſe,
For now the ſtocke and roote of worthyneſſe,
Of knighthod groũd of mãhod ſoures & well,
That tofore all bare away the bell,
Of derrynge do this floure of high prowelſſe,
And was exaumple alſo of gentilneſſe,
That neuer could do amiſſe or ſeye,
Alas Hector alas why ſhuldeſt thou deye.
Oh cruell Parchas why toke ye no hede,
So cruelly to twine his fatall thzede,
Ye were to haſty alas why were ye ſo,
And namely when the thzede ye brake a two
Thou Attropos which thzugh thy gret enuye
Oh Troye alas well mayſt thou wepe & crye,
And make a wofull lamentacion,
Whych haſte of nedwe to thy confuſyon,
Loſte thy diffence and thy ſtronge wall.
Thy berer by thy ſuertie royall.
By whom thy honour chiefely was begonne
Alas alas for now thy bzyght ſonne,
Eclipſed is now ſtandeſt thou deſolate,
Of all comforte and diſconſolate,
Thy lyght is loſte and thou in derckneſſe,
Yplonnged arte for in ſothefaſtneſſe,
Of all worthy thou haſte the worthyeſt,
This daye ploſte and the knightyeſt,
That is or was or ſhall I the enſure
Be euer borne whylſe the worlde may dure.
No wonder is though thou be wale ſore,
And daye by daye complayne for euermore.
That was thy ſhelde bothe in ioye and wo,
Whom thou were wonte for to loue ſo.
So tenderly with all thy hole herte.
That it maye not lyghtly the aſterte,
To haue him euer in thy remembzaunce.
Which was in ſothe fully thy ſuffyſaunce.
For as Guydo maketh mencion,
There was no man dwellinge in the towne,
That he ne hadde of very kindeneſſe,
For loue of him as he lyſte erpzeſſe,
His childe more leſe to haue dyed in this caſe,
Other his heyre ſo well beloued he was.
If the goddes, fate, or deſtyne,
Diſpoſed had that it might haue be,
Women alſo of euery maner age,
Be for his deathe fall in ſuche a rage,
Thzough the Cite aboute in euery ſtrete,
That with ſobbinge and with ſalte tearꝭ wete
And heyre to rente for their deadly wo,
Furyouſly they ronnen to and fro.
So mortall was their aduerſyte.
That to beholde alas it was pyte.
Yonge maydes and lykewyſe matrones olde,
Sobbe and ſyghe and their fyſtes folde.
And loude crye and ſayde fynally,
Alas nowe ſhall our fathers cruelly,
In our ſyght be ſlayne day by day.
Alas the while and no man ſhal ſay nay.
Farewell our helpe nowe Hector is ygone.
That in the ſureneſſe of vs euery chone,
Was wonte to reſte now is he dead alas.
Of whom the body whan it caryed was,
Into preſence of Pzyamus the kynge,
Anone he loſte the office of ſpeakynge.

And gan him selfe in salte teares drowne,
And pyteously therwith fell in swone,
Upon the corps cold as any stone,
Inly desyrous for to depe anone,
Without taryng on him as he laye,
But that he was by force rente awaye.
His brethren eke when they token hede,
Tryste and pale for sorowe well nyghe dead.
That haue them selfe with rage al to torne,
That neuer was I trowe sene aforne,
Of brethren yet suche an other care.
For eche of them with him selfe gan fare,
As there they would haue dyed on the corse,
For of theyr life platly they gaue no forse.
But at the grounde with many sorowes sore,
Lyke wilde bulles they gan crye and rore,
That routhe was theyr deadly wo to sene.
An herte of stele myght it not sustene.
What shall I saye of Hecuba the quene,
Or of his syster ponge Pollycene,
Or Cassandra the prudent and the wyse.
Or of his wyfe the sorowe to deuyse.
Whiche rent them selfe in torment and in wo.
As fynally they wolde them selfe for do,
By cruell deth so they wepe and wayle.
That yf I shulde maken rehersayle,
To wryte their sorowes & their complaynges
Their pyteous sobbyng sorowes & wepinges
The wofull cryes and pyteous sownes,
Their drery plaintes and lamentacionnes,
And all their wo for to specyfye,
A large volume it wolde occupye,
If eche thynge I shulde in order tell.
I trowe it were to longe for to dwell.
For any man and tedyous to here,
For many day after as I lere.
The women wepte afore the corps lyinge.
Them selfe defacyng in their complaynynge,
That wonder was how they myghte endure.
But that they haue it sothly of nature,
And of kynde for to wepe and playne,
To syghe sore and into teares rayne,
Tyll the tempest of their wofull rage,
May by processe lyt and lyt aswage.
And thus I lette them sygh and sorowe make
This cely women that in their clothes blake,
Shroude their faces & wimpled more in vaine,
While to my matter I retourne againe.
To tell playnely how kyng Pryamus,
In herte was inly desyrous.
To caste awaye in his entencion,
The corps to kepe from corrupcyon,
Whiche naturally but men taken hede,
Corrupte must ryght of very nede.
For of kyndly dispocyson,
There may be made none opposycion,
Aboue the grounde if the body lye,
That by all reason it must putrefye.
But yf crafte be aboue nature.
Uncurrupte it may not there endure.
Wherfore the kyng shope hym to ordeyne,
To preserue it hole fro thynges twayne.
From odoure and abhompnacion.
And therwith eke by craftye operacyon,
That in it slyght be not founde horrible,
But that it be lyefly and visyble,
To the eye as by apparaunce.
Lyke as it were quycke in existence.
What it coste the kyng wyll spare nought.
But made anone afore hym to be brought,
The craftyest maysters of the towne,
Suche as moste had of discrecyowne.
To perfourme his axynge curyously.
And they obeye his byddyng faythfully,
With all theyr wyll and entyer dylygence.
In the temple most of reuerence,
Of all the towne whylom dedicate,
And of full yore also consecrate.
To Appollo of olde foundaciowne,
Besyde a gate standyng of the towne,
Called Tymbrya in their Troyan tongue.
As in storye is both red and songe.
And in this phane that I speake of here,
They made fyrste by the hyghe aultere,
By great deuyse a lyttell ozatorye,
Perpetually to be in memory.
Where as was sette a ryche receptacle.
Made in maner of a tabernacle.
Egall of syght for a large ymage,
That reysed was on a ryche stage,
That was borne at eche of his corners,
Of pured golde vpon foure pyllers.
And on euerych full craftely ydyght,
An aungell stode of golde borned bryght.
Ceryously the worke to sustene,
With craftye archys reysed wonder clene,
Enbowed ouer all the worke to cure,
So merueylous was the celature.

That

That all the rofe and cloſure enuyrowne,
Was of fyne golde plated vp and downe.
With knottes graue wonder curyous,
Fret full of ſtones ryche and precious,
Of euery kynde that man can deuyſe.
So royally and in ſo thryfty wyſe,
That the derckeneſſe of the blacke nyght,
With the beames of the clere lyght,
Enchaced was where they dyden chene.
And fro the grounde vpryght as a lyne,
There were degrees men by to aſcende,
Made ſo well that no man coulde amende.
The workmanſchyp & they were euerychone,
Perfourmed vp all of cryſtall ſtone.
Attaynyng vp from the table baſe,
Where the ſtandynge and the reſtynge was,
Of this ryche crafty tabernacle,
Hauynge aboue vpon echye penecle,
A ryche rubye. and reyſed hye on hyght.
Stode an ymage huge and large of weyghte,
Of maſſye golde hauyng the lykeneſſe,
Of worthy Hector that gan his face dreſſe,
Towarde grekes where he tho dyd ſtonde,
Aye threteyng them with his ſworde in honde.
And amiddes all this great rycheſſe,
They haue yſet by good auiſeneſſe,
The dead corps of this worthy knight,
To ſyght of man ſtandinge vp as ryghte,
By ſubtyll craſte as it were lyuynge,
Of face and cheare and of quicke lokinge,
And of coloure ſouthly and of hewe,
Beynge as freſche as any roſe newe,
And lyke in all as by ſuppoſayle,
As he liued in his apparayle.
¶ For on his ſtede lyke as it is tolde,
Thzugh ſmall pipes wrought & made of golde
That by meaſure were enbowed downe,
To an entre made in his crowne,
By great aduyſe and ſubtilte,
To eche partye and extremyte,
Of his body craftely porrecte,
Thzough nerfe and ſynewe dziuen & directe.
By ſecrete pozes craftely to extende,
Wherby the lycour might downe deſcende.
To kepe him hole fro corrupcion,
Withouten any tranſmutacion,
Of hyde and hewe in any parte to tourne.
And at his head of golde was an vrne,
And that was fylde with bawme naturall.
That ran thzough pipes artyficiall,
Thzough necke and head into many place,
Penetrable by paynes of the face.
That thzugh vertue and force of this licoure,
He was conſerued liuely of colourc,
Freſche of hewe quicke and nothynge pale,
So mightely the bawme did auale.
Comparſoned as it were ſemblable,
To a ſoule that were begetable,
The whych without ſenſybelyte,
Miniſtreth life in herbe, floure, and tre.
¶ And ſemblably into euery payne,
Of the corps the vertue did attayne,
By breſte and arme ſpredinge enuyron.
For the moyſture by diſcencion
To hande and foote ſouthly as I reade,
Thzough bone & ioynt gan his vertue chede,
And diſtillinge mightely is flete.
And at his fete full of gummes ſwete,
A viall ſtode tempzed with bawme ymeynt
That by prozeſſe may not waxe feynt,
But daye by daye encreaſe and amende.
Of which the vapoure vpwarde gan aſcend,
Cauſinge the ayze enuyron be delyſe,
To reſemble a very paradyſe,
For the ſauour moze holſome was and ſoote,
Than the odour of gumme ſpice or roote,
And of pure golde were foure laumpes light.
Tofore the corps brenninge daye and nighte,
With oyle in ſothe if it be credyble,
That was by craſte made in extinguible,
For it ne might mine auctour ſayth certayne,
Nother be queint with tempeſt winde or rayne.
Nor by prozeſſe waſten of no yeares.
Whiche in the ayze be brzyght bourned wires,
Full craftely reyſed were a loſte,
Of whoſe ſwetenes men reioyced ofte,
In theyr courage it lyked theim full well,
And whē this worke was complete euerydell,
Rounde enuyrowne ful ryche and freſche to ſe
¶ They made a parcloſe all of Eban tre
That ſo longe laſte maye and dure.
The which tree onely of nature,
When it is cutte ſmelleth wonder ſwete,
And maye not waſte nor brenne with no hete
Though it be layde amonge the coles red,
Widde the flawme of many fiery glede,
It not conſumeth though men aſſaye ful ofte
And in water it houeth not aloſte,

But

But kyndely thense to the grounde it goth,
To swymme on hyght in soth it is to loth,
And lyke also as teacheth Plynyus,
This tree whylom was passyngly famous,
Of so hyghe pryse and reputacion,
That in the large myghty regyon,
And worthy lande of Ethyope and Inde,
Of yore agon the folkes as I fynde,
Had this tree in so great honour,
That they gaue trybute to the Emperour,
¶ As is remembred of antiquite,
Of golde and yuor and of this ryche tree.
With these gyftes famous and royall,
To quyte theyr dette to hym in specyall.
¶ And whan Pryam in full thryfty wyse,
Perfourmed hath as ye haue herde deuyse,
This ryche worke noble and excellent,
Of herty loue in all his beste entent,
Ordayned eke as Guydo can you tell,
A certayne nombre of prestes for to dwell,
¶ In the temple in their deuocions,
Contynually with deuoute orysons,
¶ For the soule of Hector for to preye.
That the goddes his spryte lyste conuey,
Eternally with them to dwell pfeare.
In ioye and blysse aboue the sterres clere.
¶ To whiche prestes ỹ kyng gaue mansyons,
There to abyde and possessyons,
The whiche he hath to them mortyfed,
Perpetually as he haue herde deuysed.
And whyles that they knele praye and wake,
I caste fully me an ende to make,
Fynally of this my thirde boke,
On my rude maner as I vnder toke.
And whyles they of Troye wepe and morne,
Vnto grekes I wyll agayne retourne,
And with dulle style on the story trace,
Onely borne vp with supporte of your grace.

Thus endeth the thirde boke.

¶How the grekes depolyng

Agamenon, ordayned Pallampdes the general of their armye. Cap. xxix.

HEctor thus deade as ye haue herde
& Achylles in his tent playde, (laid,
With his woundes mortall freſſhe
and grene,
Upon a morning when ỹ ſon ſhene,
Enchaced had away the derke nyght,
¶Agamenon the wyſe worthy knyght,
In his workes paſſyngly prudent,
Hath in all haſte for his lordes ſent,
And when they were aſſembled euerychone,
Within his tente to them he ſayde anone.
¶Syrs quod he and lordes that be here,
Kynge, Prynces, and Dukes eke yfere,
If ye aduerte by clere inſpection,
Ye ought echeone with hygh deuocyon.
Hooly of herte our goddes for to herye.
And inwardely for to be ryght merye,
If ye conſydre and wyſely do take hede,
¶How that our enemye Hector is now dead,
That whylom was berer vp of Troye.
Their full truſte their honour and their ioye.
Their hoole deffence and their protection,
And vnto vs death and confuſyon.
Unlykely euer to haue had victorye,
Whyles with lyfe he floured in his glorye.
Againe whoſe ſworde we mighten not auaile
For ſlewe he not at our aryuayle:
If ye remembre on the fyrſte day,
¶The noble kyng called Protheſelay:
And after nexte if I ſhall not fayne,
He Patroclus parted euen on twayne,
In fyelde amonges vs euerychone,
Slewe he not eke the worthy kynge Menon,
Archylogus and alſo Prothenor,
And eke the kyng that hyghte Alphynor,
Phyllys alſo and kyng Epyſtrophus:
¶And to the ende he brought Zantippus,
And Meryon the myghty ſtronge kyng,
In his waye as he came rydynge,
He ſlayne hath and other kynges two,
¶Cedyus and Dorpus alſo,
Polycenes and ſtronge Polybete,
Letabonis and the kynge Phylete,
The manly knyght the kynge Iſydyus,
¶And eke the kynge called Humerus:
For in his Ire and his cruell tene,
Of worthy kynges he ſlayne hath eyghtene,
Whiche hyther came out of grekes lande,
By the power of his myghty hande.
¶Nowe laude and honour to the goddes all
Whiche cauſed haue that it is be fall.
That he is dead to our encreaſe of ioye.
And to diſcreſe of our foen in Troye.
As they ſhall fynde in experyence.
And laude alſo preſe and reuerence,
Be to fortune that vs hath holpe wele.
With her tournyng of her double whele.
To hyghe comforte and conſolacyowne,
Of vs echone ſyttynge enuyrowne.
That ſtonde nowe in parfyt ſykerneſſe,
Through deth of hym ỹ dyd vs ſo oppreſſe.
And what may they waite now in the towne
But after deth and deſtructiowne,
And haſtely for to ende in wo,
Now that their truſte Hector is a go.
Without whom they may not longe endure,
Wherfore we may fully vs aſſure,
Our purpoſe hole that we ſhall acheue.
And fynally daunte them ſo and greue,
That vnto them it ſhalbe importable,
Of one aſſent if we ſtande ſtable.
For their partye tourneth on the wrake,
And their hope is fully put a bake.
And diſpeired in nonſecurytye,
For vtterly both they and their Citye,
Shall more & more in weer of death depende,
And we in ſoth ſhall day by day amende,
With helpe of god both on ſea and lande.
For now victorye is redy to our hande.
Deuoyde platly of ambyguyte,
And excluded at eye as ye may ſe,
Both of wantruſt and of foreyne dread,
But I counſayle or that we procede,
Any ferther vpon our foen to ryde,
Prudently a whyle to abyde,
And kepe vs cloſe for to paſſe our boundes,

Tyll

¶Tyll Achylles be heled of his woundes.
And then echone by myghtye vyolence,
Shal thē oppreſſe when they haue no diffence
As I haue ſayde through helpe of Achylles.
And let vs nowe ſende for a peace,
For two monthes to kyng Pryamus,
If it ſo be he lyſte to graunt it vs.
As it is lyke playnely that he ſhall.
And they there whyle with flawme funerall,
Conſume may the deadebodyes pale,
That lye abrode on euery hyll and vale.
Whiche by reporte of them that haue repeyre,
From day to day infecten ſo the eyre,
Throughout the fielde engendryng peſtilence
Of ſtynke there is ſo great a vyolence.
¶And we there whyle may in eaſe and reſte,
Our woundes cure me ſemeth for the beſte.
¶And they aſſent therto euerychone,
And vnto Troye the meſſageres are gone,
And haue the trewſe graunted of the kynge.
And be repeyred without more taryinge.
And thereof made full relacyon,
To the grekes afore Agamenon.
And after that when all was at an ende,
Home to his tent euery lorde doth wende.
And whyle the trewſe endureth and the peace
Amonge grekes kynge Pallamydes,
Cumplayneth ſore of Agamenon.
That he ſo had the domynacyon,
Aboue them all hauyng there at enuye.
And on a day in his melancolye,
Of hyghe deſpyte and indignacyon,
Full inly fret with yrous paſſyon,
He gan breke out and his rancour ſhewe.
By certayne ſygnes though he ſpake but fewe
Tyll on a day the wyſe Agamenon,
Conceyued hath of highe diſcrecyon,
Hooly this thyng & thought he ne wold ſpare,
Fro poynt to poynt hym ſelfe to declare,
Whan his lordes together were preſent,
Tofore them all in his owne tent.
As he that was this noble worthy kynge,
Full circumſpect in euery maner thyng.
Nought to rakell nor melancolyus,
But by attempraunce inly vertuous.
Well auyſed and wonderly prudent.
Whan that he knewe the meaning and entent
And the conceyte of this Pallamydes,
Ye not to haſtye nor to rekles,
But longe abydyng thrugh prudence & reſo-
Within the boundes of his diſcrecion.
Whoſe tongue was only of ſappyence,
So reſtreyned that no neclygence,
Of haſty ſpeche ſothly for to rape,
Myght make a worde his lyppes to eſcape,
Unaduiſed for nothyng him aſterte,
But it were fyrſt examyned in his herte.
For aye his ſpeche in ſo thryfty wyſe,
Conueyed was by doctryne of the wyſe,
Under the reyne of wyt and hyghe prudence,
And after that by fourme of eloquence,
Alway ſo ſayde that reaſon went afore,
So that no worde was in his tale lore.
¶And in this wyſe ſhewynge his ſentence,
Tofore all in open audyence,
Sayde euen thus whan that all was peace,
Unto the kynge called Pallamydes.
¶Sothly quod he if ſo ye take hede,
Me ſemeth playnly that it were no nede,
Auyſedly if he lyſte aduerte,
To muſen ſo nor grutchen in your herte,
Of all this hoſte that I haue gouernaunce,
Wyſely conſydered euery circumſtaunce,
How I the eſtate whiche no man may denye,
Wolde in no maner neuer occupye,
By other tytle then free election.
Not interrupt by medyacyon,
Of brocage other roted vpon mede.
Aye vnder meynt with fauour or falſchede.
Depeinte with coloure of trewe entencion,
As might ſuppoꝛt ſuche falſe ambicion.
¶Of whiche thyng here I wyll me quite,
Tofore you all that I am not to wyte,
In any wyſe of ſo hyghe offence.
But ſtande clere in my conſeyence,
Without ſpot of any ſuche vayne glorye,
Touchyng the eſtate whiche is tranſytorye.
¶Yet neuertheleſſe I haue do my cure,
With all my wyt to helpe and procure,
That euery thyng touchyng the comentie,
Perſeuer myght in proſperyte.
Hauyng the eye of my inwarde ſyghte,
Unto the eſtate of euery maner wyght,
That were commytted to my gouernaunce.
With great laboure and buſy attendaunce.
Indifferent vnto hye or lowe,
To helpe & foſtre where as I might knowe,
That any ſtode in myſchyefe or in neade.

Daye

Daye and nyght for to taken hede,
As I beste coulde by aduysednesse,
Aye dylygent that none felle in distresse.
For sothfastly who so loke aryght,
My dayes thought and my watche a nygbt,
And of my herte the inly aduertence,
Without fraude slouthe or neclygence,
Was faythfully with all my full inygbt,
Me to acquyte to euery maner wyghte,
Lyke his estate without exception.
So that no man iustly of reason,
Greke nor other that is nowe a lyue,
Unto my gylte may duely do aserue,
Any falsehede engyne or trecherye,
Of loue or hate fauour or flaterye.
In any cause named in specyall,
But that I haue be a lyke egall,
To one and all with all my busye payne.
That no man hath mater to complayne,
For his partie of hye or lowe estate,
And to deuoyde of rancour and debate,
Amonges you I haue do my deuer,
In generall and thyng partyculer,
That hyther toward nothing hath mischeued
And god wote well it shuld not haue agreued,
To my herte to set at any pryse,
You to haue chose by your discrete aduyse,
Some other to this domynacion.
And I to haue be in subiection,
With ease of herte and tranquillite.
Lyke other lordes here of my degree.
And in my wyll fully haue obeyed,
Lyke one of you vtterly to haue deyed,
In the quarell that we haue vndertake.
If destyne had it so yshape.
I saye in soth me is full loth to fayne,
And ouermore also where ye playne,
That I was chosen without your assent,
Meruayle not syth ye ne were present,
Nor longe after yf ye remembre a rygbt,
Towarde Troye your waye was not dyght.
If ye consyder it was after nere,
Or that ye came passed full two yere.
And so longe to abyde your commyng,
It had byn muche to grekes hyndryng,
Passyng harme and full great damage,
And huge lettynge vnto our voyage.
For yf we had without any wene,
On your commynge tarryed at Athene,
It lykely is ye can not well saye naye,
To haue be there yet vnto this daye.
And where as ye thought it be not credyble,
And eke affyrmed for an impossyble,
That Grekes shulde in any maner wyse,
Dare take on them any great Empryse,
In your absence manly to acheue.
It is but wynde nothyng for to leue,
For so it be to you none offence,
The grekes haue without your presence,
Thrugh their force on water and on lande,
Full many thynge parformed w̄ their hande.
And acheued through their worthynesse.
And of one thyng that in me ye gesse,
This to saye that of my degree,
I shulde in herte so reioyse me,
Of this lordshyp and this great estate,
The more to be pompose and elate.
In chere or porte that I it occuppe,
But me to acquyte trewely and not lye,
And to deuoyde all suspection,
I wyll make a resygnacion,
To fore you all for to excuse me.
Nowe be auised discretly for to se,
Whom ye lyst haue agayne to morowe prime.
Without settyng of any longer tyme.
Prolongyng forth or any more delaye,
And thus they made an ende of that daye.
And went their waye onely for that night,
Tyll on the morowe ẏ Tytan shad his lyght.
At whiche tyme a counsayle generall,
The grekes helde but most in specyall,
Of lordes was there congregacion,
As I haue tolde for the election.
And when they were all mette yfere.
Agamenon anone as ye shall heare,
Sayde euen thus with sadde countenaunce.
Lo syres quod he touching the gouernaunce,
That I haue hadde and dominacion,
I haue therto with hole affection,
And clene entente do my busyneſſe,
That euery thinge might in wilfulnesse,
To your encrease perseuer and contune.
Recorde I take of god and Fortune.
Whych haue conserued and the cause be,
You for to floure in felycyte,
So that your honour and your high noblesse
Stande hole and sounde yet in sykernesse.
And whyle your fame is most in flourynge,

As

As semeth me it is ryght well syttyng,
Myne estate fully to resygne.
Specially while fortune is beninge.
For of so many that be nowe present,
I knowe my selfe onely insuffycient,
Without helpe for to bere the charge.
Men with to muche may ouerlade a barge.
And namely when tempest is and rage,
And syth ye be so discrete and sage,
Of my burthen let me be releued.
So that no man therwith be agreued.
But let vs all of one entencion,
Without stryfe or discencion,
Chose suche one that most be acceptable,
To you echone and moste conenable,
You to gouerne by discrecion,
And they echone with hole affection,
Assented be to speke in generall.
Here men may se how it is naturall,
Men to delyte in thynges that is newe.
The truste of people is faynt and vntrewe.
Aye vndiscrete and full of doublenesse.
And varyable of their sykernesse.
Aye awaytyng in their opynyon,
After chaunge and transmutacyon,
Selde or neuer standyng hole in one,
To day they loue to morowe it is gone.
In whom full selde is any sykernesse.
For onely now of newfangelnesse,
That hath embraced their affeetion,
They haue in stede of Agamenon,
Of newe chose onely of fauour,
Pallamydes to be their gouernour.
And of all Grece lyke as they delyre,
To haue the Sceptre of the hole Empyre.
And to be called aboute in euery coste,
The onely Emperour of the Grekes hoste.
Ryght as tofore was Agamenon,
And this was fyne and conclusyon,
For that day of their Parlement.
And after that euery man is went,
To his lodgyng home the ryght way.
But in his tente wounded as he laye,
The hardy knyght the fyerse Achylles,
Whan that he herde of Pallamydes,
From poynt to poynt and of the election,
He was displeased in his opynyon.
And playnly thought as to his aduyse,
Agamenon was passyngly more wyse,
And more discrete vnto gouernaunce,
Than was the tother as to his pleasaunce.
And sayde it was none election,
But a maner subrogacyon.
Bycause hym selfe in the parlement,
At the chesyng was not there present.
Arettyng it passyng great offence,
That the choyse was made in his absence.
Wherwith he was of herte inly wrothe.
But where so be that he be lefe or loth.
There is no more but in conclusion,
In his strength stode the election.

Howe kyng Pryam in persone issued into batayle, for thaduēge of Hectors death, where he dyd ryght valyauntly. Cap. xxx.

The trewse passed and pwered out,
The wounded eke recured all aboute.
The nexte morowe after Pryamus,
In his herte was inly desyrous,
With the grekes manly for to fyght.
Hectors death tauenge if he myght.
This olde Pryam knightly in the fyelde,
That whan Troyans in theim selfe beheldē,
The great will and the hygh courage,
Of hym that was so ferre yronne in age.
They gan reioyse and plucke vp their herte,
And specyally whan they gan aduerte,
His great manhode and his worthynesse.
His luelyed and his hyghe prowesse.
And for his sake euery maner man,
Gan arme him in all the haste they can,
With Pryamus that day to lyue or deye,
An hundred thousand and fyfty of the towne.
Lyke as Dares maketh mencyowne.
And worthy knyghtes they were euerychone
Without other that with Pryam gone.
And all afore went Deiphobus,
And Parys nexte and then Pryamus,
Menon the kyng and worthy Eneas.
And alderlast came Pollydamas.
And as I fynde sterne and full of pryde.
Pallamydes came on the tother syde,
Into the fyelde with many stronge battayle,
And fyrste when eche other gan assayle,
Kynge Pryamus knyghtly his way chese,
Through the wardes to Pallamydes
And hym vnhorseth thrugh his hye renowne,

And

And lyke a knyght he kylleth & bereth downe
The proude grekes where so that they rode.
Was none so hardy that his swoꝛde abode.
Foꝛ so narowe he gan them to coharte,
That their wardes he made a sonder parte.
On them he was so felle and furyous,
Foꝛ he that daye dyd dedes full meruaylous.
In armes wꝛought that wonder was to sene
And a marualyle how he may sustene,
Of so great age in the fyelde tendure.
Foꝛ incredible was J you ensure,
To se howe he thꝛough his great myght,
The grekes put proudely to the flyght.
¶And Deiphobus was also not behynde,
Fgayne his foen knightly as J fynde.
To acquyte him selfe & make thē to go backe,
And Sarpedowne in whom eke is no lacke.
yfallen is on Neptolonius,
The proudest greke and moste surquedous,
And most famous as of strength and myght,
The whiche agaynwarde rode ful lyne ryght
To Serpedowne with a spere rounde,
And delyuerly smote hym to the grounde,
¶But Sarpedowne full ꝛyous in his herte,
Without abode on his fete vpsterte,
¶And Neptolonye in his yze all hote,
Thꝛughout the thighe w his swoꝛd he smote.
¶And than anone the kyng of Perce lande,
That was so woꝛthy & famous of his hande
Of Sarpedowne whan that he toke hede,
Knyghtly to hym restoꝛed hath his stede.
¶Not withstandyng that Menelaus,
Was vpon hym passynge despyteous.
And with hym eke the Duke of Athenes,
Enclosed haue amonge the great pꝛese,
The kynge of Perce alas it shulde befall.
And slewe hym as he amonge them all,
¶Full knyghtly fought lyke a champyowne.
With multitude enclosed enuyꝛowne,
And he him selfe but alone alas,
All destitute in this moꝛtall case.
Thꝛugh whose mischefe they of Troy towne
Gan to withdꝛawe tyll that Sarpedowne,
Hath holpen them to recure there lande.
Full many Greke kyllyng with his hande.
¶And kyng Pꝛyam so manly founde at all,
With his sonnes called naturall,
Whiche vpon hym where so that he rode,
The longe daye manfully abode,
Departynge not playnely from his syde.
And as the kynge and they togyther ryde,
Full moꝛtally the grekes they confounde.
Foꝛ Pꝛyamus with many cruell wounde,
Hath slayne of them many woꝛthy man.
On hoꝛsebacke amonge them as he ran.
Foꝛ there was none that day yonge noꝛ olde,
Of Troye towne so hardy noꝛ so bolde,
Of none estate that hath so well hym boꝛne,
Amonge Grekes oꝛ so well hath hym woꝛne,
From poynt to poynt to reken euery thynge,
As hath Pꝛyam the noble woꝛthy kyng,
Foꝛ he alone was confusyon,
To the grekes and destruction.
Their outter mischiefe and discomfyture,
Afoꝛe whose face they myght not endure.
Foꝛ thynges two in his moꝛtall yze,
Jnwardely haue sette hym so a fyer,
The harty hate that he bare of olde,
Unto grekes double many folde,
With the death had in remembꝛaunce,
Of woꝛthy Hectoꝛ by contynuaunce.
The whiche platly thꝛough his woꝛthynesse,
With his swoꝛde he chope hym to redꝛesse.
Foꝛ fret of hate and constreynt of his peyne,
Were veryly thylke thynges twayne,
By whiche that daye who so loke a ryght,
His foꝛce was doubled and his myght,
Where thꝛugh he toke so cruelly vengeaunce,
That he the grekes bꝛought to outtraunce.
And thꝛugh his knyghthod put thē to ỹ flight
¶But grekes then attones dyd their myght,
By assent to assemble into one,
And foꝛ a sleyght a syde out they gone,
Jnto a playne large and fayze to se,
Betwene Pꝛyam and Troye the cytye,
To syne onely in their entenciowne,
Hym to debarre the entre of the towne.
Foꝛ euery waye the grekes haue with set,
That they of Troye had tho be let,
At their repayze the stoꝛye telleth thus,
Ne had the manhode be of Pꝛiamus.
The whiche anone as any lyon stronge,
With his swoꝛde gan ryde them amonge,
And seuered them with large woundes wyde
And slewe all tho that wolde his swoꝛd abide
Euery where endelonge on the playne.
¶And Paris eke hath them so belayne,
With myghty shote of his stronge archers,

And with the purſuite of theſe Arbalaſters,
That they ne might of the ſhote ſo kene,
The mortall harme abide nor ſuſtene.
But gan anone to fle out of the place,
And kinge Priam ſo narowe gan thē chaſe,
That of great nede and neceſſite,
Through the ſlaughter and the cruelte,
Of his ſworde ſharpe whet and grounde,
There was no Greke in the felde yfounde,
But fledde awaye eueriche to his tente,
And they of Troye be to their Cite wente,
Bycauſe it drewe faſte towarde night.
For Phebus hadde bereued them his light,
¶And ſo the honour of his high victorye,
The worſchip eke the laude and memorye,
Perpetually and the palme alſo,
¶Priam the kinge hath wonne and no mo.
For that daye in releaſe of his ſorowe,
¶And as I reade on the next morowe,
He hath ſente out of Troye towne,
For a trewſe to Agamenowne.
Which graunted was the ſelfe daye at prime,
Albe therof reherſed be no tyme.
Howe longe it laſte in the boke expreſſe.
¶During the which they did theyr buſineſſe,
Hertye laboure and inwarde diligence,
For to ordayne with great reuerence,
How that the corps of the worthy kinge,
Of Perce lande without more tarynge,
With kingly honour out of Troye towne,
Shall caryed be into this regiowne.
To be buryed with his predeceſſours,
With other kinges of his progenitours.
The whych thinge was complete by ỹ aduiſe
Of Aliſaunder that called was Paris.
And firſte the corps enbawmed richely,
Conueyed was and that full ſolempnely,
As write Guido with an huge route,
Of his knightes ridinge hun aboute,
Triſte and heauy cladde in blacke echone,
And with the chare the right way they gone,
Towardes Perce ledinge of this kinge,
The dead corps towarde his buryinge.
Which halowed was like his eſtate royall.
¶And in this while the feaſte funerall,
Was holde alſo with great deuociowne,
¶Of worthy Hector within Troye towne.
Like the cuſtome vſed in tho dayes,
And the rites of their paynym layes.
The which feaſt as made is mencion,
Fro yere to yeare by reuolucion,
Yhalowed was the ſpace of fourtnight,
With many flawme and many hydous light,
That brent enuiron in the ſentuarye,
And called was the Anniuerſarye,
For that it came aboute yeare by yeare,
A certayne daye in theyr Kalendere.
In whych of cuſtome for a remembraunce,
The people ſhoulde by continuaunce,
Playne and wepe and alſo praye and reade,
For theyr frendes that afore were deade,
Ful piteouſly with theyr heyr to torne,
Mourninge in black and kneling aye afornе
The dead corps of this worthy knight.
Which in his time ſo paſſinge was of mighte.
And this was done while the trewſe dure,
So that the Grekes truſtely might aſſure,
When that theim liſt at good liberte,
Without daunger enter this cite,
Daye by daye and Troians might alſo,
Unto Grekes frely come and go.

At whiche time with full great delite,
Hath Achilles caught an appetite,
To entre and ſe the maner of the towne.
Without wiſedome or diſcreſciowne,
For to beholde playnly and to ſe,
Hoole the maner of this ſolempnite.
And forthe he wente on a certayne daye,
Towarde Troye in all the haſte he maye.
Unarmed ſothly as mine Auctour ſayeth.
Without aſſuraunce or any other fayth,
Except the trewſe who ſo be lyeſe or lothe.
And firſt of all to the temple he gothe,
Of Apollo halowed where was the feaſte.
Throughout the towne downe vnto the leſt.
That cleped was the Anyuerſarye,
As ye haue herde what ſhuld I longer tarye.
And many worthy preſent was therat,
Amid the temple of high and lowe eſtate,
Lordes and ladyes of affecciowne,
From euery parte gathered of the towne.
¶Now was the corps of this worthy knyght
As freſhe of colour kept vnto the ſyght,
As lyfely eke and as quicke of hewe,
To beholde as any roſe newe.
Through vertue onely of the gummes ſwete,
And the bawme that gan aboute flete.

To

To euery ioynt and eche extremyte,
¶And at this feast and solempnyte,
Was Hecuba and ponge Pollicene,
So womanly and goodly on to sene,
With many other of high estate and lowe,
To fore the corps syttinge on a rowe,
With heyr vntrussed cladde in wedes blake,
That euer in one suche a sorowe make,
That routhe was and pyte for to sene,
Howe they playne and the death bineane,
Of worthy Hector of knighthod groūd & well.
¶But trowe ye as Guydolyst to tell,
That Pollicene in all her wofull rage,
Ychaunged hath vpon her visage,
Her natife coloure as freshe to the sighte,
As is the rose or the lelye white.
Other the freshenes of her lippes red,
For al the teares that she gan to shede.
On her chekes as any cristall cleare.
Her heyr also resemblyng to golde wyere,
Whych laye abrode like vnto the sighte,
Of Phebus beames in her sphere bright.
Whan he to vs doth his light auale.
And aye she rente with her fingers smale,
Her golden heyre on her blacke wede.
¶Of whyche thing Achilles toke good hede,
And gan meruayle greatly in his thoughte,
Howe god or kinde euer might haue wrought,
In theyr workes so fayre a creature.
For him thought he might not endure,
To beholde the brightnesse of her face.
For he felte through his herte pace,
The persinge streames of her eyen two,
Cupides darte hath him marked so,
For loue of her that in his desyre,
He brente as hote as dothe any fyre,
And after soonewith sodayne ire he quoke,
And alwaye fire on her he had his loke,
So that the arowe of the god Cupide,
Hath perced him euen through the side,
To the herte and gaue him suche a wounde,
That neuer was likly to be sounde,
And aye in one his loke on her he caste,
As he durste and gan to prese faste,
Towarde her namely with his eye.
That him thought he must nedes deye,
But if that he founde in her some grace,
There was no gayne for playnly in ỹ place,
Of newe he was caughte in loues snare.
That of healthe and of all welfare,
He was despeyred in his herte so,
That he ne knewe what was beste to do.
Eche other thinge I do you well assure,
He set at nought and toke of it no cure,
His thought was on her and no mo,
The longe daye thus wente he to and fro,
Tyll Phebus cheyre lowe gan decline.
His golden aretre that so clere did shine,
This to saye the sonne wente downe,
Whan Hecuba quene of Troye towne,
¶And her doughter Pollycene also,
Out of the temple to the paleys go.
¶And aye Achilles on her had a sighte,
While that he might till for lacke of lighte,
He maye no more haue leysure opportune,
To loke on her cursed be fortune.
For which in haste he maked hath his wente,
With his knightes home vnto his Tente.
Where he anone without more tarynge,
To bedde goeth full tryste in complaynynge,
Aye in him selfe castinge vp and downe,
In his minde and eke in his reasowne,
From head to foote her beaute euerydell,
And in his herte he felte and knewe ful well,
That fynall cause of his languyshynge,
Was Pollicene of beaute most passinge.
For loue of whom so muche pay ne he felte,
That with the heat he thought his hert melt.
Aye on his bedde walowinge to and fro.
For the constreynt of his hidde wo,
For which almost him thought that he deyde,
And to him selfe euen thus he seyde,
¶Alas quod he howe me is wo begone,
That of my sorowe knowe ende none.
For I suppose sith the worlde began,
Ne was there neuer a more wofull man.
For I that whylom was of so great myght,
So renowmed of euery maner wyght,
Throughout the worlde both of high & lowe
For there was none in sothe that could know
A man in armes that was more famous,
Nor yet pholde more victorious,
Tofore this time remembred by no stile,
Vnto this daye alas the harde while,
Nother Hector playnly nor none other.
Of Pollicene that was the worthy brother.
That power had when they with me mette,
For all theyr might me to ouersette.

Nor in the felde my force for to daunte,
Here prpuely as I me dare auaunte,
¶But nowe alas a mayde of tender age,
Hath sodaynly me brought in suche a rage,
That with the streames of her eyen twayne,
She perced hath and clouen euery payne,
Of my herte that I maye not asterte,
For to be dead thrugh constreynt of my smert
¶For who shall nowe wisshe me or teache,
Or who alas shall nowe be my leche,
Or who alas shall helpe me or saue,
There is but death and after that my graue,
For other hope playnly is there none.
Saue in her mercy alas and that is gone,
For nother prayer treasonr nor rychesse,
Force nor might nother high prowesse,
Highnes of blond brithe nor kinrede,
Maye auayle nor helpen in this nede,
To mene her nor my sadde trouthe,
Upon my wo euer to haue routhe.
¶What newe furye or inportune rage,
Hath brought my hertinto suche outrage,
Agaynst whych I can not nowe debate,
¶To loue her beste that deadly doth me hate
¶And in good fayth who wysely lyste aduert
Lytell wonder though she me hate of herte,
Syth I am come hither fro so ferre,
On her kinredefor to make werre,
In the whyche to my confusyowne,
Her knightly brother most worthy of renown
Haue fatally with mine handes slawe.
Whych in this worlde had no felowe,
Of worthynesse nor of manlyheade.
Alas alas nowe maye I quake and dreade,
And of my lyfe fallen in dispeyre.
For howe shoulde I be bolde to haue repeyre
Or dare alas come in theyr syghte,
I woful wretche I vnhappy wighte,
Or howe shall I be hardy to appeare,
In the presence of her eyen cleare,
Certys I se none other mene weye,
But fynally that I must nedes deye.
So dispeyred I stande on euery syde.
Of other helpe I con me not prouyde,
And ryght anone with scaldinge sighes depe,
This Achilles braste out for to wepe,
With deadly cheare pale and funerall,
And with his face tourned to the wall,
That routhe was and pyte for to sene,
The hertye furye of his paynes kene.
For so oppressed he was in his thoughte,
Of lyfe nor death that he rought nought.
And this continued till it drewe to nyght,
That Titan hath withdrawe his clear light,
And euer in one like this wofull man,
Lyche like of coloure pale and wan,
Without slepe so fretinge was his sorowe.
¶Tyll Lucifer on the next morowe,
To forre the sonne with his beemes cleare,
Full lustely gan for to appeare.
In the oryent whan this Achilles,
Unpacient wythout reste or peace,
Quakinge aye in his feuer newe,
As it was sene playnly in his hewe.
Tyll he abrayde of anguisshe sodaynly,
And called one that was with him pryue.
And of counsayle whom he trusteth well,
And vnto him he telleth euerydell,
Fro poynt to poynt with him howe it stode.
And sent him forth bycause he could his good
On his message streyght to Troye towne,
With full aduise and informaciowne,
Of this mattere to Hecuba the quene.
Through his wisedome for to be a mene,
If so he might by his discrecion,
Finde any waye as of saluacion,
Unto his lorde that he loued so.
And to the quene anone he is go,
And his matter wisely gan conueye,
To forre or he of grace would her preye,
That she enioyeth to gyue him audience,
For in his tale there was none offence.
¶He was no foole nor newe for to lere,
Wherfore the quene goodly gan him here,
Of all that euer him liketh for to sayne,
There was no word ylost nor spoke in vaine.
For his tale no man conld amende,
And craftely he gan to discende,
To the substaunce and tolde clerely oute,
With premisses full well brought aboute,
That fynally in conclusyon,
The chiefe he sayde of his entencion,
Effectuelly if it would be,
Was for to make peace and vnyte,
Atwene Grekes and the folke of Troye.
To whych thinge he knewe no better weye,
Than of the werre for their alder ease,
By his witte prudently to appease,

The moztall stryfe and the bytter rage,
By allyaunce onely of maryage,
If that her lyst this wise worthy quene,
¶That her doughter fayre Pollicene,
Haye wedded be vnto Achilles.
Where through theyr might be a fynall peas,
If Hecuba by her discrescion,
Through her wytte and medyacion,
And her prudence might about bryngе,
That Pryamus were fully assentinge,
¶That Achilles might his doughter wyue.
So that it might parfourmed be as blyue,
Lyke as tofore made is mencin,
By couenaunt onely and condicion,
That the Grekes shall theyr werre lete,
And suffer him to lyuen in quyete.
If the maryage of these ylke twayne,
Parfourmed be and knyt vp in a chayne.
¶And when ỹ quene hath knowen his entēt,
Full soberly by good aduysement,
Tofore or that any worde asterte,
Full pyteously she sighed in her herte,
And at the laste with a sobre cheare,
Euen thus she sayd to the messagere,
My frende quod she touchynge thy requeste,
I can no more make the behestе,
But at the leste I will condescende,
What lyeth in me to bringe to an ende,
Thy lordes wyll with all my herte entiere.
But herevpon I must fyrst requere,
The kinges wyll if he lyst to assente.
To the purpose for whych thou arte sente.
And ouermore I must wytte also,
If that Paris be willynge eke therto.
Of whych thynge with euery circumstaunce,
I wyll my selfe maken enquerаunce,
¶Full faythfully of Pryam and Paris,
The meane whyle what is theyr aduyse,
Without more within dayes thre.
At whiche time come againe to me,
From Achilles if so he will the sende,
And fynally thou shalt knowe an ende,
Of this matter and an aunswere playne.
And home he goeth to Achilles agayne,
¶With full glad cheare his lorde the more to
And for to set his hert at better ease, (please,
Anysedly of high discrescion,
He hath so made his relacion,
And tolde his tale in so thrifty wyse,
As he that could his wordes so deuyse,
To bringe in hope into his lordes herte,
With full relese of his paynes smerte,
Wherby he made his sorowe to withdrawe,
And thus whyle hope gan to adawe,
¶Amid his breste. and Hecuba the quene,
¶To Pryam spake of this Pollycene,
Touchinge the sonde of this Achilles,
And of his profre for to make a peace,
She tolde him all and forgate nothinge,
Wherof astoned Priamus the kynge,
Spake not a worde halfe an houres space.
But in him selfe gan inly to compace.
Full prudently what it might meane,
That Achilles would haue Pollycene.
Unto his wife aye wonderynge more & more
And at the laste syghinge wonder sore,
He hath disclosed the concept of his herte,
And sayd alas howe sore it doth me smerte,
To remembre that I may haue no peace,
The great offence of this Achilles,
Towardes me playnly when that he,
Slewe worthy Hector through his cruelty,
That hooly was vpon euery side,
The hoole assuraunce gouernour and guyd
Of me and mine platly for to sayne.
And therwithall of myne eyen twayne,
He was alone the very sothfast lyght.
Shelde & protectour through his great might.
And his manhode agayne the moztall rage,
Of Grekes werre in my croked age,
¶But nowe alas to my confusyowne,
He slayne is so worthy of renowne.
By Achilles which maye not out of minde.
That in my herte I can neuer synde,
To be allyed with my moztall foo,
Roote and grounde of all my sorowe & woo.
It were full harde my herte to appease,
To loue him that causeth mine vnease.
On euery halfe where through my cruel foen
The proude Grekes harted be echone.
Agaynst me nowe Fortune is contrayre.
Tourned of newe my quarell to apayre.
That causeth Grekes wood and furyous,
On me alas to be presumptuous.
¶Onely for Hector is me beraft awaye.
But sythen I no other choyse maye,
Agaynst herte though it for anger ryne,
In this matter assaye I shall to stryue,

Though me be lothe and ſytteth me full ſore,
Yet to eſchewe harmes that be more,
Which lykly be hereafter for to fall,
And for to ſaue myne other ſonnes all,
I will conſente that this Achilles,
So that he make a trewe fynall peace,
Atwene Grekes and alſo this Cite,
Without more playnly howe that he,
Haue vnto wyfe my doughter Pollycene.
¶But leſte that he any treaſon meane,
My will is firſte how ſo that it wende,
Of his beheſt that he make an ende,
Wythout fraude this is mine aduiſe.
¶To whych counſayle aſſenteth eke Paris,
And more rather in concluſyon,
For there was made none exceptioon,
¶In this Trete of the quene Heleyne,
That Menelaye neuer ſhoulde atteyne,
Her to recure agayne vnto hys wyfe.
For whyche Paris without noyſe or ſtryfe,
Or grutchynge other vnto this entente,
Within him ſelfe was fully of aſſente,
Therby hoppynge without feare or dreade,
Perpetually Heleyne to poſſede.
Right at his luſte and no man ſhall ſaye nay.
And after this vpon the thirde daye,
¶Achilles hath to wytte of this mattere,
To Hecuba ſente his meſſingere.
And ſhe him tolde the aunſwere of the kynge,
Ceryouſly gynninge and endinge.
And how that he aſſenteth well therto,
¶And Paris eke and ſhe her ſelfe alſo,
If it ſo were playnly ſhe him tolde,
Touchinge the peace that the purpoſe holde.
And fyrſte that he his heſte brynge aboute,
That they be ſure therof nede not doubte,
That he ſhall haue his purpoſe euerydele,
If that he worke prudently and wele.
And herevpon with informacioune,
This meſſenger out of Troye towne,
Without abode in all the haſte he maye,
To Achilles helde the ryghte waye.
And tolde him hole the effect of this mattere,
And he alwaye feruente and entiere,
In herte brent as hote as any glede,
And ſawe there was none other way to ſpede
But onely peace as ye haue herde me telle.
¶And aye his breſt with ſighes gan to ſwel,
For the only loue of this Pollycene,
And caſte alwaye amonge his thoes kene,
To his purpoſe a waye for to fynde,
And whyles he was buſy in his mynde,
How he ſhoulde his purpoſe brynge aboute,
And in him ſelfe caſteth many doubte,
¶Anone diſpayre in a rage vp ſterte,
And cruelty caught hym by the herte,
Whych hath him throwe into ſuche a were,
That him thoughe it was in his power,
All his beheſte to fulfyll in dede.
Except he hadde well the leſſe dreade.
Euery thinge to put in certayne,
Wening no Greke would his luſte withſayne
From his deſyre to be variable,
And to him ſelfe thus was he fauorable,
For to parfourme and nothynge to denye,
All that was luſty to his fantaſye.
As is the maner of louers euerychone.
That they ſuppoſe to acheue anone,
What thinge it be that they lyſt take on hand,
In what diſioynt that the matter ſtande,
All though it be a very impoſſyble,
In theyr foly they be aye ſo credible.
And ſo Achilles truſteth fynally,
For to fulfyll his heſtes vtterly,
Suppoſinge aye for his worthyneſſe,
For his manhode and his hygh proweſſe,
In whych he did him ſelfe glorifye,
Some what of pryde and of ſurquedrye,
How the Grekes ſhoulden be deſpayred,
Both of theyr truſte & theyr might appeyred,
Upon Troians to wynnen any lande,
If it ſo were that he withdrewe his hande,
To helpe theim and therwithall alſo,
Home into Grece that they wolden go,
From the ſyege onely for his ſake.
And their quarell vterly forſake.
¶But it ſo were this daye fyerſe Achille,
With theym abode the cite for to ſpylle.
For whyche thinge the lordes by aſſente,
Aſſembled were to heren the entente,
Amonge theim all of thys Achilles.
By the byddinge of Pallamydes,
And when they were gathered all yfere,
Tofore theim all lyke as ye ſhall heare,

THis Achilles hath his tale begonne.
And ſayd ſyres that ſo muche konne,
Both of wyſedome and of high prudence,

So

So renowmed eke of sapyence,
Throughout the worlde & of discrecionne,
And be so worthy also of renowne.
Kynges and dukes of whose royall name,
From East to West floureth yet the fame.
Both of knyghthode and of manlyhead.
To that I saye I pray you taken hede.
This to saye yf that ye consyder,
The playne entent of our commyng hyther,
By good auyse that our entencyon,
Had no grounde founded on reason,
Nor cause roted on no maner ryght.
If it so be that ye lyft vp your syght,
And aduerte clerely in your mynde,
Full ferre a backe wytte was set behynde,
Prudent lokyng and aduysenesse,
For fyrst whan that we of foly hastynesse,
Toke vpon vs to come from so ferre,
Agayne Troyans for to gynne a werre.
And to ieoparte our lyues euerychone,
For the loue of one man alone.
Ye wote all I trowe whom I meane.
Kyng Menelay defrauded of his quene.
To telle trouth me lyste not for to feyne,
For ye well wote onely that Heleyne,
Was groũde and gynnyng of all this debate.
For whom so many worthy of estate,
Recurlesse of any remedye,
Lyfe and good haue put in ieopardye.
Our landes lefte and eke our regyownes,
Our cyties also and our ryche townes.
Whiche by our absence stonden desolate,
Wyues and chyldren eke disconsolate.
In woe abyde mournynge and distresse,
Whyles that we here the soth to expresse,
From day to day beset on euery ryde,
Lye in the felde and our death abyde.
In sorowe and care in labour and in wo,
And with all this ye wotte well also,
Sith fyrst tyme that the werre began,
Of our grekes how many worthy man,
Hath loste his lyfe thrugh deathes fatal woũd
That hytherto haue myght lyued & be sounde
At home in Grece assured well in ioye.
If they ne had comen vnto Troye.
That to remembre it is full great pyte,
¶And ouer this I saye also for me,
Amonge Troyans in their cruell mode,
I haue so mochе loste of my bloude,
That hath full ofte made pale of hewe.
¶This other day also grene and newe,
I had of Hector suche a mortall wounde,
With a quarell sharpe whet and grounde,
Aboue the thygh so kene was the head,
The same daye afore that he was dede,
Of very happe as it was yshape,
That from the death vnneth I might escape.
Whiche yet all freche is vpon me sene.
Large and wyde and as yet but grene.
The smerte of whiche I yet ful sore cõplayne.
¶And in good fayth me semeth that Heleyne
If ye aduerte wysely in your thought,
With suche a pryse shulde nat haue be bought.
Where thrugh our lyfe and our good yfeare,
And our honour are yput in were.
And dreadfully hangen in ballaunce.
For yf that ye in your remembraunce,
Conceyue aryght and casten vp and downe,
The sodayne chaunge and reuoluciowne,
That fallen hath syth the werre began,
The slaught & death of many worthy man,
That for her sake hath here loste his lyfe.
And yet the worste of this mortall stryfe,
Doth moste rebounde into our damage.
To disencrease and eke disauauntage,
And lykely is dayly to be more,
If ordenaunce be not made therfore.
And remedy shape on outher syde.
By fyne onely that Heleyne do abyde.
With them of Troye styll here in the towne.
And let vs caste by good inspectiowne,
For our ease some other maner waye,
¶So that the kynge called Menelay,
Chese hym a wyfe in some other londe.
Lyke his estate by suraunce or by bonde.
Under wedlocke confyrmed vp of newe,
That vnto hym wyll be founde trewe.
Syth that we without gylte or synne,
May him by the law from this Heleine twyn.
For of dyuerse causes be ynowe,
Thrughout ỹ world of euery wight yknowe.
Of auoutry for the foule vyce,
That it to lawe is no preiudice,
¶Thongh Menelay iustly her forsake.
Whan so his lyste and an other take.
That shall hym both better queme and please
And so to vs it shall be full great ease.
Whan the werre is brought to an ende.

Which

Whiche lykely is many man to shende.
If it so be that it forth contune.
The great labour is so importune.
That we ne shall no whyle mowe sustene.
For this is soth withouten any wene,
Troyans yet be flourynge in their myght.
And w̄ them haue full many worthy knighte.
To helpe them of hye and lowe degre,
And therwithall so stronge in their cite,
On euery parte without and eke within,
That we are not lykely for to wynne,
In our purpose though we euer abyde.
Wherfore by wysedome let vs voyden pryde.
And wylfulnesse onely of prudence,
To haue the eye of our aduertence,
To our profyt more then vaine glorye.
And while our honour shineth by victory,
A wysedome is to withdrawe our honde.
Sith we may not constrayne by no bonde,
Fortunes whele for to abyde stable.
Wherfore I rede or she become mutable,
This gery goddesse with her double chere,
Let vs gyue vp suche thynge as lyeth in were.
Whyles that we may our alder worshyp saue,
For of the werre the laude yet we haue.
Consyder well how by your manhead,
¶Our most foe Hector is now dead.
And whyle that we in our honour floure,
My counsayle is before fortune loure,
As I sayd ere to chaunge her bryght face,
Whyle that we beste stonde in her grace,
By one assent and one oppynyon,
Without any contradiction,
Of herte and wyll both of one and all,
Or our honour on any partye pall,
Into Grece that we home returne.
For if that we longer here soiourne,
On the quarell that we haue longe sewed,
Doutles it may not be eschewed,
Full great damage this without fayle,
Or we haue done shall folowe at the tayle.
Wherfore beste is our folye vp resygne,
And whyle our hap is welfull and benynge,
Most blandyshynge and of face fayre,
The tyme is beste to make our repayre,
Whyle that we stande in party and in all,
With our enmyes in honour perygall.
And fer aboue playnly if that we,
Coulde haue an eye to our felicite.
Whyle that it is in his ascencion.
¶But lest some man wyll make obiection,
That we may not so our honour saue,
To repayre playnely but we haue,
Helayne agayne that is cause of all.
To whiche thynge anone answere I shall.
¶If any man in his fantasye,
To dishonour or to vyllanye.
Arrecte wolde in any maner kynde,
We to go home and leue her behynde.
Shortely to saye I holde it be no shame,
Syth that we haue one as great of name,
¶As is Heleyne and of byrthe as good,
Amonges vs ycome of kynges bloud.
¶Syster to Pryam lorde of Troye towne.
¶Exiona whom that Thelamowne,
In kepynge hath if I shall not feyne,
In Troye towne as Parys hath Heleyne.
And syth nowe it may be none other,
Let the tone be set agayne the tother.
And the surplus of olde enmyte,
Betwyxe vs and Troye the cite.
My counsayle is for our both ease,
By one assent wysely to appease.
This all and some and that we hence wende.
I can no more my tale is at an ende.
¶To whom anone kyng Menelaus,
For very yre wood and furyous.
¶And kyng Thoas the duke eke of Athene,
As they that myght no longer hym sustene,
To suffre hym they were so reckles,
Spake all attones vnto Achylles.
Not onely they but through inpacyence.
The courte perturbed without prouydence.
With tumulte gonnen to repreue,
¶This Achilles and proudely them cōmeue
Agaynst hym and his opynyon.
And sayde shortely in conclusyon,
Unto his read they ne wolde assent.
Nor condescende to nothyng that he mente,
To be gouerned by him in this case.
¶For whiche thynge anone Achylles was,
So full of yre and rancour in his herte.
That sodaynely from his see he sterte,
And went his waye as he were in a rage.
Tryste and pale and a wood vysage.
And shortly sayde for him lyke not fayne,
That he ne wolde longer do his payne,
To helpe them how so that they spede,

Againe

Agayne Troyans for no maner nede.
¶And bad anone this hardy Achilles,
To his knyghtes called Myrmydones,
That they no more with spere nor with shelde
To helpe grekes entre into fyelde.
But kepe thē close at home within theyr tente,
Thus in his syre he gaue commaundement,
To all his men as ye haue herde deuyse.
Them to withdrawe at euery hygh empryse,
Whan so euer they go into battayle.
And in this whyle scarseneſſe of vyttayle,
Fell in the hoost of flesche of bred and wyne.
That many Greke brought vnto his fyne.
For they ne myght endure for distresse,
Constreynt of hunger dyd thē so oppresse.
¶Tyll at the laste kyng Pallamydes,
As he that was in nothynge reckeles,
Hath therupon made purueyaunce,
Remedye and redye ordynaunce,
And by assent and counsayle of echone,
¶He hath sent wyse Agamenon,
The worthy kyng to Messa there beside,
A lyttell Ile onely to prouyde,
For the grekes if he myght spede.
Them to releue in this great nede.
¶And Thelephus kynge of that lande,
Of gentylnesse hath put to his hande,
As he that was large and wonder free,
And renowmed of muche humanite.
To succour them commaundyng aye anone,
His purueyours in all hast to gone,
From euery party aboute enuyron,
Through all the landes of his regyon,
And faythfully to serche euery coste,
To take vp vytayle for the grekes hoost.
¶And after that full hastely he made,
To stuffe their shyppes playnly and to lade,
With euery thynge that was necessarye,
To the grekes and by water carye,
At requeste of kynge Agamenon,
Without taryinge or delacyon.
¶And so the kyng with plente of vytayle,
Fraughte and plade gan anone to sayle,
Towarde the syege he and his meynee.
Aye costynge by the grekysshe see.
¶The wynde was good & the kyng as blyue
With his nauye at Troye dyd aryue.
In fewe dayes and Grekes anone ryght,
Of his repeyre were full glad and light.
Of his exployt and his good spede.
That he so well hath borne him in this nede.
¶And after this Pallamydes anone,
As sayth Guydo is to his shyppes gone,
For to consyder and loke all aboute,
Where nede was within and eke without.
Any of them to amende or repare,
As he that lyste for no coste to spare.
In euery thynge without negligence.
Touchynge his charge to do his dylygence,
Tyll the trewse fully were out ronne.
And the werres newe agayne begonne.
Whiche many man sothly dere abought,
And veryously to wryte howe they wrought,
My purpose is playnly in sentence,
Under supporte of your pacyence.

During in one the deadly cruell hate,
That stynte may nor cesse by no date.
Atwyxe Grekes and them of the towne.
To great damage and destructiowne,
On outher parte selynge full vnswete.
Tyll on a daye they caste for to mete,
As they were wont proudely w spere & shelde
With their wardes entrynge into fyelde,
Armed full bryght vpon outher syde.
¶And enbatayled stoute and full of pryde,
Full knyghtly haue chose their ground & take
Their large baners with the wynde yshake,
Tyll they togyther sodaynly haue mette.
¶And alderfyrst Deiphobus hath sette,
Freshe and lusty and of herte yrous.
¶Upon a kyng called Creseus,
And of enuye the storye telleth than,
On horsebacke as they together ran.
¶Deiphobus fyrste with his spere as blyue,
Throughout the breste euen dyd hym ryue.
Unto the herte that he spake no more.
The deth of whom Grekes playne sore.
And for his loue suche a woe they make,
That all astoned they haue the fyelde forsake
And gan anone vnto theyr tentes flee.
The whiche in sothe when they of Troye see,
Upon the chase faste gan them spede.
Unto tyme that worthy Dyomede,
¶And with him eke the kynge Pallamydes,
Of hye despyte cruell and mercyles,
With twenty thousande worthy knyghtes al,
Upon Troyans sodaynly are fall.

And moztally made them lese their waye,
And to resorte home agayne to Troye.
¶And eke with grekes felle and furious,
The same tyme came Thelamonius,
That hyght Ayax the stronge knightly man,
And lyke a Lyon amonge them as he ran,
Upon Troyans and them ouer sette,
Casually in his waye he mette,
¶Cecylien lusty freshe and lyght,
And of his tyme a wonder manly knyght.
And sonne was to Priam as I rede,
Whom Thelemon pryckyng on his stede,
Slewe cruelly with his swozde anone.
Rasynge his arme from the shuldze bone.
That he alas fell dead in the fyelde.
The deth of whō whan Deiphobus behelde,
Wodder anone then Tygre oz Lyon,
With a spere ranne to Thelamon,
And smette him so thzough his plates bzight,
Of very forze that he made hym lyght,
And lese his sadell be set amonge the prese.
¶The whiche stroke whan Pallamydes,
Behelde and sawe and clerely gan aduerte,
Irous and wood with a furyous herte,
Caste hym anone to auenge Thelamowne.
On Deiphobus full wozthy of renowne.
And moztally his guerdon him to quyte,
And with a spere grounde foz to byte,
Sharpe and kene large rounde and square,
Full cruelly oz that he was ware,
Thzough his harneys without moze areste,
¶Deiphobus he smote so in the bzeste,
That with the stroke he bzake ẏ shafte a two.
So that the tronchone and the head also,
Lefte in his bzeste that there was no waye,
Fynally but that he must deye.
There was none helpe noz remedye at all,
The wounde was so cruell and moztall,
That with the lyfe he myght not abyde.
¶And in this whyle Parys came besyde,
Of auenture whyle this Deiphobus,
Was of his wounde so inly angupshous,
And gan in hast foz to appzoche nere,
With face pale and right an heuy chere,
And foz his distresse wepte pyteously.
And his knightes commaunded hastely,
His wounded bzother a syde softe and feare,
In all hast that they shulde fozthw̄ do beare.
Out of the wardes from the great pzese.
Unto his payne foz to do relese,
Foz to a bzethe hym at leyser and auente.
In open eyze and they vnto hym wente,
Maugre the grekes where he wounded was
And bare him out a full easy pase,
Towarde the walle faste by the towne,
And with great dole and lamentacionne,
Full softely on the grounde hym layde.
Tyll at the laste this deadly man abzayde,
With moztall loke and face funerall,
And chere pyteous so that eche ball,
Gan tourne vp of his deadly eye,
And euen thus to Parys he gan seye.
Oh bzother myne whom that I loued so,
Haue now pyte and rewe vpon my wo,
Of kyndnesse and of bzotherheade,
And to my wozdes of routhe take now hede,
Syth we by death muste a sonder twynne.
¶Foz Attropose shal no longer spynne,
My lyues thzede but the knotte bzeke,
Wherfoze bzother I pzaye the to be wzeke,
Upon my deth oz I hense pace.
If that thou lyste to do me suche a grace,
Of kyndnesse yet oz I be deade.
Out of my bzeste oz this speres heade,
Be rent away that thou auenged be,
Upon my foe as I truste in the.
That I may wyt he be dead oz I,
And that his spyzyte it passe fynally,
And fyzste discende depe downe in helle.
Eternally with Pluto foz to dwelle.
Myd his boundes that derke byn and lowe.
That fynally so that I may knowe,
That he be dead there is no moze to saye,
I gyue no forze how soone that I deye.
¶To whose request Parys toke good hede,
And into fyelde faste gan hym spede,
Foz thought and woe pyteously weppnge,
Whyle his bzother laye there languyshynge.
Not awaytynge but onely after death,
Upon the poynt to yelden vp the bzeth.
¶And with his knightes Parys vp & downe
The wardes sought about enuyzowne,
¶Tyll at the laste Pallamydes he fonde.
With Sarpedon fyghtyng hande ofhande.
Now was this king this wozthi Sarpedown
Come in defence of them of Troye towne.
Whiche of his hande was a noble knight,
And whyle that he with all his full myght,

Most

¶ Moste busy was Pallampdes to preſſe,
Lyke a Lyon whetted with woodneſſe,
Pallampdes in herte not a ferde,
Let flye at hym with his sharpe swoꝛde,
So myghtely that it was a wonder,
Foꝛ he his thygh parted hath a sonder,
And smote of by the herde bone.
¶ That Sarpedon fyll downe dead anone.
So that Troyans whan that he was slawe,
Were compelled of foꝛce them to withdꝛawe,
Thꝛough the purſuite of kyng Pallampdes.
Whiche vpon them was so merciles.
And as cruell as a wood Lyon.
¶ After the death of kyng Sarpedon.
The whiche alas whan Parys dyd eſpye,
He marked hym with a cruell eye,
And hente a bowe that paſſyngly was strong
And with an arowe to his tyller longe,
Entorycat with venym in the head,
That whom he smote therwith was but dead
And hytte hym so in the auentayle,
Thꝛoughout the stuffe and the thicke mayle,
Into the thꝛote that it gan thꝛough pace,
That he fell dead in the ſelfe place,
¶ Pallampdes this manfull woꝛthy knight.
Where thꝛough Grekꝭ toke them to the flight
And made a noyſe and a wofull crye,
The death complayneyng wonder piteouſlye,
Of their loꝛde and myghty gouernour.
But late chose to be their Emperour,
Their chiefe ſocour and ſoueraine refute,
But now alas they stonde deſtitute,
Of gouernaunce bꝛoke and diſarayed,
Without guyde ryght as shepe diſmayed,
Diſconſolate and comfoꝛtleſſe yſhent.
That eche of them flyeth vnto his tente.
And they of Troye ſued on the chace,
On hoꝛſebacke a wonder huge pace,
And merciles ſlewe them as they fle.
On euery ſyde that pyte was to ſe.
Without mercy oꝛ any other grace.
Foꝛ lyke the Lyons they gan them enchace.
Tyll they compelled of neceſſyte,
Conſtrayned were thꝛough their cruelte,
To tourne agayne and them ſelfe diffende.
And they of Troye downe anone diſcende,
Of hoꝛſebacke euen vpon the playne,
And attones there was none other gayne,
They gan the grekes pꝛoudely to outraye,
And cruelly do them ſo diſmaye,
That fynally there gayneth no diffence,
So moꝛtall was the mighty violence,
Of Troyans that Grekes ſo diſſoyle,
And alderfyrſte at leyſer they diſpoyle,
The grekes tentes of golde and rycheſſe,
At whiche time Troylus gan him dꝛeſſe,
And Parys eke downe to their nauye,
With thirtye thouſande in their compaunye.
Kyllyng all tho playnly that they mette,
And on their shyppes wylde fyre they ſette.
That to the wall of Troye the Cyte,
Men myght well the hydous flawme ſe.
¶ And all had gone to deſtruction,
Ne had Ayax ycalled Thelamon,
Thꝛough his manhode & knyghtly excellence
Come anone and made reſyſtence,
Of the grekes with many woꝛthy knyght,
And tho of new began the moꝛtall fyght.
Atwene Troyans and the grekes ſtoute,
The red bloud raylyng all aboute,
Upon the playne ſo hydouſly they blede,
And here and there both in length and bꝛede,
Dead and maymed and full pale of fyght,
Upon the ſoyle full many noble knyght.
Atwyxe them ſo cruell was the hate.
Foꝛ in their fyght togyther they debate,
As wylde boꝛes euen ſo they fare.
Foꝛ none of them lyſte other foꝛ to ſpare.
And in the fyelde woꝛthy Thelamowne,
Thꝛough his knyghthod & his high renowne
So manly bare hym grekes to deffende,
That no mã might in manhode him amende.
Thꝛugh all ỹ woꝛld though men had ſought.
Foꝛ he that day in his perſon hath wꝛoughte,
Merualles in armes thꝛugh his great might
That in ſothneſſe Grekes anone ryght,
Without hym had fynally beſhent,
And their shyppes attones loſte and bꝛent,
Thꝛough the purſuite of Parys that day,
¶ And woꝛthy Troilus ỹ made ſuch affraye,
Amonges them thꝛough hygh pꝛoweſſe.
That fyfty shyppes Guydo doth eꝛpꝛeſſe,
Were loſte and bꝛent oꝛ that Thelamowne,
To reſkus came with his knightes downe.
Unto the ſea the remenaunt foꝛ to ſaue.
But foꝛ all that Troyans that daye haue,
The hygher hande of this moꝛtall fyght.
Thꝛough the foꝛce and the great myght.

Of Troylus only which hath so many slaine,
Of the grekes in soth that they were fayne,
Them to withdrawe and the fielde to lete.
For in abydyng they fonde full vnswete.
Wherfore they gan for to lese their place,
¶Amonge which the kinges sonne of Trace
That Hebet hyght wounded to the death,
That he ne myght vnneth drawe his breth,
With a spere in his breste stykynge.
¶To Achylles he came in complaynyng,
Unto his tent euen there he laye,
Whiche in the fyelde was not all that daye.
¶For the sake onely of Pollyxene.
The loue of whom was so sharpe and kene,
Aye at his herte ylyke grene and newe.
To whom Hebet with a mortall hewe.
Complaynyth sore arrettyng cowardyse,
And in manhode a very trewandyse,
That he that day myght so for shame,
Withdrawe hym selfe in hindryng of his name
Out of the fyelde to hym full great repreue,
Of the grekes seynge the mischiefe,
That they were in. and confusyon,
Upon the brinke of their destruction.
Abrode the fielde to se them so lye deade,
And lyste not ones for to take hede,
Of his knyghthode grekes to releue.
¶And whyle Hebet gan hym thus repreue,
And the spere whiche in his body was,
All sodaynly was drawen out alas,
With Eye vp caste in rancoure and in yre,
Full pyteously Hebet dyd expyre.
¶In the presence of this Achylles.
And therwith came in a sodayne res,
Into his tente a certayne knyght of his,
¶Of whom Achylles areth how it is,
Amonge the grekes and clerely how it stode.
And he answered full Frours in his mode,
Certes quod he full vnhappely,
For they of Troye haue so cruelly,
Our grekes all this daye in their fyght,
Full shamefully put vnto the flyghte.
So many slayne alas and welawaye,
That vnneth none escape myght awaye,
Unhurte mayned or withouten wounde,
So fell on vs Troyans were yfounde.
And of them eke was suche multitude.
That I suppose shortely to conclude,
This daye there was to my oppynowne,
Not lefte a man within Troye towne.
That able was to stande in battayle.
With spere or sworde his enmye to assayle,
I Wene in soth but they vyn come out,
With vs to fyght there was so huge a route.
That we ne myght of force take on hande,
In the fyelde agaynst them for to stande.
¶But nowe my lorde it drawyth vnto night,
That they be faynte any more to fyght.
If it were pleasyng to your worthynesse,
To your manhode and your hygh noblesse,
To take on you to your encrese of fame,
For euermore to getten you a name,
And there withall for your owne glorye,
Perpetually to be in memorye,
To ryse vp and arme you anone,
And sodaynely vpon them to gone,
Feble and weake to make resystence,
Agaynst your manly famous excellence.
There were no more but we were victours,
For euermore and very conquerours.
During the worlde to be in remembraunce.
And they for euer brought vnto outraunce,
In sothfastnesse I haue of it no dread.
¶But Achylles toke of hym no hede,
Nor to Hebet that laye afore him dead,
Full colde and strake of coloure lyke to leade.
Nor ones lyste to gyue hym audience,
Nor vnto hym haue his aduertence.
There may no worde in his herte myne,
To that he sayde to maken hym enclyne.
For vtterly euen lyke he ferde,
As though he no maner worde ne herde.
For through his eares it passed as a sowne.
¶Lo here the maner and condicionne,
The very custome and the playne vsaunce,
Of these louers hangyng in a traunce.
¶Honour, worschyp, manhode and prowesse
Strength, might, fame and hardynesse,
Encrease of name vertue and victorye,
Knyghthode, noblesse, and in armes glorye,
All these myghtye can loue ley aside,
Suche is the myght of the god Cupyde.
Whiche hertes hye with his hoke can sease,
So loth they are playnly to displease,
Outher in chere or in countenaunce.
In wyll or dede or disobeysaunce.
To her that is theyr souerayne lady dere.
For with a loke of her eyen clere,

She can full well daunte all their pryde.
For Venus soone so can prouyde,
His arrowes kene to perce nerfe and vayne,
And them enlace in his fyry chayne,
That onely through his importable charge,
They be restrayned for to go at large.
Whiche cause was this day doubtles,
That this noble hardy Achylles,
Wolde not withouten any wene,
Come in the fyelde for drede of Polycene.
Leste that she were offended in her herte.
If any thynge escaped or asterte,
This Achylles throughe mysgouernaunce.
And whyles he hengeth thus as in balaunce,
The grekes faught with them of the twone,
Tyll bryght Phebus was at goinge downe,
That Troyans of necessytye,
For lacke of lyght entre the cityе.
And whyle that they homewarde be repeyred
Laye Deiphobus of his lyfe dispeyred.
Complepnyng aye on his deadly wounde.
And whan Parys & troylus haue hym found
In that myschyefe they gan wepe and crye,
As they wolde for very routhe dye.
With wofull noyse and with pyteous sowne,
The salte teares gan to renne downe,
On their chekes vpon outher syde.
And whyles they vpon hym abyde,
This wounded man gan drawe to his ende.
Whose spyryte was redy for to wende,
Out of his brest and his wery goste,
Full hastely into another coste,
With deadly eyen tourned vp so downe.
Whan that he knewe by relacyowne,
That Parys hath Pallampdes yslawe.
Anone he bad that they shulde out drawe,
The large tronchone with the stelen head.
And there with all anone he fell downe dead.
And with the corps they gan them faste spede
Towarde the towne but for it is no nede.
The dole to wryte and lamentaciowne,
That made was for the noble Sarpedowne,
Through the cytye and namely of the kynge,
And of the quene euer in weppynge,
Of his brethren and his systers dere.
It were but vayne to reherse it here.
But Pryam hath with great dylygence,
Two tombes of royall excellence,
For Deyphobus and kynge Sarpedowne,
With many ymage grauen enuyron,
And many a knotte koruen here and ponder,
And buryed them but a lyttle a sonder,
Lyke the custome of their rytes olde.
And whyles they the feste halowe & holde,
That called is the feste funerall,
The Grekes haue do make in specyall,
A ryche toumbe to the worthy kyng,
Pallampdes and for his burynge.
Solempnely made ordinaunce,
Amonges them as it was vsaunce,
And with great dole and pyteous heupnesse,
They haue this kynge of great worthynesse,
Royally brought to his sepulture.
And for they myght longe not endure,
Without an head and a gouernour,
They chosen haue to their Emperour,
By one assente and affection,
The worthy kyng the wyse Agamenon.
And after they made no lettynge,
They of Troye the nert day ensuynge,
With their wardes in to fielde to gone,
Fully purposed to fyght with their foen,
And grekes manly in the face them mette.
But worthy Troylus so them ouer sette,
That greke was none shortly for to telle,
Thilke daye afore him myght dwelle.
So cruelly he gan them for to chace.
For where he came or rode in any place,
They fledde his sworde of their lyfe in doubte
His yonge knightes ridinge him aboute,
Suche as he was vsaunt for to lede,
And euer in one the grekes bloud the shede.
Whiche lyke a streame disteined al the playne
And all this whyle was so huge a rayne,
The same day and so huge a myste,
That euery man hath his felowe myste.
Specially vpon the grekes syde,
That for the storme and their woundes wide
And for the manhode of this Troian knight.
Worthy Troilus so fresche, so yonge, & light
They were coact through his cruelte.
Maugre their might for dred of death to fle,
To their tentes succour for to fynde,
Troyans aye pursuynge behynde,
Full mortally with a sterne pase,
But for the storme they cease of the case,
And home repayre to their Citie stronge,
Tyll on the morowe that the larke songe,

That Troylus efte moſt manly to battayle,
The grekes newe caſte hym for to aſſayle.
¶And Guydo wyth this yonge champyowne
Thylke daye as he rode vp and downe,
Amonge his foen through his hygh renowne
that there ne was kyng duke erle nor barown,
With his ſwoorde where ſo that he wende,
That of their lyfe he made a mortall ende,
All the whyle that Phebus gaue his lyght,
Tyll at the laſte that it drewe to nyght,
That he to Troye repayreth manfully.
¶And ſeuen dayes ſuynge by and by,
This lyfe he ledde with his knyghtes felle,
Upon grekes as Guydo can you telle.
Aye newe and new he gan them ſo confounde
His cruell ſwoorde was ſo kene grounde,
That they ne myght in his mortall tene,
Afore his ſyght abyde nor ſuſtene.
Nor the vengeaunce that he on them toke,
For where he rode the weye they forſoke,
In his traſe the renges were ſo redde.
Of them in ſoth that in the fielde lay dead.
For whiche ſlaughte and confuſyowne,
The grekes new ſent to the towne,
¶For a trewſe to Dyamus the kyng.
And he anone graunted their aryngе,
For two monthes fully by the aſſent,
Of all the lordes of his parlement.
Wherof they made full relacion.
¶The enbaſſadours to Agamenon,
And to their lodgyng after forth they wente.
¶But how that he vnto Achylles ſente,
The meane whyle his meſſangers wyſe,
So as I can I ſhall anone deuyſe.

AGamenon as Guydo lyſte endyte,
His lordes ſent Achylles to vyſyte,
For certayne cauſes lyke as ye ſhall here.
Whiche in the ſtorye be reherſed here.
And with Ulixes and worthy Diomede,
¶Duke Neſtor wente playnely as I reade,
To fyne onely by their counſellyng,
Into his herte that they myght bryngе,
And endure hym to haue a fantaſye,
To be wyllynge thorugh his chyualrye,
With them to ſtande as he hath do tofore.
That haue ſo many of Troye men ploren.
For lacke onely of his hygh preſence.
¶And Achylles with dygne reuerence,
Receyued them and with right knightly chere
And after that whan they were ſet yfeare,
Lyke their degree anone in aduenture,
¶Whyle Ulixes full of eloquence,
Gan his tale prudently deuyſe.
¶To Achylles ſaying in this wiſe.
¶Syr Achylles moſte renowmed of glorye,
Throughout the worlde to be in memorye.
And of his knyghthode very ſhoures and wel
Diſpleaſe it not now that I ſhall tell,
To your noble famous excellence,
Nor to your eares let be none offence,
That I ſhall ſay but of goodlyhead,
Pacyently that ye wyll take hede,
To my wordes ſayd of herte and thought,
I you enſure for I fayne nought.
This to ſaye yf ye remembre wel.
The fyrſt cauſe and purpoſe euery dell,
Of the grekes yf ye haue mencyon,
Was fully ſette by one entencyon,
As well of you as of vs pardye.
Whan we come fyrſt to this citye.
Kynges prynces I except none.
Of whiche in ſoth to recken euerychone,
Your ſelfe was to ſpeake in ſpecial,
One of the fyrſt and moſte pryncypall.
Aſſented full how Troye the Cite,
Through our manhode deſtroyed ſhulde be.
Perpetually brought vnto ruyne.
But nowe of newe I note what doth enclyne
Your worthyneſſe ſodeynly to varye.
And to our purpoſe for to be contrarye.
¶Conſyder fyrſt of you that be ſo ſage,
The wronges done and the great damage,
In grekes lande of them of the towne.
Conſpyryng aye to our deſtructiowne.
If ye aduerte wyſely in your thought,
That ſlayne haue and to an ende brought,
Full many worthy ſyth gone full yore,
And of treaſour that no man may reſtore.
Diſpoyled vs and brought in great diſtreſſe.
Our goodes raught our golde & our rycheſſe.
Our ſhyppes brent through their cruelte.
And to all this alas ye lyſte not ſe.
Now that they be whiche may not be delayed
Through your manhode fynally outtrayed,
Sith ye haue ſlaine their hope their ſuffiſaūce
¶Hector in whom was all their affyaunce.
Fully their truſte and diffence alſo.

And

¶And Deyphobus also is a go,
And lykely are moze to be apeyzed,
Fro day to day and fynally dispeyzed.
So frowardly foztune on them loureth.
And now your honour & your fame floureth,
In his wozchyp and your high renowne;
Attepned hath the exaltaciowne.
And hyghest pzycke of foztunes whele,
It were great wzonge and pe loke wele:
Of wylfulnes foz to be vnkynde.
To her that pe so frendly to you fynde.
Oz to be frowarde whyle she is benynge,
By influence graciously to assygne.
Her spouses meue vnto your pleasaunce,
And hap to tourne w plente on your chaunce
After whose helpe you nedeth not to calle.
¶Wherfoze alas why wyll ye suffer palle,
Your noble fame of very wylfulnesse,
Whyle it is hyest in his wozthynesse,
Your knyghtly pzudence it shulde not asserte.
Of whiche thynge euery gentyll herte,
Shulde haue routhe and compassyon.
Wherfoze we pzaye of discrecyon,
That pe you shape this purpose to amende,
And that pe wolde of herte condiscende,
With vs to stonde knyghtly in this werre,
By your manhode that is spoke of so ferre,
That your renowne to the wozlde ende.
Repozted be where so that men wende,
Perpetually by freshenesse of hewe,
Day by day to encrease newe,
That the tryumphe of this hygh victozye,
Be put in stozye and eke in memozye.
And so enpzynted that forzetfulnesse,
No power haue by malys to oppzesse.
Your fame in knyghthode derke oz difface,
That shyneth yet so clere in many place,
Without Eclypsyng sothly this no lesse.
Whiche to conserne pe be now reckeleſſe.
Of wylfulnesse to cloude so the lyght,
Of your renowne ỹ whylom shone so bzyght.
Your myghty hande of manhode to wdzawe.
Consyder fyzst how grekes are yslawe,
Tofoze your tent w moztal woundes wyde,
Thzough out the fyelde vpon euery syde.
And haue disdayne onely foz lacke of routhe.
Alas the whyle foz a lyttle slouthe,
To ley to honde in their mischyefe at all.
That whylom were their stroge mighty wall
Their chiefe diffence and their champiowne
Souerayne helpe and pzotectiowne.
Foz whom pe haue so ofte shedde your bloud.
Agayne their foen with them whan he stode,
Full myghtely their enmyes to assayle,
Without whom they lytteil may auayle.
In very soth ne none of vs echone.
But pe of knyghthode lyste with vs to gone,
Agayue Troyans as pe were wont to do.
And is our trust and fynall hope also.
That pe shall helpe and our socour be.
¶And hereupon we pzaye you that pe,
Saye your aduyce and your full wyll.
¶And than anone the hardy fyerse Achylle,
Whan Ulixes concluded had his tale,
Sith a face foz anger dead and pale,
Sayde euen thus all openly and playne:
Sir Ulixes if so ryght as pe sayne,
And haue declared in conclusyon.
That our purpose and entensyon,
Was fynally to bzenne and destroye,
This royall citie that is called Troye:
I holde in soth me lyketh not to lye,
That our entent was grounded on folye,
To put vs all thzough indiscrecion,
Of reckleschede and hasty mocyon,
Of lyfe and death in suche ieopardye.
And specyally in all the Chiualrye,
Of grekes lande foz so smale a thynge.
So many pzynce and so many wozthy kyng,
That haue ieoparted their body & their good,
Yloste their lyfe and yspent their bloud,
Which might haue be ful well at home i peace
¶And is not nowe the kyng Pallampides,
Yslawe also as who sayth but of newe,
That was so wise, so manly, and so trewe,
Of whom the lyfe was of moze pzyce alone,
Than the cause foz whiche that we echone,
Be gathered here who so loke a ryght.
And of grekes many a noble knyght,
That haue be slayne both of the wozthyest,
The wozlde to seke and the manlyest.
Foz out of euery lande and regpowne,
On grekes partye and with them of ỹ towne
Of chyualry & knighthod ỹ soueraine floure,
To wynne in arme wozschippe and honour,
Assembled be and come fro so ferre.
Of whiche in soth by dureſſe of this werre.
Full many one in the fyelde is dead.

And verily without any drede.
There shall well mo if the werre laste,
Fro euery day the numbre lasseth faste,
Of worthy knyghtes dede without routh,
That I dare saye and conclude of trouth,
In this rage furyous and wood,
Full lykely is that all the gentyl bloude,
Throughout this worlde shall destroyed be.
And rural folke and that were great pyty.
Shall haue lordshyp and hooly gouernaunce
And Churles eke with sorowe & mischaunce,
In euery londe shall lordes be alone.
Whan gentyll men slayne be echone.
¶Is not Hector that was so noble a knight,
That was this worldes very sonne and light
Of manhode floure slayne pyteously.
In this werre in soth and so myghty I.
Parauenture whiche may not attayne,
To his noblesse if I shall not fayne.
For by what way shall we the death eschewe.
With all our myght if we it pursewe,
Fro day to daye whyle that we lye here.
Therfore shortely me for to requere,
Touchynge the werre outher for to praye.
Is but in veyne and herken what I saye.
I wyll not purpose in this werre or stryfe,
For to ieoparte any more my lyfe.
For leuer I haue that Palled be my name,
Than for to be slayne and haue an yll fame
For worthinesse after death yblowe,
Is but a wynde and lasteth but a throwe.
For though renowne and prise be blowe wide
Forgetfulnesse leyth it ofte aside.
By length of yeres and oblyuion,
Through enuye and false conclusyon.
The laude of knyghthode and of worthynesse
Of wysedome eke and of gentylnesse.
Fredam, bounte, vertue and suche grace,
Forgetfulnesse can darke and deface,
And therwithall males and enuye,
Ysered hath the palme of Chyualrye.
By y falser reporte wherfore I saye for me,
I wyll of wysedome suche folye let be,
And in quyet forth my lyfe nowe lede.
¶And ouer this to you three I rede,
To seke peace with Troyans if ye may,
In hasty wyse without more delaye.
This my counsayle platly to you all,
Or that myschefe of death vpon you fall.
It were well done that ye toke hede,
¶Both Ulixes and thou Dyomede.
¶And Nestor eke sythen ye be wyse,
To worke playnely lyke as I deuyse.
This the summe and fyne of myne entent,
And so reporteth to hym that hath you sent.
And they anone with shorte conclusyon,
¶Repeyred be to Agamenon,
With such answere as ye haue herde me seine
It nedeth not to wryte it newe againe.
¶And herevpon kynge Agamenon,
Let make anone a conuocasyon.
Of his lordes and in their presence,
Fro poynt to poynt sothly in sentence.
He hath rehersed how that Achylles,
Was desyrous for to haue a peace,
With them of Troye and platly how that he,
For no prayer wyll in no degree,
Agayne Troians with spere nor with shelde,
In helpe of grekes be armed in the felde.
Wherfore the kynge as he that was ful wise,
Hereupon ared their deuyse,
And whan them thought what best for to do,
In this matter syth it stode so.
¶And fyrste of all speaketh Menelay,
With angry chere and sayde platly nay.
To haue a peace it was not his entent.
Ne that he wolde therto be of assent.
Sythen the Cyte in conclusion,
Stode on the pyrcke of his distruction.

NOw that Hector & Deiphob⁹ were dead
y whylom were their trust in euery nede,
And their diffence but now they are ago.
Farewell their truste and their hope also,
Without more and all their hole pryde.
They maye not now but after death abyde.
¶And truste well without any lesse,
Though it so be that this Achylles,
Ne helpe vs not towarde our empryse,
We therof not drede in no maner wyse,
Without hym for to haue victorye,
By our manhode and our owne glorye,
I am full sure therof and certayne.
But Ulixes gan replye agayne.
Nestor also of sodayne mocyon,
Contrayre was to his opynyon.
Affyrmynge playnely that no wonder was,
Though Menelay sothly in this case.

Unto

Unto the peace wolde not assent,
For openly they wyste what he ment,
For he was ground and roote of al the werre
And cause also they come were so ferre,
Out of their lande he and the quene Heleyne.
¶ And for the sake onely of them tweyne.
The grekes all whiche no man may denye.
Their lyues put in suche ieopardye,
For hym and her if the grounde be soughte;
For well they wyste that he rought nought,
This Menelay what wo they endure,
So he his wyfe myght agayne recure.
¶ And where he sayth that Hector is dead.
He hath an heyre to speake of manyhead,
And of knyghthode as it wyll be founde,
And called is Hector the seconde.
¶ Worthy Troylus whiche ỹ is his brother,
In all this worlde is not suche an other,
Of worthynesse for to recken all,
For he of Troye is the myghty wall.
¶ And diffence now Hector is a gone,
Ye knowe it well your selfe euerychone.
If it so be that ye lyste take hede,
Whose sharpe swerde sore doth vs blede,
Euery day in his furyous hete,
Amyd the fyelde whan we with hym mete,
And in stede of worthy Deiphobus,
Whiche in his tyme was wonderly famous.
¶ His brother Paris is nowe founde at all,
In worthynesse of knyghthode perygall.
So that of them we haue none auauntage.
Unto this houre but rather great damage.
To recken all syth we be gonne,
This very soth we but lyttle wonne,
But we are lykely alwaye more to lese,
If we contune but syth we may chese.
It were holsome to lyue in quyet.
To haue a peace and this werre lete,
By one assent syth ye be wyse.

And with ỹ worde Calchas gan to ryse,
The Troyan treytour w a pale chere,
To very Ire and sayde as ye shall here.
¶ A worthy prynces what thynke ye to done,
To chaunge so lyke as doth the moone.
Your olde purpose and your fyrst entent,
Agayne the wyll and commaundement,
Of the godder that euery thynge gouerne,
By purueyaunce who so can discerne.
Alas alas why ne wyll ye at the leste.
Credence and fayth geue to theyr heste.
Whiche in no wyse may not be fallyble.
For in soth it were an unpossyble.
Utterly but Troye the cityе,
Of ordynaunce and necessytye,
Myght be destroyed hense but alyte.
If your slouth be it not to wyte,
So that victorye worshyp and honour,
And fynall palme eke of this labour,
To be reported on water and on lande,
Reserued be hooly to your hande.
In your purpose yf ye forth contune.
And hynder not of foly your fortune.
This in soth I dare it well conclude.
And perylous is the goddes to ylude.
Of neclygence or slouth wylfully.
Wherfore I read that now manfully,
Of herte and thought and of full vnyte.
Platly denoydyng ambyguyte,
To set vpon and kuyghtly to resume,
Your force agayne fully to consume,
Your cruell foen and let be shet without,
Wanhope and drede dispeyre & euery doubte,
Castyng of parrell slouth and cowardyse.
And let manhode vtterly dispyse,
All dread of death that causeth hertes feynt.
With cowardyse and to be atteynt.
That fynally as goddes haue be hyght,
Through preseyence of their eternall might,
To victorye that ye shall attayne,
Lyke your desyre there is no more to sayne.
¶ And whan Calchas in conclusyowne,
This false treytour vnto Troye towne,
The grekes had through his wordes fayre,
Touchynge the werre put out of dyspayre.
Of herte all one they caste them to fulfyll,
Hooly his counsayle though so that Achylle,
Be frowarde aye to helpe them in their nede,
They gaue no force nor toke of it no hede,
But euerychone they them redy make,
As ye shall here the fielde in haste to take,

The trewes passed of ỹ monthes twayne,
Into ỹ felde Grekis gan theim ordayne,
And they of Troye agayne theim yssue oute,
¶ And worthy Troylus with an huge route,
The Grekes gan alderfirste assayle.
And with his swerde he made for to rayle,

The red blond through their harneys bright.
That as the death they fled fro his syght.
For he that daye thrugh his cruelte,
Caste him platly auenged for to be,
Upon the death of Hector vtterly.
¶And as Dares wryteth specyally.
A M. knightes this Troyan champyowne,
That day hath slayne rydyng vp and downe.
¶As myne auctour Guydo lyst endyte,
Saue after hym I can no ferther wryte.
In his boke he geueth him suche a name,
That by his manhode and his knyghtly fame
The grekes all were dryuen vnto flyght,
By all that daye tyll it drewe to nyght.
¶And on the morowe in the dawnynge,
The grekes haue at Phebus vprysynge.
Yarmed them with great dylygence,
Agayne Troyans to standen at diffence.
Amonges whome that daye as I rede,
¶So well hym bare worthy Dyomede,
That many Troyan through his cruelte,
¶Hath loste his lyfe, tyll Troylus gan to se,
This Dyomede in the fyelde rydynge,
To whom anone without more lettynge,
With his spere throwen into the reste,
This Troylus rode & smote hym on the brest
So myghtely that of very nede,
Downe of his horse he smote this Dyomede.
Albe of wounde he tho had no domage.
And furyously Troylus in his rage,
Of hygh enuye gan him to abrayde,
Whan he was down ꝑ loue of faire Creseide.
Of his deceyte and false Trecherye,
And grekes than faste gan them hye,
Amonge the horse in mischiefe whiche he lay,
To drawe him out in all the hast ꝑ they may,
And on a shelde broded and affrayde,
They bare hym home so he was dysmayde,
Of the stroke home vnto his tent.
¶And Menelay the same whyle hath hente,
A myghty spere tauenge this Dyomede,
And towardes Troylus fast gan him spede,
Fully auysed to hym vnhorse anone.
But Troylus fyrste made his stede gone,
So swyfte a course towardes Menelay,
That he anone at the earth laye.
So myghtely ye hyt hym with his spere.
That shelde nor plate might his body were,
That he ne had there a mortall wounde.
But his knightes anone as they hym founde,
Out of the prese when they had him rent,
They bare hym home to his owne tent.
The grekes aye standyng in distresse,
Through the knighthode and ꝑ hye prowesse,
Of this Troilus whiche so hath them belaine
On euery part where he rode on the plaine.
¶Tyll vnto tyme that Agamenowne,
Into the fyelde is a baled downe.
With many worthy about his banere,
That shone full shene agayne the sonne clere.
And w̄ his knight̄ hym rydyng enuyrowne,
He sore enchased them of Troye towne,
Woundeth & sleeth and put theim to ꝑ flyght,
Hym selfe acquytynge lyke a manly knyght.
But for all that without more abode,
Amonge Troyans fyersly as he rode,
¶This worthy kyng great Agamenowne.
Troylus with a spere hath smytten downe,
Maugre his grekes there gaineth no socour,
And whan they sawe their lorde & gouernour
In suche myschyefe at the grounde lyende,
They hente hym vp and made hym to assende
Through their manhode on his stronge stede
And he of wyt gan to taken hede.
And consydered wisely in his thought,
In what dissoynt Troilus had them brought
And how his grekes for all their great pryde,
Tofore his swerde myght not abyde,
He prudently of hygh discrecyon,
¶This noble knyght this kyng Agomenon,
As he that hadde aye his aduertence,
On gouernaunce through his prouydence,
Whan he sawe his grekes gan to fayle,
And were feble to standen in battayle,
For lacke of stuffe that shulde them recomfort
Full prudently he made them to resorte,
Euerych of them to his owne tent.
¶And after that he hath to Pryam sent,
For a trewse to Troye the Cyte,
For syxe monthes if it myghte be,
And by his counsayle Pryamus the kynge,
Without abode graunted his askynge.
Albe that some as Guydo lyste endyte,
Were euyll apayde so longe to respyte,
Their mortall foen in any maner wyse.
But yet his graunt as ye haue harde deuyse,
Stode in his strength fully as I read,
¶In whiche tyme of very womanhead,

Creseyde

Creseyde lyste no longer for to tarye,
Though her father were therto contrarye,
For to vysyte and to haue a syght,
¶Of Dyomede that was become her knyght
¶Which had of Troilus late caught a woūd
And in his tent when she hath hym founde,
Benygnely vpon his beddes syde,
She set her downe in the selfe tyde,
And platly caste in her owne thought,
¶Touchynge Troylus ỹ it was for nought,
To lyue in hope of any more recure,
And thought she wolde for nothyng be vnsure
Of purueyaunce nor without store,
She gaue anone without any more,
Hooly her herte vnto this Dyomede.
Lo what pytye is in womanhead.
What mercy eke and benynge routhe,
That newly can all her olde trouthe,
Of nature lette slyppe and ouer slyde.
Rather then they lysten so abyde,
Any man in myschiefe for their sake,
The chaunge is not so redy for to make.
In Lumbardstrete of crowne nor doket,
All poyse is good be so the pyent be set.
Their letter of chaunge doth no man abyde,
So that the wynde be redy and the tyde.
Passage is aye who so lyste to pace,
No man is loste that lyste seke for grace.
Daunger is none but counterfeyte disdeyne,
The sea is calme and from these rockes plain
For mercyles neuer man ne deyde,
That sought for grace record of her Creseide
Whiche fynally hath gyuen all her herte,
To Dyomede in release of his smerte.
And prayed hym to be right glad and lyght,
And calleth hun her owne man & her knyght.
And hym behyghte rather then he deye,
In euery thynge howe she wolde obeye,
That were honest hym to do pleasaunce.
For leuer she had chaunge and baryaunce,
Were founde in her than lacke of pytye,
As spitynge is to all Femynyte,
Of nature not to be vengeable,
For fayth nor othe but rather mercyable,
Of mannes lyfe standynge in distresse.
¶Hereof no more for now I wyll me dresse,
To tell forth in my translacyon,
Seriously how Agamenon,
Durynge the trewse and the time of peace,
Hym selfe wente vnto Achylles,
Besechynge him some regarde to haue;
Of his knyghthode Grekes for to saue.
And his presence no more to withdrawe;
To suffer them so mortally to be slawe,
Of their enmyes Pompous and Elate.
¶But Achylles alway indurate,
Ylyche newe both in herte and thought,
From his purpose platly chaungeth nought,
Fully enclyned for to haue a peace.
¶But for as moche as this Achylles,
Of entyernesse and hyghe affection,
So louyng was vnto Agamenon.
He vnto hym graunted at the leste,
A great parcell touchynge his requeste.
This to saye that this Achylles.
Graunteth to hym his Myrmydones.
Full knyghtly men onely in his absence,
With the grekes to maken resystence,
In the fyelde agayne them of the towne.
For whiche graunte kynge Agamenowne,
And duke Nestor thanked hym of herte,
But he alwaye contemynge in his smerte,
For the loue of fayre Pollycene,
Ne knewe no gayne to his wounde sgrene,
But dispeyred languysheth euer in one.
And whan the trewse passed were and gone,
Upon a day the morowe full benynge,
Achylles his knyghtes dyd assygne,
The fylde to take with Agamenon,
And as the story maketh mencion,
He gaue to them bandes freshe of read,
That men may knowe by their manlyhead,
With whom they were withholde in specyall:
And lyke a man deadly and mortall,
Within his tent this Achylles abode,
When they from him into the fyelde rode,
Only for dole they chulden from him twinne.
In his absence a werre to begynne.
Maugre his wyll agayne them of the towne.
¶But forth they went with Agamenowe,
Upon Troyans sterne and full of pryde.
And with them mette on the other syde,
The manly knyghtes of the Troyan bloud.
Whiche were on them so furyous and wood,
That cruelly the grekes they oppresse.
So that a backe for feare they gan thē dresse.
They were on them so inly fell and kene.
¶Tyll that the myghty Duke of Athene,

Entred

Entred in the grekes to diffende.
But vpon hym vnwarely or he wende.
Came myghty Troylus lyke a wood Lyown
And from his stede anone he bare him downe
And after that he put hym so in prese,
Tyll he hath mette with these Myrmydones,
And of them slewe that daye full many one.
And so fer in Troylus is ygone,
That he grekes put vtterly to flyght.
Thrǒugh his knyghthod til it drewe to night
& fro his swerde no raunsom might thē borow
And Guydo wryte that on the next morowe,
Full mortall was the slaught on outher syde.
Amyd the fielde as they togyther tryde,
Of manly knightes that wonder was to sene
And as they faught the kyng Phylymene,
With helpe onely of Pollydamas,
Taken hath the worthy kyng Thoas.
And gan hym leade towarde Troye ỳ towne
But Myrmydones him to helpe came downe
Wonder proudly and after gan to sewe,
And thrǒugh their myght Thoas they rescue
And hym delyuer for they were so stronge.
But Troylus then hurtled them amonge,
Furyously full lyke a champyowne,
Now here now there cast & threwe thē downe
Some he slewe and some he made blede,
Tyll cruelly they slewe his myghty stede.
On whiche he sat and yet neuertheless,
He fought on foote agaynst Myrmydones,
That all had Troylus to haue take.
But Parys tho gan them so awake,
With his brothern that about hym rode,
That in the place where as Troylus stode,
Vpon his fete but him selfe alone,
Of Myrmydones they slein haue many one
That of knighthod thrǒugh their mālyhead,
They vnto hym brought an other stede.
Amyd his foen and made hym to ascende.
And he full knightly gan him selfe dyffende,
Be set with grekes in the selfe stounde,
That neuer yet a better knyght was founde,
They felte it well that tho were his foen.
But than his brother called Margaryton,
So as he fought puttyng hym selfe in prese,
Was slayne alas amonge Myrmydones.
The death of whom in a cruell yre,
This Troylus with anger sette a fyer,
Playnely purposeth tauenge if he may.
And with his sworde began to make way.
And Parys aye fast by hym rydyng,
With his brethern vpon hym awaytyng,
Whiche all yfeare were so mercyles,
And I fynde these Myrmydones,
That of force and necessyte,
They were compelled playnly for to flee,
Troylus was on them so furyous.
So vengeable eke and so dispyteous.
That he them gaue many mortall wounde,
And yet in soth that day they were founde,
Noble knyghtes and dupt them wonder wele
For they the crafte knewe euerydele,
Longyng to armes of them as I reade.
But for all that he made their sydes blede,
Thrǒugh the mayle and their plates schene,
That they ne myght playnly hym sustene,
The sword of Troilus them chasing ouerall,
Albe they kepte them close as any wall.
Hole together and went not a sonder.
But Troilus aye them chaseth here & yonder
And seuered them mauger all their myght.
Tyll into fielde with many worthy knyght,
Came Menelay and kyng Agamenon,
Ulyxes eke and cruell Thelamon.
And Dyomede whiche of his woundes grene
Recured was as sayth myne auctour clene.
And on Troyans sodaynly they fall,
With their wardes and their knyghtes all.
And tho began the fyght to renewe,
On euery halfe that with blouddy hewe,
The plates bryght were of newe ysteyned.
And they of Troy so manly haue thē peyned,
Agayne there foen in this myghty stryfe,
That many greke was berafte his lyfe.
And where they were most myghty in batayle
Troylus came in and gan them to assayle,
On euery parte with many blouddy wounde.
And by his knighthod gan them to confoūde,
That aye they fledde so they were a ferde.
The mortall strokes of his sharpe sworde,
Their deadly foe and destruction.
And this contynueth tyll kyng Thelamon,
By his manhode whan that he beheldе,
The grekes made recure agayne the fyelde.
And gan Troyans assayle wonder sore,
And tho began the slaughter more and more,
On eche syde.till Troylus newe agayne,
The grekes hath so fyersly ouerlayne,

Myrmy-

Myrmydones and them euerychone,
Afore his swerde that he made them gone.
To their tentes and the fyelde forsake.
And with his hande that day he hath take,
An hundred knightes that came in his weye.
Through his prowesse & sent them into troye
And euer in one gan so to enchace,
¶Myrmydones that they loste their place.
¶And to Achylles lyng in his tent,
They be repeyred forwounded and to rent.
Their herneys broke both in plate and maile
And of their nombre I fynde that they fayle,
An hundred knyghtes slayne dead alas.
That after were founde in Taas.
Amyd the fyeld thrugh girt w many wounde.
¶Of Troylus swerd Hector the secounde.
Wherof Achylles when he had a syght,
So heauy was all the nerte nyght,
In his bedde walowynge to and fro,
Deuoyde of slepe for constreynt of his wo,
At his herte his wounde was so kene,
What for his men and fayre Polycene.
Wyttynge well if he dyd his payne,
To be benged he shulde not attayne,
In no wise vnto his desyre.
And thus he brent in a double fyre,
Of loue and yre that made him syghe sore.
But for cause loue was the more,
He was aferde agayne them of the towne,
In his person to do offenciowne,
¶Leste Pryamus and Hecuba the quene,
Offended were and namely Polycene,
And thus he stode in a double weer,
That at his herte satte him wonder nere,
With many wonder dyuers fantasye,
As haue louers that be in poynt to dye.
Ryght euen so fareth this wofull man,
For very wo that no rede ne can.
So entryked that wende for to deye,
Of his recure he knewe no better weye.
And whyle he laye this in his throwes wyte,
Lyke as Guydo playnly lyste endyte,
That the story maketh mencyowne.
That dayes seuen they of Troye towne,
So encrese and augment of the sorowe,
With the grekes metten on euery morowe.
That thrugh ỹ force of alder both their might
On outher parte, was slayne many a knight.
¶And all this whyle laye this Achylles,
Of grekes death ylyke reckeles.
For loue onely and toke no maner hede,
Who so were hole or mortally doth blede.
Or who that plaineth with his woundes large
Hym thought it was no parcell of his charge.
So moche he hath on other thyng to thincke.
That ofte he waketh whan he shulde wynke.
Thoughtfull aye and ymagynatyfe,
And very wery of his owne lyfe.
¶Tyll on a day kyng Agamenon,
Seynge the death and destruction,
On grekes halfe withouten remedye,
To Troye sent by enbassadrye,
For a trewse certayne dayes space.
But he myght therof haue no grace,
Lenger tyme platly to endure.
Then for leyser of the sepulture,
Of worthy knyghtes that were dead afore.
In the fyelde on outher party lorne.
Whiche in the Taas full busyly they soughte,
And after this plainly how they wrought,
Durynge the syege with great vyolence,
I shall descryuen with your pacyence.

¶Howe Achylles slewe the worthy Troylus vnknyghtly, & after trayled his body through the fyelde tyed to his horse. Cap. xxxi.

The cruell force and mortall yre,
Of martyrs myght alway set a fyre,
With newe enuye gonne of olde hatrede.
Brennyng in hertes hole as any glede,
At wyne grekes and them of Troye cytye.
Whiche lykely is not staunched for to be,
Tyll deth consume with mortall darte,
Full many worthy vpon outher parte.
To execute alas by fynall fate,
On eyther parte the enuious deadly hate,
Whiche they ne myght by destyne renewe.
For it was set, it nedely must insewe.
And Attropos wyll suffer it none other,
That maystresse is & guyder of the rother,
Of deathes shyp. tyll all goth vnto wrake,
And fortune gan tourne her face abake,
Of highe disdayne fro Troye the cytye,
As in this story shortly ye shall se.
For whan the trewse that they had ytake,
Were wered out they gan them redy make,
The proude grekes and into fyelde they gone

Upon

Upon a morowe whan Phebus bright shone
Armed full shene euerych at his deuyse.
¶And Menelay hath first met with Paris,
That day in story as I read.
And eche of them smytte other of his stede.
At whiche tyme Dan Pollydamas,
¶To Ulires rode a sterne pase,
And eche at other of cruell enmyte,
With styffe swordes gan together flee.
That nouther was of manhode for to wyte,
And with a spere squared for to byte.
¶The myghty Duke called Menestе,
Rode lyne ryght that all myght it se,
To Anthenor the Troyan full of pryde.
And from his sadell caste hym downe aslyde.
In his furye and his hatefull tene,
And tho in haste come kyng Phylomene,
Only in helpe of them of the towne,
And gan assayle kyng Agamenowne,
Through his knyghthode and his hardinesse
That he hym had brought in great distresse,
To vtter myschyefe and confusyon,
¶Ne had be only that kyng Thelamon,
Full proudely came hym for to reskewe.
And after sore gan for to pursewe,
With a spere vpon Phelomene,
And for his horse he layde hym on the grene,
Maugre his force the story telleth thus.
For he to hym was mortally yrous.
And after that yonge Archylogus,
A mortall course ran vnto Bzumius,
One of the sonnes of Pryamus the kynge,
Yonge and delyuer and beste in lykyng.
But he hym smytte with so great a myght,
That he fell dead this freshe lusty knyght,
The death of whom whā they of Troy espye,
They made a shoute and pyteously gan crye,
Of wofull routhe and his death complayne.
Tyll the noyse gan vtterly attayne,
To Troylus eares platly where he rode.
And he no lenger afterthat abode,
But to the place felly gan approche,
And with his swорde for to sette a broche,
Without routhe the grekes hatefull bloud,
And mercyles all that hym withstode,
He slewe that daye by cruell auenture.
That greke was none ỳ which might endure
Tofore his swорde he gan them so oppresse.
For of knyghthode and of hygh prowesse,
He had them put vtterly to flyght,
He had vyn the manhode and the myght,
¶Of Myrmydones which al that longe day,
By one assent vpon Troylus lay.
Wherof he was full melancolyus.
And of courage and manhode moste famous,
He ne lyste no longer for to lette,
But all attones vpon them he sette,
And furyously gan amonge thē ryde,
And some he smote euen through the syde,
Through the body and some through ỳ herte.
And w̄ his swорde through doublet & the shert
Through shelde & plate, and through haberion
He perced hath and lyke a wood lyon,
He slewe that day of them many one.
That maugre them they fledde euerych.
With the grekes euerych to his tent.
¶And they of Troy after them he went.
Swyftly on horse tyll they haue them take.
And such a slaught of grekes ther they make,
That fynally there was a bette reskuse,
But only death so passyngly confuse,
The grekes were at myschyefe desolate,
Troylus so narowe brought thē to chekmate
That they coulde tho no better remedye,
But hydously for to wayle and crye,
To death forwounded with a grisely chere.
¶That Achylles whan he gan fyrst to here,
The dredefull noyse and the wofull sowne,
That caused was by reflectiowne,
Of eyre agayne who so coulde it knowe,
In rochys harde and in kauernes lowe,
Lyke as it were one worde spoke of two,
That men are wont to callen an Ecco.
So confuse was the lamentaciowne,
On grekes syde of whiche the deadly sowne,
So pyteously to Achylles is ronne,
Of them that lay agayne the hote sonne,
With mortall woundes yeldyng vp the breth,
With roumble & swowhe resownyng into deth
Such a noyse grekes maden there.
And what it ment Achylles dyd enquere.
And what the cause was of their clamour,
And they him tolde for lacke of socour,
The grekes were eche in his tentorye,
¶Of Troylus slayne. so that the victorye,
Goth fynally with them of Troye towne,
For euermore in conclusyowne,
So many greke slayne laye in his tent,

Gapyng

Gapynge vpwarde w̄ his bloud yspent,
Through the constreynt of his wounde smert
¶ And whyle Achilles gan their case aduerte
Full sodaynely there came to hym a man,
The whiche his tale euen thus began.
Alas quod he how may ye thus sustene,
To se your men hereupon the grene,
Afore your face slayne and lye deade.
And lyste not ones for to take hede,
But stande styll pensyfe in your tent.
Upon the poynt your selfe to be shent.
In hasty houre yf ye here abyde.
For fyfty thousande knyghtes here besyde,
Redy armed in plates and in mayle,
Caste them playnly you for to assayle,
This no doubte vnarmed as ye stande.
But ye of knyghthode manly take on hande,
Them to resyste in this selfe place,
And lyke a man to meten in the face.
¶ For whiche anone in a cruell mode,
This Achylles lyke as he were woode,
Hath armed hym fomyng as a bore,
Farewell his loue he sette of it no store,
Of hasty hete his yre was so kene.
¶ That he forgat fayre Pollycene,
And her beaute ẏ whylom made him smert.
And in a rage vp anone he starte,
And toke his stede as any Lyon wroth,
Agayne Troyans and into fyelde he goth.
Lyke a wolfe that is with hunger gnawe,
Ryght so gan he agayne his foen to drawe.
And where he rode without excepciowne,
He woundeth sleeth killeth and bereth downe
Now here now there in a lyttle throwe,
That they of Troy gan his sworde to knowe
Whiche was infecte of newe with their bloud
For there was none as yet ẏ him withstode,
So mortally he gan aboute hym layne,
The dead bodyes enlonge the playne,
¶ Tyll casually Troylus gan espye,
This Achylles as he caste an eye,
And gan his horse with all his might & payne
¶ But Achylles of hym was ware also,
Smette his stede and made hym for to go,
Towarde Troylus in the selfe tyde,
And with full course as they together ryde,
Full lyne ryght their speres sharpe whette,
With suche a myght they haue together mette
Of hyghe dysdayne there is no more to sayne
That to the grounde they felle both twayne.
¶ But Achylles caught hath suche a wounde
In his body depe and so profounde,
That longe he lay myn auctour saith certain,
Or he to helth restored was agayne.
¶ And Troilus eke thrugh plates maile & al
As wryte Guydo had a wounde small.
Whiche vnto hym dyd no greunaunce.
And thus that daye by contynuaunce,
And dayes syxe suynge by and by,
The proude grekes mette cruelly,
Amyd the fyelde them of Troye towne.
To great damage and confusyowne,
Of outher partye playnely this no nay.
For many worthy slayne was day by day.
In their rancour and hertye hoote enuye,
Albe Guydo doth not specyfye,
None of theyr names playnely in this boke,
As ye shall fynde yf ye lyste to loke.

And al this whyle for this sodeine thinge
Pensyfe & tryste was Pryam⁹ the kyng
That Achylles tourned hath so clene,
His luste awaye from yonge Pollycene.
And for this chaunge so sodeyne and so newe
Thought his behestes were not all trewe.
¶ But on deceyte and on doublenesse.
On fraude falsly and newe fangelnesse.
On sleyghty treason an vncouert gyle,
Or rage of loue that lasteth but a whyle.
Was vtterly founde in his beheste.
For lyke as a wynde that no man may areste
Fareth a worde discordaunt fro the dede,
Of whiche a wyse man take shall no hede.
But lette passe as he were reckelesse.
For albeit that this Achylles,
Was whylom caught within loues snare,
Hym lyste not nowe ones for to spare,
Of hygh rancour his lady to offende.
It was not lyke as they of Troye wende.
Hecuba nouther yet Pollycene,
And in an angre and gan her to abreyde,
That she her truste so entyerly hath leyde.
On Achylles that can so falsly mene.
Wherfore full tryste was this Pollycene.
That was enclyned with her eyen clere,
By the counsayle of her mother dere,
¶ To haue be wedded to Achylles.
To fyne onely there shulde haue be a peace,

Atwen

Atwene grekes and them of Troy towne,
But all was false inconclusyowne.
¶ In the fyne was the trouthe ysene,
For whan Achylles of his woundes grene,
Was fully cured by a certayne day,
He gan compasse in all that euer he may,
And ymagine in his enuyous herte,
To be venged of his woundes smerte.
Upon Troylus thot stacke aye in his mynde.
At auauntage if he myght hym fynde.
To hym he bare so passyngly hatrede,
In his herte brennynge as the glede.
Whiche day nor nyght may in no degree,
Fully be queynt tyll he auenged be,
The hoote rancour gan so on hym gnawe.
Auysed platly that he shall beslawe,
Of his handes whan so that it be falle.
And on a day to hym he gan calle,
Myrmydones his knightes euerychone,
Upon a morowe whan the grekes gone,
Tofore the towne in stele armed bryght,
Agayne Troyans of purpose for to fyght.
And they were come proudely into fielde,
In opposyte with many ryche shelde.
Newly depeynt with colours freshe & fyne,
Upon whiche full bryght gan to shyne,
Fyry Titan golde tressed in his sphere,
At his vpryste with his beames clere.
Whan this felle enuyous Achylles,
To his knightes called Myrmydones,
¶ Upon Troylus gan hym to complayne.
Besechynge them for to do theyr payne,
Agayne this Troylus in the fielde that daye.
To catche hym at myschyefe if they may.
And busyly to do their dylygence,
On him to haue their full aduertence,
By one assent where that he ryde.
All other thynge for to sette asyde.
And of nought elles for to take hede.
Saufe fynally agayne hym to procede,
If so they myght catche hym in a trappe.
Within them selfe troylus for to clappe.
To enclose and sette hym rounde abouie.
In all wyse that he go not oute,
And whan he were beset amonge them all,
Not to slea him what euer that be fall.
But through their myght manly him cōserue
Tyll he hym selfe come and make hym sterue.
With his sworde he and none other wyght.
¶ Lo here a manhode for to preyse a ryght.
Uengeaunce of deth of rancour and of pryde,
Compassed treason knighthode layde asyde.
Worthynesse by false enuye yslawe,
Falshede a lofte trouthe a backe ydrawe.
Alas in armes that it shulde befall.
Of trecherye there the bytter galle,
Shulde in this world in any knight be foūde
That be to trouth of their order bounde.
¶ Alas alas for now this Achylles,
Conspyred hath with his Myrmydones.
The death of one and ẏ the worthyest wight,
That euer was and eke the beste knyght.
Alas for wo my herte I fele deade,
For his sake this storye whan I rede.
But whan fortune hath a thynge ordeyned,
Though it be euer wayled and compleyned,
There is no gayne nor no remedye,
Though men on it galen aye and crye,
I can no more touchynge this mattere,
But wryte forth lyke as ye shall here.
How Myrmydones haue their lord behyght,
With all their power and their full myght,
To fulfyll his commaundement.
And into fielde with grekes they be went.
¶ But Troylus fyrst in the opposyte,
Without abode manly them to mete,
He was ybrent with so feruent hete,
Of hardynesse and of hyghe courage.
Of worthynesse and of vasselage.
That him ne lyste no longer to abyde,
But with his folke in began to ryde,
Amonge grekes this folke of hyghe renowne
And w̄ his sword he woūdeth & bereth downe
Sleeth and kylleth vpon euery halue,
So mortally that there may no salue,
Their sores sounde for there was but death,
Where so he rode and yeldyng vp the breth,
So furyously he gan them to enchase.
And made them lese in a lyttell space,
Their lande echone and afore him flee.
In Troylus sworde there was suche cruelte.
That maugre them he the fielde hath wonne
The same tyme whan the bryght sonne,
Hye in the southe at mydday marke shone.
Euen at the houre when it drewe to noone.
When Myrmydones gathred all in one,
In compasse wyse rounde aboute hym gone.
And furyously of one entenciowne,

They

They made a cercle about him enuyrowne.
When they hym sawe of helpe desolate,
But he of herte not dysconsolate.
Upon no syde throngh his manlyhead,
Lyke a Lyon toke of theym no hede.
But through his famous knyghtly excellēce,
He as a Tygre standeth at diffence.
And manfully gan them to encomber,
And gan to lesse and dyscrease their nomber,
And some he maymeth & woūdeth to ẏdeath,
And some he made to yelden vp the breath.
And some he layde to the earthe lowe,
And some he made for to ouerthrowe,
Wyth hys swerde of theyr bloud all wete.
At great myschyefe vnder his horse fete.
Upon his stede sturdy as a wall.
This worthy knyght this man most mercial
Pleyeth his play amonge Myrmydones,
Hym selfe god wot alone all helples.
¶ But tho alas what might his force auayle
When thre thousande knightes him assayle.
On euer y parte both in lengthe and brede,
And cowardly fyrst they slewe his stede.
With their speres sharpe & so square ygroūd.
For whych alas he stante now on ẏ grounde,
Wythout reskuse refute or socoure,
That was that daye of chyualrye the floure.
But well awaye they haue him so beset,
That from his head they smote his basenet.
And brake his harneys as they hym assaile,
And seuer of stele the myghty stronge mayle.
He was dysarmed both necke and also heade,
Alas the whyle & no wyght toke none hede.
Of all his knyghtes longynge to the towne.
And yet alway this Troyan champyowne,
In knyghtly wyse naked as he was,
¶ Hym selfe defendeth. tyll Achylles alas,
Came rydynge in furyous and wood,
And whā he sawe howe that Troylus stode,
Of longe fyghtynge awhaped and a mate,
And from his folkes alone disconsolate,
Sole by hym at myschyefe pyteously,
This Achylles wonder cruelly,
Behynde vnwarely or that he toke hede,
With his swerde smyteth of his heade.
And cast it forthe of cruell cursed herte,
And thought sure it should hym not asterte.
To shewe his malice this wolfe vnmercyable
Full vnknyghtly to be more vengeable,
Upon the body that dead laye and colde,
Alas that euer it should of knyght be tolde,
Wryte or rehersed to do so foule a deede,
Or in a boke alas that men shall rede,
Of any knyght a storye so horryble.
Unto the eares passyngly odyble.
For this Achilles of crueltye alas,
The dead corps toke out of the taas,
And vengeably bonde it as I fynde,
At the tayle of his horse behynde.
And hatefully that euery wyght behelde,
Drewe it him selfe endlonge the felde.
Through the renges and the wardes all.
But Oh alas that euer it should fall.
A knyght to be in herte so cruell,
Or of hatred so spytefull and so fell,
To drawe a man after he were deade.

Oh thou Homer for shame be now red,
And ẏ amase ẏ holdest thy selfe so wyse,
On Achylles to set suche great a pryse.
In thy bokes for his chyualrye.
Aboue echone that dost hym magnyfye.
That was so sleyghty and so full of fraude,
Why geuest thou him so hye a prayse & laude.
¶ Certys Homer for all thy excellence,
Of Rethoryke and sugred eloquence,
Thy lusty songes and thy dytees swete,
Thy houy mouth that doth wyth sugre flete,
Yet in one thynge thou greatly art to blame.,
Causeles to gyue hym suche a name,
With tytle suche of tryumphe and glorye,
So passyngely to put in memorye,
In thy bookes to saye and wryte so,
that he thrugh knighthod slain hath Hectors
First him ẏ was lyke vnto none other, (two.
¶ And sith Troilus ẏ was his owne brother
If thou arte meued of affection,
Whych that thou hast to Grekes nation,
To preyse him so for thou canst endyte.
Thou shouldest aye for any fauour wryte,
The trouthe playnly and be indyfferent,
And saye the sothe clerely of entente.
¶ For when he slewe Hector in the felde,
He was afore disarmed of his shelde.
And busy eke in spoylynge of a kynge.
For yf he had beware of his comynge.
He had hym quyt through his chyualrye.
His false deceyt and his trecherye,

That he ne had so lyghtly from him gone.
¶Also Troylus naked and alone,
Amyd thre thousand closed and yshet,
¶When Achilles hath his head of smet,
At his backe of full cruell herte.
When he nothing his treason dyd aduerte.
¶Was that a dede of a manly knyght.
To slee a man forweryed in the fyght,
Faynt of trauayle all the longe daye,
Amonge so many standynge at a baye,
A kynges sonne and so hye borne,
Naked the head his armure all to torne.
Euen at the death on the selfe poynt,
At great myschyefe and playnly out of ioynt,
Of his lyfe standynge on the wrake.
¶When Achilles came falsly at the bake,
Assaylynge hym when he was halfe deade,
And lyke a cowarde smote of then his heade.
That was to fore hurte and wounded sore.
¶Wherfor Homer ne praise him not therfore
Let not his prease thy royall booke difface,
But in all haste his renowme outrace.
For here his name when I here it neuen,
Verely vp to the thirde heauen,
As semeth me infecte is the eyre.
The sowne therof so foule is and vnfayre.
For if that he had vsed aduertence,
Other the eye of his prouydence,
Unto knyghthod or his worthynesse.
Other to manhode or to gentylnesse,
Or to the renowme of his owne name,
Or to the reporte of his knyghtly fame,
In any wyse to haue taken hede.
He hadde neuer done so foule a dede,
So vengeably for to haue yslawe,
A kynges sonne after he was slawe.
And namely hym that was so good a knight.
Whyche in his tyme who so loke aryght,
Passed Achylles I dare it well expresse.
Both of manhode and of gentylnesse.
But for all that he is nowe dead alas.
¶The death of whom when Pollydamas,
And Parys eke fyrst gan espye,
They fared in sothe as they woulden dye.
And specyally wyth face dead and fade,
¶Parys alas suche inly sorowe made,
For the constreynt of his deadly wo,
When he sawe well that Troylus was ago,
And that he shall in lyfe him neuer se.
Suche sorowe also the Troyan Dan Enee,
For hym hath made and many other mo,
That all at ones they togyther go,
The dead corps to recure if they maye.
¶But grekes were so fell on them that daye,
That all theyr haste was vtterly in vayne.
In any wyse the corps to get agayne.
Tyll that Menon the noble worthy kynge,
Whych loued Troylus ouer all thynge,
Caught such routhe of affection,
That he in haste fearser than a Lyon,
On his death cast him to be wreake.
And fyrst for Ire thus he gan to speake.
To Achylles for all his hye treasowne,
Oh thou Traitoure, Oh thou Scorpyowne,
Oh thou Serpent full of Trecherye,
Whych in dishonour of all chyualrye,
Through false engyne hast this daye yslawe,
The onely best that here hadde no felowe,
When he was whylom in this worlde alyue.
Alas alas who maye aryght descryue,
Thy venym hyd thy malice and vntrouthe.
Wythout pyte or any knyghtly routhe.
To drawe a knyght so gentyll and so good,
A kynges sonne of so worthy bloud,
Through out ỹ feld at thy horse tale behynde,
That euer after it shalbe in mynde,
This cruell dede and vngentylnesse.
¶And wyth ỹ word Menon gan him dresse,
Towarde Achylles wythout more areste,
And wyth a spere smet him in the brest,
Enuyously of so great hatrede,
That he vnneth kepte him on his stede,
And Menon after pulled out a swerde,
And cast hym manly to mete him in the berde,
And rode to him fully denoyde of dreade,
And suche a wound he gaue him on the head,
That maugre him in many mannes syght,
To the earthe he made him to alyght.
For all his pryde in a mortall traunce.
And of that wound he felt such greuaunce,
That at the death he laye an huge whyle,
In a swowne the space of halfe a myle,
Tyll Myrmydones assembled into one,
With great laboure and hente him vp anone.
Full deadly pale so he gan to blede,
But for all that they set him on his stede,
And at the last his hert he caught agayne,
And smet his horse of hate and hye disdayne,

And towarde Menon fast gan him hye.
But when that he his comynge gan espye,
Full lyke a knyght lyst not to abyde,
But hit his horse sharply in the syde,
And mette Achilles proudly on the playne.
And wyth theyr swordes they togither layne,
And gan to hurtle on horse backe tho yfere,
Wyth herte enuyous and despytous chere.
¶But kynge Menon was at auauntage,
Of Achylles for all his wood rage,
In poynt to abrought him to confusyowne,
Tyll ỹ the wardes of newe be comen downe.
On other parte both of these and ponder,
Whych sodaynly seuered them asonder.
And as the story telleth playnly than,
Began the slaughter of many manly man.
For nother party the felde ne would leue,
Of very pryde tyll it drewe to eue.
That Phebus gan aswage of his hete,
And gan to bathe in the wawes wete,
His bryght beames of the Occyan.
That fro the felde home goth euery man,
To theyr lodginge and after seuen dayes,
They faught yfere & made no more delayes.
¶Full mortall by cruell aduenture,
Whyle Achylles full busy was to cure,
His woundes grene and his sores sounde.
And then he had a newe treason founde,
To be venged vpon kynge Menon,
For all his wytte he sette therupon.
And so this cruell enuyous Achilles,
Ycharged hath his Myrmydones,
Worthy Menon amonge theim to enbrace.
If they hym founde of opportune in place.
With all theyr might and theyr busy thought,
From theyr handes that he escape nought.
Tyll he hym selfe auenged on hym be.
¶And so befell as they Menon se,
The nerte morowe lyke a manly knyght,
Agayne the Grekes armed for to fyght,
On Trope syde as he was wonte to do,
Of auenture that daye yt fell so,
That Achilles and this Menon mette,
And eche of theim gan on other sette,
On horse backe wyth full great enuye.
When as so longe in theyr melancolye,
Nine auctour wryt they togyther fyght,
That eche made other of force to alyght.

¶And whan Menon stode vpon ỹ grounde
Myrmydones wente aboute him rounde,
As they were charged of the fyerse Achylle,
When he alas wythout goddes wylle,
Dysseuered was from his knyghtes all.
And at myschyefe they vpon him fall,
Destitute alone and helples,
And in suche poynt slewe him Achylles.
But in the story lyke as it is founde,
This Menon fyrst gaue him such a wounde,
Tofore his death in all this fell stryfe,
That he dyspeyred was as of his lyfe,
This Achylles for all his false treason.
Take hede Homer and demeth in thy reason,
The false fraude and the sleyghty gyle,
The treason caste afore wyth many wyle,
Of Achylles and iudge now a ryght,
If euer he slewe any worthy knyght.
But if yt were by preodycyon.
Recorde I take of the kynge Menon.
So that the tytle of his laude alas,
Entriked is wyth fraude and wily fallace.
¶That thou Homer mayst with no coloure,
Though thou paynte with gold & wo asoure,
In thy worytynge his venym not enclose,
But as the thorne hyd vnder the rose,
Whose malyce aye dareth by the roote,
Though the floure aboue fayre and soote,
That men the fraude vnder may not se,
Of his treason ye get no more of me.

But I wyll tell how Grekes do that day,
How Meneste and kynge Menelay,
Dyomede and Thelamonyus,
On Troyans were passyng despytous.
For cruelly wyth theyr wardes all,
In theyr myschyefe be vpon them fall,
And made theim flee home vnto the towne,
For whylom Troylus chyefe champyowne,
Is deade alas and hath them nowe forsake.
Of whom they haue the dead body take,
The same daye with great difficulte,
And dolefully they into the Cyte,
Haue tho it brought crying oft alas,
And for his death such a wo there was,
That I trowe there is no man alyue,
Whych could aryght halfe dele descrine,
Theyr pyteous wo nor lamentacyowne,

Terteyse not Boys that hath suche renowne
With dzery wozdes to be wepe and crye,
¶In complaynynge to Phylosophye,
Throughe his boke accusynge aye foztune,
That selde oz nought can in one contune.
She is so full of transmutaciowne.
Oh stace of Thebes make no bost noz sowne
Of dzerynesse foz to wzyte at all,
Nother of death noz festes funerall,
Of makynge sozowe noz aduersyte,
¶Let be thy weppnge oh thou Nyobe,
¶Ye syster also of Apeliager,
That custome haue foz to flee so fer.
Fro yere to yere your bzother to complayne.
And thou that wepte st out thine eyen twaine
Oedippus kyng of Thebes the cyte,
Thou wofull Myzrha and Calyxtone.
That so well can in rage you bemene.
And Dydo eke whylome of Cartage quene.
Lette be your dole and your contrycyon.
¶And Phyllys eke foz thy Demophon.
¶And eke Ecco that newe dost begyn,
To crye and wayle. and also thou Cozynne,
That whylom were in so great affray,
Foz death onely of thy Poppyngay.
As in his boke telleth vs Ouyde.
Let all this wo now be layde aside,
And make of it no comparisowne,
Unto the wo that was in Troye towne.
Foz death onely of this wozthy knyght,
Foz loue of whom euery maner wyght,
Hygh and lowe olde and yonge of age,
Are falle of newe into suche a rage,
That they ne coulde of their wo none ende.
Whose salte teares wyll their eyen shende.
So pyteous was the lamentaciowne,
In euery strete throughout all the towne,
Alas who coulde all their sozowes telle.
¶I trowe certeys Pluto depe in helle.
Foz all his tozment and his paynes kene,
Nouther the Pzoserpyna his quene,
Nother the wery wood Tycius,
Iryon noz hungry Tantalus,
Ne coulde not well foz all their bytter peyne,
So furyously wepen and complayne,
As do troyans Troylus foz thy sake.
Foz who can nowe suche a sozowe make,
¶Oz who can wepe as kyng Pzyamus.
Who wepeth now with face full pyteous,
Oz sozowe maketh. but Hecuba the quene,
¶Who wepeth now but fayze Pollycene,
Who wepeth nowe but Parys and Heleyne,
Who can now wepe into teares reyne,
As Troyans do with deadly swole chere.
It neded them no wepers foz to hyer.
They had ynough of their owne stoze.
Alas foz nowe they be foz euermoze,
Of helpe all sole of comfozte destytute.
Foz who shall nowe be to them refute.
¶Nowe that Hectoz and also Deyphobus,
And Troylus eke that was so bertuous,
Be dead alas who shall their succour be.
Oz helpe sustene the werre of there cyte,
There is no mozе in conclusyon,
But after death fully destruction.
Of theyz towzes and their walles stronge,
In this matter what shulde I playne longe.
It bayleth not alway so to mozne,
Wherfoze I wyll now agayne retozne,
To my matter and tell fozth how the kyng,
To grekes hath without moze taryinge,
Foz a trewse and a peace ysent.
A certayne tyme by great auysement.
Whyche graunted was of Agamenowne,
And they ayene repeyzed to the towne,

¶Howe Parys slewe Achylles, and Archylogus Duke Nestozs sonne, in the Temple of Apollo. Cap. xxxii.

Kynge Pzyamus dyd his busye cure,
Foz to make a ryche sepulture,
Foz Troylus cozps full noble and royall.
As sayth Guydo of stones and metall,
And him enclosed of great affection,
¶And nighe besyde was the kyng Menon.
Solempnely buryed and laide in graue.
And after that day by day they haue,
Lyke the custome of feste funerall,
And other ryghtes ceremonyall,
Foz them bothe with dewe obseruaunce,
Seruyse done aye by contynuaunce,
In their temple lyke as was the guyse.
Whyche were to longe me foz to deuyse.
And tedyus eke to you foz to dwell.

But

But I purpose ceriously to tell.
Howe Hecuba as I can endyte,
Her caste fully Achylles to requyte,
His tirannye sothly yf she may.
And vnto her she calleth on a day,
Alexsaunder in full secrete wyse,
And vnto hym as I shall you deuyse,
With weppynge eyen and full heuy chere,
Sayde euen thus as ye shall after here.
¶Parys quod she alas saue goddes wyll,
Thou knowest well howe the fyerse Achylle,
My sonnes hath slayne well nye euerychone,
There is none lefte but thy selfe alone.
He hath me made alas there is no gayne,
Full cowardly of chyldren now baraine.
Both of Hector and Troylus eke therto.
Whiche were to me in euery trouble and wo,
Fully comforte pleasaunce and solace.
Wherfore I caste playnely to compase,
By some engyne his death to ordayne.
And lyke as he by treason dyd his payne,
Trayterously with his swoorde to smyte,
Ryght so I thynke with treason hym to quite.
As syttynge is of ryght and equyte.
And syth thou wotest platly how that he,
Hath sette his herte and his loue clene,
Upon my doughter yonge Polycene,
To fyne onely to haue her vnto wyue.
For whiche I caste to hym sende blyue,
For to come and treate of that mattere.
¶In the temple of Appollo here.
In the temple moste chiefe of this Cyte.
At whiche fyne my wyll is that thou be,
Thy selfe armed there full pryuelye.
With certayne knyghtes in thy companye,
Armed also agayne the same daye.
That in no wyse he ne scape maye,
From your handes but that he be dead.
As I haue saide and therfore take good hede
Unto this thynge with all my herte I praye.
From poynt to poynt my byddyng to obeye.
And he assenteth with all his hole herte,
Behotynge her that he shulde not asterte,
And with hym toke twenty and no mo,
Of manly men that ryght well durste do.
And in the temple by full good aduyse,
¶They were yhid by biddynge of Parys.
Whyle Hecuba couert in her entente,
Her messager to Achylles hath sent,
As ye haue herde in conclusyowne.
To come in haste vnto Troys towne.
After the effecte whiche was of her myssage,
Onely to treate of a marryage.
And he in haste commeth at her sonde:
As he that coulde nothyng vnderstonde:
Her treason hyd nor playnly it aduerte.
He was so hote marked in his herte,
With loues bronde and his fyry glede,
Of lyfe nor death that he toke no hede.
But sette a syde wytte and all reason,
To caste afore by good discrecion;
What was to do with lokynge full prudent.
For he in soth was with loue blent,
Into Troye whan that he shulde gone.
Lyke as it fareth of louers euerychone.
Whan they haue caught in herte a fantasye,
For no peryll though they shulden dye.
They haue no myght nor power to beware:
Tyll they vnwares be trapped in the snare,
Their maladye is aye so furyous.
¶And thus Achylles and Anthylogus,
Nestors sonne haue the waye nome,
Towarde the towne and be togither come,
Into temple as ye haue harde me telle.
And Parys tholyste no longer dwelle,
But all vnwarely with his knyghtes all,
On Achylles is at myschyefe fall,
Euerych of them with a swoorde full bryght,
And some bokes saye it was done by night,
Whan his death longe afore deuyzed,
¶By Hecuba and Parys was conspyzed.
¶But Achylles in this mortall case,
Amonge them all naked as he was,
Hent out a swoorde in the selfe steuen,
And lyke a knyght he slewe of them seuen.
Of very force mauger all their myght.
¶But whan Parys therof had a syght.
Thre dartes raught that were kene & square,
And sodeynly are that he was ware,
Full secretely hyd vnder the shade,
Markynge at hym and no noyse made,
Caste at hym euen as euer he can,
That head and shafte throughout his body ran.
And therwithall knyghtes not a fewe,
With sharpe swoordes gan vpon hym hewe,
And lefte hym not tyll he lay at grounde.
¶Full pale dead with many mortall wounde
And ryghtfully of reason as it syt,

Thus was the fraude and the falched quyt,
¶Of Achylles for his hygh treason.
As deth for deth is skylfully guerdon,
And egall mede without any fable,
¶To them that be mercyles vengeable,
For thilke daye Guydo wryteth thus,
That Achylles and Anthylogus.
¶Of Parys were in the temple slawe.
And afterwarde the bodye was outdrawe,
Of Achylle fro the holy boundes,
And cruelly throwen vnto the houndes,
To be devoured in the brode streste.
In canell rennynge of fylthy waters wete.
Without pytye or any maner routhe,
Lo here the ende of falched and vntrouth.
Lo here the fyne of suche trecherye,
Of false deceyte compassed by envye,
Lo here the knotte and conclusyon,
How god aye quytteth slaughter by treason.
Lo here the guerdon and the fynall mede,
Of them that so delyten in falchede.
For euery thyng platly for to sayne,
Lyke as it is his guerdon doth attayne.
As ye mayse of this Achilles,
Whiche on a nyght in the temple les,
His lyfe for he was aye customable,
By fraude and treason for to be vengeable.
¶But it befell at request of Heleyne,
That the bodyes of these ylke tweyne,
Conserued were from the hungry rage,
Of beste and foule gredy and ramage.
And yet they lay amyddes of the cytye,
Full openly that all men myght them se,
To great gladnesse of them of the towne.
¶Into tyme that Agamenowne,
To kyng Pryam sent his massageres,
To haue license to fette them home on beares
By graunt of whom they haue the corses take
For whom grekes suche a sorowe make,
That pytye was and routh for to here.
And euerych spake thus vnto his feare.
Farewell our truste nowe Achylles is dede,
Farewell our hope and hooly all our spede.
Farewell our ioye and our chiefe diffence,
That hadde in manhode so great excellence.
Farewell alas our souerayne assuraunce,
Farewell in knighthode all our suffysaunce.
For now alas vnlykely is that we,
Shall euer wynne or getten this Cite.
To vs alas so frowarde is fortune,
But that they myghten not contune,
Alway in wo nor in payne endure,
They caused to make a rychc Sepulture.
To Achylles of stones precyous.
¶And an other to Anthylogus.
What shulde I now any longer dwell,
Ceryously the rytes for to telle,
Of their buryinge nor what wo they make,
Their weppynge all nor of their clothes blake.
Nor how that some loure in their hode,
And how some go with mylke and blond,
With dolefull herte and into fyre it shete.
And how that other casten gummes swete,
Amydde the great flaumes funerall.
Nor of the playes called pallestrall.
Nor of the wrastlynge that was at the wake,
It were but payne me to vndertake,
To tellen all wherfore I will lette be.
Fully in purpose lyke as ye shall se,
To resorte as in conclusyon,
To tellen how the great Agamenon,
For his lordes in all the haste hath sent,
And when they were assembled in his tent,
Full prudently this kyng this manly man,
With great aduyse thus he his tale began.

Syres quod he fortunes varyaunce,
Her chere froward & double countenance,
And sodeyne tourne of her false vysage,
Your hertes hath put in suche arage,
For the murdre to god and man odyble,
¶Of Achylles and the death horryble,
By compassynge of Hecuba the quene.
Now semeth me that it shall be sene.
If any manhode in your hertes be.
Or knightly force in aduerstye,
For to endure by vertue of suffraunce.
Tyll of his death ye taken may vengeaunce.
And manly quyte this outragious offence.
Whan time cometh to make full recompence.
But syth that ye be manly and prudent,
I wolde fyrst se the playne entent.
In this matter of you that be so wyse.
And hereupon what is your aduyse.
By one assent and voyce in comune,
Whether ye wyll the werre forth contune,
And the syege ygonne vpon this towne,
Tyll they be brought to destructiowne.

Or into grece now resorte agayne.
For cause only that Achylles is slayne.
That whilom was your strong champiowne
Your diffence and chiefe protectiowne.
But synally now that he is dead,
Hereupon let se what is your reade.
Saye openly and no longer tarye,
¶ And some anone gonne for to varye,
And to grutche castynge to and fro,
Standynge in doute what were beste to do.
¶ And some sayde on the tother syde,
For lyfe or death they wolde an ende abyde.
And some of them that of wytte were rude,
For their partye gonnen to conclude,
That they wolde efte home agayne retourne.
And other sayd that they wyll soiourne,
Styll at the syege happe what happe may.
And thus they treate all the longe day,
Euery man lyke his oppynyon.
Tyll at the laste in conclusyon,
They be accorded fully into one,
Fro the syege neuer for to gone,
Unto the tyme they haue of the towne,
Through their knyghthode full possessyowne
At their free wyll to spylle or elles to saue.
Albe Achylles buryed was in graue.
For the truste of euery worthy knyght,
Was synally as goddes haue behyght,
That they in haste shall the towne possede.
This was their hope fully deuoyde of drede.
Undiscreyzed in their oppynyon.
¶ And then anone Ayax Thelamon,
A worthy knyght and famous of his hande,
Amonge all tho that were of grekes londe,
Sayde euen thus playnly in sentence.
¶ Syres quod he that here be in presence,
My counsayle is platly and my rede,
Now it standeth so that Achylles is dead,
For his sonne in all the haste to sende.
Hyther to come for to se an ende,
Of the syege and helpe vs in this nede.
¶ Whiche nowe abyt with kynge Lycomede,
His byfayle and named is Pirrus.
And some hym call Neptolonyus.
Ryght lusty freshe and by lykelynesse,
Able to attayne to great worthynesse,
As by reporte and the fame is kouthe.
If he drawe hym to armes in his youth.
¶ And sothfastly but yf bokes lye,
As I haue redde and herde by prophecye,
That synally Troye the Cyte,
Without hym shall neuer wonne be.
Thus bokes saye that be of olde memorye.
And howe grekes shall haue no victorye,
Tyll he come this sonne of Achylles.
Wherfore in haste and be not reckeles,
Sende for hym that it be done anone.
And they commende his counsaile euerichone
And to his reade fully them assent,
And by aduise full prudently they sente,
In all the haste on this embassyat,
The wyse kynge full famous of estate,
I meane the prudent noble Menelay,
And forth he goeth the selfe same day,
And on his iourney gan hym faste spede.
¶ Tyll that he came vnto Lycomede.
The olde kynge as ye haue harde me telle,
Where for a tyme I wyll lette hym dwelle,
¶ And to Grekes in the meane whyle,
So as I can derecte againe my style.

¶ Howe Parys and Thelamon Ayax, slewe eche other in the fylde. Cap. xxxiii.

The tyme of yere when the shene sonne,
In the Crabbe had his course yronne,
To the hyghest of his ascencyon.
Whiche called is the somer stacyon.
Whan the vertue out of euery roote,
Is drawen vp and the bawme soote,
Into the croppe and the freshe floure,
Most lusty is of hewe and of coloure.
Tyll Phebus chare in his discencion,
Out of the Crabbe towarde the Lyon,
Holdeth his course in the fyrmament.
I meane whan he is retrogradyent.
And dryeth vp the moysture and the wete,
Of herbe and floure with his feruent hete.
And all that beer afore hym made grene,
To white he tourneth with his beames shene
Both sede and grayne by decoction,
For naturally by dygestyon,
That fyrst was rawe in fruites & in floures,
And watry eke by plente of humoures,
He dryeth vp and rypeth at the full,
With his feruence that men may them pull.
Eche in his kynde after the season,
Fro yeare to yeare by reuolucyon.

On their braunches freshely as they sprede,
Whan that Cheryes powbly be and rede.
¶ First in June that seweth after Maye,
Whan the hote mery somers daye,
No dwery is but lyke a gyaunt longe.
The same tyme grekes stoute and stronge,
With rancour brent of their enuyous hete,
Haue shapen them with their foen to mete,
And bryght armed into fyelde they go,
And they of Troye out of the towne also,
And their wardes ordeyned euerychone,
The fyelde haue take to meten with their foen
And gan to assemble vpon outher syde.
¶ But Thelamon of foly and of pryde,
The same daye of hym as I reade,
As he that had of his death no dread,
Disarmed was for battayle of arest.
Of mayle and plate bare vpon his brest,
For of foly and surquedous outrage,
Bare his heade and bare of his vysage.
And bare also without basenet,
And naked eke of vyser and palet.
He rode all daye of nothynge tho aferde,
Hauynge no weapon but a naked sworde,
For wylfully he lefte at home his shelde,
And his spere when he toke the fyelde.
Full lyke a knight syttynge on his stede,
¶ And after hym foloweth Dyomede.
Lyke Mars hym selfe about hym his meyne,
And faste by came the duke of Meneste,
Kyng Ulixes and Agamenon.

And Pryamus w̄ them of Troy towne,
Toke eke the fyelde w̄ a full heuy chere,
For he was both feareful and in were,
In great dispeyre and inly full of dreade,
To yssue out syth Hector nowe was dede.
¶ Worthy Troylus and also Deyphobus,
For in hym selfe he demed playnely thus,
That he was febled greatly of his myght,
After their death with grekes for to fyght.
But out he goth hap what hap maye,
And Parys eke full knyghtly of array,
¶ Kyng Phylomene and Pollydamas,
¶ Worthy Esdre and with them Eneas.
By one assent there is no more to saye.
The same daye knightly to lyue or deye,
In their diffence and vtterly ieoparte,
As goddes lyste the felde that daye departe.
And proudely fyrste the grekꝫ they gan perce,
And Parys tho with thē that were of Perce,
Fell in a syde with the sonne shene.
And his archers with arrowes square & kene
The grekes gan a sondre to disseuere,
For in the felde they myght not perseuere,
Onely for shot of the stronge archers.
Of Perce londe and the Arbalasters.
Whiche made them fle ryght of very nede.
¶ Into tyme that proude Dyomede,
Whan he of grekes sawe this sodeyne flyghte
Them to releue lyke a manly knyght,
Is come vpon felly in his tene,
¶ And fyrste of all he sette on Phylomene.
A worthy kynge that came on Troye syde,
The whyche agayne gan at hym to ryde,
That Dyomede hath but lyttell wonne.
With swordes styffe as they togyther ronne,
That to beholde it was a noble syght,
How eche of them quyte hym lyke a knyght,
As they togyther ran on horse backe.
That no man coulde in nother se no lacke.
But euer in one Troyans were so felle,
Upon grekes that they ne myght dwelle,
To kepe their londe so they made them blede,
Mauger the force of this Dyomede.
The slaughter was so hydous and so stronge.
That through ẏ fielde the woful noyse ronge
And mortall crye of wounded folke that laye.
Slayne on the soyle endlonge the waye.
¶ Tyll Meneste syttynge on his stede,
The worthy duke gan to take hede,
In what myschyefe grekes were beset,
And hent anone a spere sharpe ywhet,
Smyttynge his horse felly in the syde,
And through to renges knightly he gan ryde
And stynt not so furyous he was.
¶ Tyll that he mette with Pollydamas,
A Troyan knyght and a manly man,
And vnwarely at hym as he ran,
He hytte him so in many mannes syghte,
To the erthe that he made him to a lyght.
And with a sworde at grounde whan he laye,
He had him slayne the selfe same daye,
In his rage and his cruell tene,
Ne had be that kynge Phylomene,
Had him reskewed in this auenture.
Whiche so frendely for hym dyde his cure,
Maugre the myght of this Menestee,

From

From his handes that he went free.
All forbathed and be spreynt with blonde.
And all this whyle Ayax proudely rode,
Of surquedy and of wylfulnesse,
Of foly rage and foule hardynesse,
Naked his body heade and euerydele,
Amyd his foen armed bryght in stele.
And of Troyans suche a slaughter made,
That they laye dead both in sonne and shade
Throughout the felde where this Thelamon
Amonge them rode woodder then Lyon.
That Troian none might hym tho withstãde
While that he held his bloudy sworde in hand
That wonder was naked as he rode,
Without wounde that he so longe abode.
¶And as Guydo maketh rehersayle,
And wryteth eke for a great merualle,
That he vnslayne might so longe contune.
But whan a thynge is shapen of fortune,
It myght befalle what euer thynge it be,
In weale or woo ioye or aduersyte.
Whan one shall dye or whan he shall escape.
But the alas can alder fyrst by iape,
And bringe a man vnwarely to myschaunce,
Whan he beste weneth to haue assuraunce,
In this ladye of transmutacyon.
Lyke as it fell of worthy Thelamon,
This same daye whiche of foly pryde,
Amonge his foen gan so ferre to ryde,
Ylyche freche ryght as he began,
¶And slewe of Perce many a manly man.
And of hym selfe toke no maner hede,
His knightly herte so was denoyde of drede,
Tyll Parys sawe his great hardynesse,
And howe that he his knight dyd oppresse,
Enchasynge them so mortally and narowe,
Without abode anone he toke an arowe,
Ertoryeat sharpe and venymous,
And in this Ire fell and despyteous,
And shot at hym in the selfe tyde,
As sayth Guydo and smyt hym throughꝑ side
That of that hurte there is no more to saye,
He felte well that he must deye.
¶And whan he sawe none other remedye,
For he rode supprysed with enuye,
Throughout ꝑ prese his sword aye in his hand
Into tyme that he Parys fonde.
¶And vnto hym with a pale chere,
He spake and sayd amone as ye shall here.

¶Parys quod he as this mortall wounde,
Of thyne arrowe sharpe and square yground
Hath fynally my lyfe put in dispeyre,
Neuer into Grece to haue repeyre.
Ryght so shall I by shorte conclusyowne,
Awaye shape that into Troye towne,
With thy lyfe thou entre shalte no more.
At my herte the venym byt so sore,
That other gayne is there none but death.
¶But yet tofore or I yelde vp the breth,
Truste me ryght well there may be no socour
That thou ne shalte be predecessour,
And go afore depe downe into hell.
There with Pluto eternally to dwell.
So as of ryght it is necessarye,
Thy time is set which thou maiest not tarye.
And here my trouth for morgage of thy corse
That in all hast I shall make deuorse,
Atwyxe the and the quene Heleyne.
And twynne a sonder eke the false cheyne,
Whiche linked was by colour of wedlocke.
And hath so longe be shet vnder locke.
Only by fraude and false engyne also.
¶But nowe the knotte shalbe broke a two.
With my ryght hande the trouth to darayne,
For through the cause onely of you twayne,
In this werre many worthy knyght,
His lyfe hath loste and many an other wight
On outher syde for your both sake.
But of all this I shall an ende make.
Of your loue and foule auoutrye.
¶For fynally Parys thou shalte dye,
Of my handes as it is thy chaunce.
And with ꝑ word his sword he gan enhaunce
Aboue his heade and smote hym in the face,
That he fell dead in the selfe place.
For his heade he hath parted on twayne.
And ryght forthwith there is no more to saine
¶Ayax alas of his mortall wounde,
Fell dead also gruflynge vnto the grounde.
Full pyteously and then they of Troye,
Haue Parys take vp out of the weye,
And bore hym home into theyr cyte.
¶But Dyomede and duke Menestee,
With many greke rydynge enuyronne,
Sewed the chase euen to the towne.
But for cause Tytan gan to lowe,
Downe by the arke of his dayes bowe,
For into west vnder the rowes redde,

And Helperus gan his lyght to chede.
This to saye or it drewe to nyght,
The Grekes be repeyred home aryght,
Everyche of theim to his lodgynge place.
To take theyr reste all that nyghtes space.
¶Saue as I reade that Agamenowne,
The grekes made fast by the towne,
To sette theyr tentes and paulyons.
Of very pryde fast by the wall,
Habytacles and newe mansyons.
And they of Troye dyspeyred ouer all,
No refute could Grekes for to let.
But of assent fast theyr gates chette.
And all the nyght on the walles wake,
And ouer this suche a wo they make,
Through the Cyte that Parys was so dead,
For fynally nowe they can no reade,
But wepe and crye and sorowe euer in one.

NOwe al ỹ sonnes of Priam⁹ were gone.
Fortune alas hath theim so appeyred,
That of theyr lyfe they be nowe dyspeyred,
Of all hope and of good welfare.
Perpetually for to lyue in care.
Unto the death and that was faste bye.
For nowe there is no maner remedye,
Upon no syde nor refute none at all,
But theym to kepe close wythin the wall,
That for to se it was a pyteous thynge.
¶And suche a wo maketh now the kynge,
¶For Parys death that for deadly smerte,
Hym thought platly that his wofull herte,
Recureles would brast and ryue a tweyne.
And into teares he gan dystylle and reyne,
As he would tho for very sorowe deye.
¶And of the quene alas what shall I seye,
¶Hecuba his owne mother deare,
That crieth & wepeth with a woful cheare.
¶Of Polycene that was so wo begone,
And of his systren also euerychone,
That haue theyr heir & theyr clothes torne,
As yf they had theyr owne death ysworne,
For very wo and for pyteous peyne.
¶But for by all the fayre quene Heleyne,
Wayleth creyeth with a deadly cheare,
That her eyen whych whylom were so cleare,
Forderked were with dolefull teares smerte.
And to the corps sodaynly she sterte,
And clypped yt in her armes twayne.
And pyteously embrace it and restrayne,
Lyke as she would with him dye anone.
For styll she laye dombe as any stone,
As marbyll colde her lymmes craumpisching,
Redy at all towarde her buryinge.
Tyll men by force from the corps her hent.
And she her heyr and her chekes rente.
As tho she had be fallen in a rage.
That chaunged was alas in her vysage,
Her natyfe coloure and her rody hewe,
Whylom as freshe as any rose newe.
Nowe is she lyke vnto ashes colde,
And wyth her handes aye togyther folde,
Her selfe she smote on her pale face.
And euer amonge the corps she did embrace,
In her swownes as she fell to grounde,
Twenty tymes and wept full his wounde.
Wyth wo she was awhaped and amate,
Of all comforte alas disconsolate.
In herte beynge inly desyrous,
Through her rage passynge furyous,
To dye attones with her owne knyght.
For towarde death enclosed was her syght.
As she that lyst to lyue nowe no more.
¶And as I trowe that neuer man before,
No woman sawe fall in suche distresse.
In suche disioynt of deadly heuynesse.
Nor for no wo so pyteously praue,
Not Cleopatre goynge to her graue.
Nor wofull Tesbe that fro the kaue sterte,
Whan she her selfe smote vnto the herte.
¶Nor the faythfull trewe Orestylle,
When that she sawe her lord agayne her will,
¶Marcus Brolancus vnto shyppe gone,
And for his loue fell downe dead anone.
¶Nor the sorowe of trewe Julia,
¶Nor the feruence of faythfull Porcia,
Of whych the one fell dead sodaynly,
For she sawe bloud spent so cruelly,
On her lordes dredfull garment.
¶And Porcia so trewe in her entent,
When that her lorde Brutus lost his lyfe,
For bycause she myght haue no knyfe,
Wyth colys red slewe her selfe alas.
Was not also in the selfe case,
¶Arthemysya quene of Tarse londe.
Of Mausalus the graue whan she foude,
Her owne knyght of whose bones smale,
Full wofully and wyth a cheare pale,

She poudre made & dranke it euery morowe
¶ But all the wo and the furyous sorowe,
Of these echone yet may not atteyne,
¶ Unto the sorowe of the quene Heleyne.
That fynally wyll her selfe fordo.
For Parys sake whom she loued so.
For after him she wyll not lyue a daye.
But be awreke playnly yf she maye,
Upon her lyfe rather than dysseuere.
And thus in wo aye she doth perseuere,
In her herte Parys sat so depe.
¶ Alas who sayth that women can not wepe
Yes doubtles they haue it of nature.
Though it so be that they no wo endure.
Yet can they fayne and salte teares fynde,
Plenty ynough of thryr owne kynde,
And sorowles morne and compleyne.
¶ I saye not this for the quene Heleyne,
That was wyth wo wounded to the herte.
That fro the death she wende not sterte,
For deathes darte her herte made ryue,
And yet she rose agayne fro death to lyue,
Onely by grace for all her fell rage,
For euery wo by processe must aswage.
And ouer gone and wasted by myracle,
For eche venym made is some Tryacle,
And euery wo hath his remedye.
¶ For though Heleyne as tho fayn wold dye,
Her kynde ne would assent yet therto.
So sodaynly to slea her selfe for wo.
She was a woman no man shulde her wyte,
Me lyste no more of her wo endyte.
Lest vnto you that it were tedyous,
To heren all her paynes furyous,
Her cruell wo and lamentacion,
Whych would meue to compassyon,
In very sothe to wryte euerydele,
Any herte though it were made of stele.
¶ For kynge Pryam and the quene also,
Had suche routhe of her pyteous wo,
To se her wepe and furyously complayne,
That they of her felte as much payne,
¶ As they dyd almost for hym Parys.
¶ Herof no more for Pryam by deuyse,
After this rage and this mortall wo,
Amyd the Temple sacred to Juno,
Ordayned hath with full busy cure,
For the corps a ryche sepulture.
And in all haste therin made it shette,
That in sothenesse if I should not lette,
To tell all the rytes and the gyse,
That there were made in theyr paynim wise,
And the costes of his buryinge,
It should be all to longe a taryinge,
Ceryously theron to abyde.
Wherfore as nowe I let ouerslyde,
Their paynim rites supersticious.

¶ Howe Pantisilia quene of Amazonis comming in ayde of the Troians, was slayne by Pyrrhus Achylles sonne. Ca.xxxiiii.

And telle I wyll how kyng Priamus,
Cōmaūded hath of mischyefe & of nede,
Through Troye towne onely of very drede,
To shytte theyr gates strongly as they maye.
And therupon both by nyght and daye,
To kepe watche for shortly they of Troye,
Dysconsolate of all theyr olde ioye,
Can no refute but wepe and sorowe make.
For they ne durst no more vndertake,
Agayne Grekes into felde to gone.
¶ Tyll on a daye kynge Agamenon,
His messager by good auisement,
To Pryamus into Troye hath sent,
Requyrynge him of manhode lyke a knyghte,
To yssue out wyth Grekes for to fyght.
As he was wonte wyth his chyualrye.
¶ But kynge Pryam his axinge gan denye.
And shortly sayd to him that was sent,
That he ne would at his assignement,
Not ones passe the gates of the towne.
But at his owne free electiowne,
Whan euer him lyst without compellynge.
¶ And yet in sothe cause of his taryinge,
¶ Was for the hardy quene of Femynye,
Towarde Troye that fast gan her hye.
Out of her lande and lyttell regyon,
The whych as bokes make mencion,
After the scyte of the fyrmamente,
Is in the plage of the Oryent.
¶ And called is the reygne of Amazonis.
Of which the custome and the vse is,
That onely women therin shall abyde.
And they were wonte armed for to ryde.
And haue in armes great experyence.
For theyr laboure and theyr dylygence,
Is fynally to haue exercyse,

Fro

Fro daye to daye in Martes hygh ſeruyce.
And ouermoze theyr cuſtome and vſaunce,
Is to this daye is made remembzaunce,
Js that no man ſhall them nygh nere,
But yf it be thze monthes in the yeare.
This to ſaye in June Apzyll and Maye.
And then the women haue in cuſtome aye,
Unto an yle a lytell there beſyde,
Where as the men by theym ſelfe abyde,
Fro yere to yere togyther euerychone,
Unto the men out of theyr lande to gone.
And there abyde in that regyon,
Tyll tyme cometh of conception.
Wythout taryinge any longer whyle.
Foz then anone home vnto theyr ile,
They be repeyzed out of that countre.
Unto tyme that they delyuered be.
And as faſt as the chylde is bozne,
Foz lacke of kepynge that it be not lozne,
He foſtred is tyll thze yeres be agone,
Amonge the women and then ryght anone.
To the yle beſyde adiacent,
Unto the men the chylde in haſte is ſent.
Jf that it be of kynde maſculyne,
And yf it fall that it be femynyne,
With the women abyde ſtyll it ſhall.
Tyll that it be in actes mercyall,
Full well expert and that ſhe can eke knowe,
A ſpere to haddle oz to dzawe a bowe.
Lyke the ſtatutes of that regyon.
The whych as bookes make mencyon,
Js ſette betwene Ewtope and Aſya.
And of this lande was Pantaſilia,
Whylom lady and chyefe gouerneſſe.
Full renowmed of ſtrength and hardineſſe.
Thzugh out ỹ wozlde both in length & bzede,
And yet in ſothe to ſpeake of womanhead,
Foz all her myght ſhe had an huge pzyſe.
Foz both ſhe was vertuous and wyſe.
Wonder dyſcrete and had an honeſt name,
Notwythſtandynge the excellence of fame,
Of her renowne in armes and in glozye.
Foz of conqueſt and of high victozye,
She was moſt ſurmountynge out of dzede,
Of any woman that J can of rede.
And ſothely yet bookes bere wytneſſe,
Of womanhead and of gentylneſſe,
She kepte her ſo that nothynge her aſterte,
The whych loued wyth all her hole herte,
Wozthy Hectoz and wyth all her myght,
Onely foz he was ſo good a knyght.
All her ioye and wozldly pleſaunce,
Her harty eaſe and ſoueraygne ſuffyſaunce,
Jn very ſothe where ſhe wake oz wyncke,
Was euer in one vpon him to thynke.
Of very fayth wythout any ſlouthe,
And vnto hym ſhe was by bonde of trouthe,
Confederate of olde affectiowne.
That when ſhe herde how that Troye towne
Beſeiged was of the Grekes fell,
Thys hardy quene lyſt no longer dwell,
But haſteth her as faſt as euer ſhe maye,
Towarde Troye infull good araye,
With all the wozthy women of her lande.
Full well experte and pzeued of her hande.
Well hozſed eke and armed rychely,
And as J fynde in her companye,
A thouſande maydens rydyng by her ſide,
This wozthy quene that durſt well abyde,
She wyth her bzought in ſtele armed bzyght.
Foz loue of Hectoz her owne trewe knyght,
And on her waye faſt ſhe gan her ſpede,
To helpe hym yf ſhe ſe cauſe of nede.
Foz in nothynge ſhe could her moze delyte.
Than towarde hun ther faythfully to quyte.
Foz that was all her luſt and hertes ioye,
But when that ſhe come was to Troye,
And hath hard tell as by relacyowne.
That he was dead moſt wozthy of renowne,
To whom ſhe was ſo louynge and ſo trewe,
Anone ſhe gan to chaunge cheare and hewe,
And pyteouſly gan to wepe and crye,
And fared in ſothe as ſhe would dye.
Foz bery wo and hertely heupneſſe.
And thought ſhe would thzugh her wozthy-
Auenge his death platly if ſhe maye. (neſſe,
On the Grekes and ſo vpon a daye,
She prayeth Pzyam w̃ great affectiowne
Foz to open the gates of the towne,
And to go out with Grekes foz to fyght.
That they maye knowe and be expert aright
Of this women the great wozthyneſſe.
And of this quene the famous hardyneſſe.
And ſo the kynge hoppynge foz the beſte,
Without abode graunted her requeſte.
The nert mozowe whē Pheb⁹ ſhone ful ſhene
And all tofoze out goth Philomene,
The noble kinge w̃ them of Paflagonye.

And after hym other knightes manye,
Folowed after with worthy Eneas.
The Troyan eke Dan Pollidamas,
And the quene Pantasilla,
By the gate called Dardanica.
Towarde Grekes proudly yssued oute,
With her women rydynge her aboute.
The whych anone when Grekes did espye,
Into felde gan them fast hye.

AND hyrste of all worthy Meneste,
Pantasylla when that he dyd se,
Wyth his spores made his stede gone.
And wyth a spere rode to her anone.
¶Of whom the quene astoned neuer a dele,
Raught a spere that was squared wele,
Round ỹ shafte and the head well grounde,
Which as they coupe smet hisdowne to groũd.
And maugre hym reued him his stede.
But then in haste in came Dyomede,
And cruelly to the quene gan ryde,
And she as fast on the other syde,
Rode eke to him in plates bryght and shene,
And as they met wyth theyr speres kene,
She hytte so this fell Diomede,
For all his myght and his manlyhead,
That she him made his sadell for to lese.
There is no more he myght tho not chese.
And in despyte of his men echone,
She hath his shelde hym berafte anone.
And it delyuereth proudly as she rode.
To a mayde that vpon her abode.
And lyke a Tygre in his gredynesse,
Or lyke in sothe to a Lionesse,
That daye she fared rydynge vp and downe,
Amonge the Grekes till that Thelamowne,
Gan to beholde the slaughter that she made,
Of high despyte and rancour ouerlade,
As he that myght forbyre not sustene,
Gan reyne his horse to fall vpon this quene.
¶But when that she his comynge dyd espye,
She fell on him in her melancolye,
So mortally maugre his knightes all,
That to the grounde she made hym for to fall
And Grekes put in so great disraye,
Where euer she rode all that ylke daye,
That they ne might afore her not susteue.
And through the helpe of kyng Philomene,
As myn auctour recordeth in his boke.

Ampd the felde Thelamon she toke.
And sent him forth through her hie renowne,
As prysoner towarde Troye towne.
¶Tyll vnto reskuse came he Dyomede,
And cruelly on them that gan him lede,
He fell vnwarely with an huge route,
Of his knyghtes rydynge him aboute.
And from theyr hȳdes maugre al their might
He him delyuereth lyke a manly knyght.
At whych tyme the hardy quene anone,
With her women aboute her euerichone,
The Grekes hath afore her on the playne,
As wyst Guydo so mortally belayne,
That she them made of necessytee,
Out of the felde wyth her sworde to fle.
That verely it semed incredible,
And to leue a manet impossyble,
To se the women Grekes so enchase,
Which might not there abide afore their face,
For in the felde in any wise stande.
For they them dryue to the selfe stronde,
Downe to the clyffe of the salte see.
And slewe of them so huge and great plentee,
That fynally they had all be dystroyed,
For euermore and vtterly acloyed,
¶Ne had Dyomede stande tho at diffence.
And of knighthod made theim resistence.
For he that daye in partye and in all,
For Grekes stode as a sturdy wall.
And was alone their helpe and chefe succour
¶But for all that with worschyp and honour
Pantasilla as made is memorye,
Repeyred is with conquest and victorye,
Wyth all her women into Troye towne.
Upon the houre of Phebus goyng downe.
¶And by the syde of this hardy quene,
¶Armed in stele rode kynge Phylomene.
Whom Priam hath wyth great reuerence,
Knightly receyued and did his diligence,
Theim to refreshe with euery maner thinge,
That might be vnto theyr lykinge.
And as theyr hertes could best deuyse.
¶And after this in ful goodly wyse,
He thanked hath the noble hardy quene,
Of her goodn esse that her lyst to sene,
To helpe him in his great nede.
And offred her in Guydo as I reade,
All that he hath treasour and rychesse,
Hoppynge fully through her worthinesse,

Upon Grekes auenged for to be,
And for to kepe hym safe in his Cyte,
Maugre Grekes whych of theim saye naye.
¶ For as I reade after daye by daye,
She stinte not proudly theim to assayle,
Agayne whose swerde they myght not auayl,
So mortally she made theyr sydes blede.
¶ Tyll Menelay fro kinge Lycomede,
Repeyred is with Neptolonyus,
Which in his bokes called eke Pirrhus.
Whylom the sonne of cruell Achillles,
Whom for to se full huge was the prese,
Of the Grekes goynge enuyron.
¶ And for he was as by successyon,
¶ Borne to be heyre of this Achilles,
He hath receyued of Myrmydones,
With great honour and great solempnyte.
So glad were they theyr yonge lorde to se.
To whom echone they made affiaunce,
And were eke sworne by bonde & assuraunce,
For lyfe or deathe to him to be trewe.
And his lieges and chaunge for no newe.
To obeye his lust in all maner thynge.
¶ And after this Agamenon the kinge,
Made him knight and Thelamonius,
Wyth a swerde gyrte anone Pirrhus.
Sayinge to him in the selfe place,
With ẏ baudrik when he hym did enbrace,
¶ Take hede quod he mine owne cosin deare
To resemble in manhode and in chere.
In knighthod eke and in worthinesse,
To thy father which in sothfastnesse,
In his tyme was so noble a knight,
And ouermore with all thy full might,
To auenge his death that thou do thy payne
¶ And thē of grekes worthy Dukes twayne.
Full humbly began downe to knele,
And set a sporre vpon eyther hele,
As was the maner of golde bourned bryght.
And in this whyle Pirrhus is made knighte.
As ye haue herde in full high presence,
With great honour and due reuerence,
Lyke the custome of the Grekes layes.
And the rytes vsed in tho dayes.
And then anone hath kyng Agamenon,
With full glad chere and great affection,
Delyuered hym fully by sentence,
The armes hole without difference,
Which Achilles by his life bare,
His worthy father on his shoulders square.
As for nexte heyre of lyne by discente,
And all his Treasour also and his Tente.
Armure and all deliuered were anone.
Unto Pirrhus and Grekes euerychone,
Eyght dayes suynge by and by,
Through out the hoste full solempnely,
They halowe in honour of this yong knyght.
Til on a morow whē Pheb⁹ shone ful bright
Which with his lyght that shineth fro so fer,
Diffaced hath the streames of the sterre,
Lucifer the dayes messagere.
When Grekes gan in plates bryght & clere,
Enarmed them that daye soure and swete,
Fulle in purpose wyth theyr fone to mete.
And manfully out of theyr tentes wide,
Agaynst Troyans they began to ride.
Warde after warde proudly into felde.
And Pirrhus bare that daye vpon his shelde,
His fathers armes lyke as sayth Guydo,
And of the same he had vpon also,
A cote armure that became hym wele.
And forth he rode armed bright in stele.
And casually formest as he was,
He mette fyrst wyth Pollydamas.
A knyght of Troye a full manly man,
¶ And furyously Pirrhus to him ran,
On horse backe with a myghty swerde,
And gan to hurtle with him in the berde,
So myghtely that in this hatefull stryfe,
¶ Pollydamas had lost his lyfe,
Ne had ben reskued without more taryinge,
Of Phylomene the noble worthy kinge.
Onely of knighthod and of worthynesse,
¶ To whom Pirrhus hastely gan him dresse
With his swerde and smit him in the syghte,
That from his horse he made him to alighte.
For he the stroke might not sustene.
And sothfastly this worthy Phylomene,
Of Pirrhus had ytake be anone,
Saue his knightes assembled into one,
Of Pafflagonye came him to reskue.
But Pirrhus aye so fyersly gan pursewe,
Upon this king with Myrmydones,
Beset in myschefe amonge the great prese,
That many knight of this noble kynge,
Yslayne was at his reskuynge.
He stode of death in so streyght a case.
¶ Tyl of fortune came Pollydamas,

To his reskuse and did his full myght,
Him to delyuer and quyte him lyke a knight.
But in sothenesse there was suche resystence,
¶ Of Pirrhus knightes standing at diffence
That aye in mischyef stode king Philomene.
¶ Tyll Pantasilla of femenie the quene,
With her women a great companye,
Gan this thinge of auenture espye,
Which were echone for the more delyte,
On theyr armure that daye clad in white.
That veryly there was no lylye floure,
Nor snowe ẏ flaketh frō Jubyters his towre
Of whytenesse that is frescher on to sene,
Then in felde was this hardy quene.
Which firste of all amonge the Grekes chees,
Proudly to fall on Myrmydones,
Amonges them rydinge vp and downe,
She thē vnhorseth through her hie renowne
And slewe them vpon euery syde,
Makinge theyr renges for to seuer wyde.
Tyll Thelamon in a furyous heate,
With a spere vnwarely did her mete,
And in a rage smote her to the playne.
But she anone ful lyfely rose agayne,
¶ And wt her swerd so marketh Thelamown
That frō his horse she made him light downe
Plat to the grounde on his handes twayne.
And then her women did theyr busy payne,
To make theyr quene her stede to recure.
¶ And all this while stode in auenture,
Of his life worthy Philomene,
Pirrhus knightes were on him so kene.
Maugre his men that they haue him take,
It geyneth not diffence for to make.
The Grekes haue so strongly him beset.
¶ And forth they lad him it might be no bet,
Toward theyr tentes throughout al the felde
The which thinge when the quene behelde,
With her women that aboute her rode,
Pursewed after without more abode,
That fynally they haue so after sewed,
Through their force that he was reskued,
Maugre the manhode of Myrmidones.
¶ And Pantasilla was so mercyles,
Upon the Grekes that of necessyte,
Through her force and her crueltee,
Afore her swerde they durst not abyde,
¶ But when Pirrhus sawe her great pryde,
To his knightes loud he gan to crye,
And sayde it was shame and villanye,
For the women so to lese theyr lande.
And to be slayne so felly of her hande.
Wherfore echone your hertes doth resume,
And of assent let vs nowe consume,
The pryde of them that none awaye escape,
For but if we some remedye do shape,
This ylke daye theyr force to confounde,
Shamefull reporte to vs shall rebounde,
Perpetually where we slepe or wake.
¶ And as Pirrhus gan his swerde to take.
Furyously and wyth a knyghtly chere,
This hardy quene happed for to heare,
¶ All that Pirrhus to his knightes spake.
All her lyst not ones to tourne bake,
Nor of his thret for to take hede.
For platly she had of him no dreade.
But right proudly gan to drawe nere,
And to him sayde anone as ye shall heare.
¶ Oh thou Pirrhe sonne of Achilles,
That slewe Hector in knyghthod pereles,
Through his trenys and his trecherye,
By malice onely and by false enuye,
Unware when he nothinge did aduerte.
The whych neuer maye out of my herte,
So grene it sticketh in my remembraunce,
Upon his death for to do vengeaunce,
And it syt well as semeth vnto me,
That his death be venged vpon the,
Fyrste of all and on thy fathers bloud,
For loue of him so gentyll and so good,
The deth of whom shuld al ẏ world cōplayne
Not onely men do theyr busy payne,
To quyte his death but women eke also,
With all theyr myght and helpe eke therto,
As right requyreth without excepcion.
There on to do full execution.
And I nowe stande in the same plyte,
And for thou hast vs wonnen in despite,
Of our power shortly in sentence,
Thou shalt in haste haue experyence.
And knowe our force sothly euerydele,
Right in shorte tyme truste me right wele,
Here in this felde by shedynge of thy bloud.
Wherfore Pirrhus wexen gan as wood,
As any Tygre bore or wood Lyon,
So fret the coloure in his complexion,
And in his Ire fell and despytous,
He toke a spere pale and furyous,

And ran at her with al his myght and payne,
And agaynwarde as she that list not feyne,
Encountred hym all deuoyde of feare.
But Pirrhus fyrste brake on her his spere,
Albe that he myght her not remeue.
In her sadell nor but lyttel greue,
But she agayne so sore gan him hytte,
On his stede that he maye not sytte.
But descendeth endlonge the playne.
And vp he rose with full great disdayne,
And toke a swerde in his hande anone,
And made his stede lyne ryght to gone,
Upon this quene of passynge worthinesse.
And inwardly of hate and of woodnesse,
In herte yfret smet at her many stroke,
But euer she sat styll as any oke,
And of force in her yre pale,
Efte agayne she made him to auale,
To the earthe maugre all his payne.
And thus the fyght lasteth of theym twayne,
A large whyle till Myrmydones,
Haue take theyr lorde by force out of ỳ prese.
And made him his horse recure agayne.
And in his tyme on the selfe playne,
With his baner he descended downe,
The worthy kinge great Agamenowne,
With kinges dukes endlonge the grene.
With theyr wardes that wonder was to sene,
So prudently in the felde battayled,
That hath Troians mortally assayled.
But tho in haste kynge Phylomene,
As ye haue herde reskued by the quene,
When he hath thanked to her worthinesse,
With his knightes in he gan him dresse,
And Pantasilla assembled both in one,
Upon the Grekes gan for to gone.
Where men may se w̃ speres sharpe grounde
Euerych other beare vnto the grounde.
There men maye se proudly without lacke,
The manly knightes renne on horse backe.
And the women mortally oppresse,
The fell Grekes through theyr hardynesse.
Onely through force of the myghty quene.
That dead they laye couerynge al the grene.
Wherwith came in Dan Pollydamas,
Fro death reskued and eke Eneas,
Kinge Esdras eke of Troye the cyte,
And tho the wardes gan togyther flye,
On eyther partye fell and furious,
But most of all Neptolonius,
That Pirrhus hight ỳ grekes champiowne,
Irous and wood on them of Troye towne,
Made his swerde in theyr flesche byte.
And Pantasilla proudly her to quyte,
Ne spareth not wyth mortall woundes wide,
Grekes to slee vpon euery syde.
Now here now there to theyr confusyon.
And Pirrhus then is fall on Glawcon,
The halfe brother to Pollydamas.
For Anthenor eke his father was.
And Pirrhus so in a cruell yre,
With melancolye newe set a fyre,
Smote Glawcon so or that he toke hede,
Amonge the prease that he fell downe dead
And Pantasillya from her women all,
The same tyde is on Pirrhus fall.
And he of her when he had a syghte,
Rode eke agayne lyke a manly knyght,
And as they hurtle on horse backe yfere,
Of auenture with swerdes styffe and clere,
Euerych made other to alyghte,
And hatefully on fote so they fyghte.
Longe or other myght of other wynne,
Tyll they were made of force for to twynne,
By the wardes that wente them atwene,
I meane Pirrhus and this hardy quene.
And all this tyme Dan Pollydamas,
So wood for yre in his herte was,
Amyd Grekes for his brothers deathe,
That whom he mette for his loue he sleth.
Without mercy in his hateful tene.
That he alone and this worthy quene,
Suche a slaughter on the Grekes make,
That they the felde vtterly forsake,
And gan to fle to theyr tentes downe.
Tyll Dyomede and Ayax Thelamowne,
And Pyrrhus eke made tourne agayne,
But they in sothe were so ouerlayne,
That they ne myght all that daye releue,
And thus they faughte tyll it drewe to eue,
To most domage of the Grekes syde.
Tyll Phebus gan his bryght chayre hyde,
Lowe in the west and to shroude his lyght,
Under courtayne of the blacke nyght,
That eyther parte thought for the best,
To departe and drawe to theyr reste.
And toke theyr ease that nyght as they may.
And all the moneth suynge day by daye,

Without

Without any interrupcion,
They fought yfere albe no mencion.
Be made therof nor wryte in specyall,
Of no person but in generall,
Who that euer dyd euyll or well,
In Troye boke I fynde neuer a dele.
Saue the quene lyke as wryt Guydo,
Of her women an hundred hath forgo,
That slayne were thylke moneth daye,
The death of whom playnly if che maye,
Shall well be quyt if so that fortune,
Be fauorable frendly to contune,
That her face chaunge not contrarye.
But che that can euery daye so barye,
Alas the whyle and selde in one soiourne,
Gan fro this qnene her loke awaye to tourne
To enhaste through her vngoodlyhead,
Attropose to breake her lynes threde,
As the storye playnly shall you lere,
Beningly if ye lyst to heare.

The fatall houre harde for to remewe,
Of cruel deth which no mā may eschewe
Nor in this lyfe fynally escape,
Specially when Parchas haue it shape,
Approche gan it may none other bene.
Alas the whyle of this hardy quene,
Whych on a daye furyous and wrothe,
Into the felde out of Troye goth.
And gan on grekes proudly for to sette.
And alderfyrst Pirrhus with her met,
Of mortall hate and indignacionne.
And che in haste by the renges downe,
Rode vnto him swyftly on her stede,
Whose spores charpe made his sides blede,
And as they mette their speres in the reste,
They bare so euen markynge at the breste,
That theyr shaftes sothly this no tale,
Gan to shyuer all on peces smale,
Without bowynge other backe or chine,
For neyther made other to enclyne.
Saue the head forged harde of stele,
Of Pantasillia that was grounde wele,
In Pirrhus herte perced hath so depe,
That plate in soth nor maile might him kepe
But the sharpnesse of his speres head,
Was of his bloud in party redde.
The which stroke when Grekes gan espye,
For astoned loude gan to crye.
And all attones for the noyse and sowne
Upon the quene in the felde came downe,
In compasse wyse goynge enuyronne.
But through her prowesse & her high renowne
She her defendeth that it was mernayle.
But they alas so sore gan her assayle,
That all to hewe they haue her basenet,
Amyd Grekes so thycke che was beset.
That wyth axes and swerdes square.
Her chelde in sothe made was all bare,
And her shoulders were naked eke alas,
The mayle hewen of and the rere bras.
And Pirrhus then like as it is founde,
For anguisshe onely of his grene wounde,
In doubte playnly where he should eskape,
Towarde this quene faste gan him rape,
To be auenged whatsoeuer fall.
Amyd the felde amonge the Grekes all.
And when che sawe that he came so faste,
Of force onely to mete him yet che cast,
And wyth her swerde fyrste gan him assayle,
But of her stroke it happed her to fayle,
Amonge the prese so narowe che was besette.
And Pirrhus sworde was so sharpe whet,
That sodaynly of her arme he smet,
Alas there was none armure him to lette,
But raceth through al the shoulder bone,
So that this quene fel downe dead anone.
And of malice for to venge him more,
At his herte the yre fret so sore,
That with a chere of very anger pale,
He hath her hewen all on peces smale.
The whych was to soule a cruell dede.
But euer in one Pirrhus gan so blede,
Nigh to the death of his mortall wounde,
For lacke of bloud that he fell to grounde,
In a traunce full longe groflynge he laye,
Tyll knyghtes in all the haste they may.
Haue take him vp and laid him on a chelde,
And dolefully home out of the felde.
They haue him borne wounded as he was.
And the women of the quene alas,
For very sorowe and inwarde deadly wo,
When they sawe theyr lady was ago.
For to be dead they were so desyrous,
That in all haste wood and furyous,
In a rage without gouernayle,
Grekes they gan of newe to assayle.
To auēge their quene they wer so herty kide

That they slewe sothly as I fynde,
Two thousād grekꝭ on thē they were so wood
But oh alas in great dyssoynt they stode,
Onely for lacke they haue no gouernour,
For che was gon ꝑ was theyr chiefe succoure.
Whych was also to speake of hardynesse,
Of women al lady and maystresse,
As of her hande that I can of rede.

OH ye Troians ye stande in great dread,
Amid ꝑ felde all out of gouernaunce,
The daye is come of your vnhappy chaunce,
For nowe haue ye leder none nor gyde,
Farewell your truste now on euery syde,
And Grekes be vpon you so stronge,
That ye the felde maye not kepe longe.
For they caste them felly you to quyte,
This same daye as Dares lyst endyte.
For as he wyt homeward as they drawe,
Ten thousand Troians were of grekꝭ slawe
For all theyr wardes came attones downe,
And mortally wythout excepciowne,
They kylle and slee al that them withstode.
And most they were vpon the women wood,
To be auenged playnly as I reade,
On euery halfe and theyr bloud to shede,
Without mercy or rempsshowne,
Chasynge Troyans home into the towne
Out of the felde for there nas none abode,
So pyteously tho wyth them it stode,
That they ne can none other recure caste,
But kepe theyr towne & shit their gates faste
For all theyr hope clene was agone,
Any more to fyght wyth theyr fons.
For now theyr trust of knyghthod was away
Theyr worthy men slayne welawaye.
Refute was none but in theyr eyte,
To kepe them close it maye none other be.
For theim thought they might it kepe longe,
Their walles were so mighty and so stronge,
If they had plenty of vytayle,
Though all ꝑ worlde attones them assayle,
They may be sure while they kepe theim in,
For euermore that no men shall them wyn.
Yet neuertheless earely and eke late,
The Grekes made tofore euery gate.
Full myghty watche and awayte full stronge
Wyth preuy spyes goynge in amonge,
That of theyr foen none escape away.
By none engyne as ferforth as they maye.
And in this whyle wythin Troye towne,
More then I can make descriptiowne,
For the quene there was so great a sorowe,
Of euery wyght both at eue and morowe,
That che alas was slayne for her mede.
And aldermost for they ne myght haue,
The dead corps to burye and to graue.
With reuerence and wyth honour dewe,
For whych they gan to the grekes sewe.
With great prayer and wyth great busynesse,
But all in vayne and in ydelnesse,
Was theyr request ꝑ Grekes were so wrothe.
And fynally wyth many sondry othe,
Onely of malyce and of hote enuye,
The dead corps to theim they denye,
And shortly sayde of mortall enmyte,
That of houndes it shall deuoured be,
There was no gayne their rācour to cōpesse.
But Pyrrhus then of very gentylnesse,
Ne would assent to so foule a dede,
But wood and wroth cruell Dyomede,
Sayde openly how it was syttynge,
That che fayle of her burynge,
That slaine hadde so many worthy man.
And thus the stryfe amonge the Grekes gan,
With great rumoure and alteraciowne.
Tyll at the laste vnder Troye towne,
Of her they haue the dead corps ytake,
And cruelly in a profounde lake,
They haue her caste where I let her lye,
And vnto Troye agayne I wyll me hye,
To tell forth how they lyue in pyne.

OH cruell Mars ꝑ hast made for to fyne,
Through thyne yre al ꝑ worthy blode,
Of Troye alas why hast thou be so wood,
Agaynst them to slee theyr knightes all.
Why hast thou let thy bitter venim fall,
On theim alas thou sterre infortuuate,
Wyth all the worlde to make them at debate.
Oh hatefull sterre hote combust and dyre,
Fyry irous grounde of all enuye,
Hasty euer ful of discension,
And coleryk of thy complexion.
In murdre and death is aye thy delyte,
In takinge vengeaunce most thin appetite,
First meuer of anger and of hate,
Roote of contek cāusinge to debate.

In

In stryfe and murmur most is thy desyre,
Fearfull of loke as any wylde fyre.
And gastfull euer of thy wood syght,
As any leuen so flawminge is thy lyght,
Lyke in twynclynge to the spakes redde,
In great fyres that abrode so sprede,
Consumynge aye by melancolye,
Hertes that be embraced wyth enuye,
Thy wrathe is aye so fretynge and so kene,
And causeth men to be longe and lene,
Comsumpt sklendre browne & citren hewed,
Unmercyable and right euell thewed.
Wonder sleyghty and engenyous,
Compassynge and suspecyous,
Tryste and solen and full of heuynesse,
And assentynge to all cursednesse,
To awaytinge death and roberye,
To murdre also and to trecherye,
Without remors of any conscyence,
So venymous is thine influence,
And helper arte vnto false treason.
The house of whom is the Scorpyon,
And crowned arte in the capricorne,
But in the Bull is thy kingdome lorne,
For therin is thy detection,
Thy power loste and dominacion,
And hast also in thy subiection.
Eryle, werre, chaynes and pryson,
Proscripsyon and captyuyte,
That for thy malyce on Troye the cyte,
So would god I could chyde aryghte,
That hast on theim kydde thy fell myghte,
Of thy rancour hooly the outtraunce.
First on theim for to do vengeaunce,
With speres sharpe and swerdes kene whette,
And nowe in pryson to enclose them and shet.
So vengeably that they dare not out,
The Grekes fell aye lying them about,
They be not holde in maner wyse,
In thy temple to do sacrafyse,
Nother with Bulles nor wbores wylde,
Nor with beastes that euer be vnmylde.
As Tygres Beares nor the wood Lyon,
Of whych thou arte souerayne and patron.
They are not hold to do the brymstone smoke
On thyne Aulters whiche art so felly wroke,
Of theym alas and now worst of all,
Thou hast shad out chefe of all thy gall,
Amonge them selfe to bryng in treason,
Fayned trouthe and symulacyon,
To make hertes amonge them selfe deuide,
Lo how the serpent of dyscorde gan glyde.
Full slyly in tyll he haue caughte a place,
To voyde awaye both happe and grace,
With his venym of dyscensyon,
When it is spred in any regyon,
In any common borough towne or cyte,
Amonges men of high or lowe degre.
For when hertes in loue be not one,
Farewell fortune theyr grace is clene agone.
For where dyscorde holdeth residence,
It is well worse than swerde of pestylence.
For what is worse other ferre or nere,
Than a foe that is famylyere,
For who maye more harme yf him lust,
Then any enemye vpon whom men trust,
That to descriue shortly in a clause.
The very roote and the trewe cause,
Of all myschyefe and confusyon,
In euery lande is discensyon,
And more perylous yf it be pryuye,
Record I take on Troye the Cyte.
That founde Fortune frendly aye at nede,
Tyll longe hid hate gan abrode to sprede,
For prudence sothly hath prouyded,
That a renge in it selfe deuyded,
Shall recureles tourne wylde and waste,
And the dwellers desolate in haste.
For Mars that is of enuye lorde,
Amonge them selfe sowen hath discorde,
Agayne the whych maye no sucoure be,
For worse than werre sothly semeth me.
Treason cured vnder a fayned peace,
And roote of all was olde Anchises,
With his sonne called Eneas.
Dan Anthenor and Pollydamas,
That haue contriued amonge theym vtterly,
And vnder veil conceyued secretly,
If it fall Grekes Troye to haue,
Fyrst how they maye theyr owne lyues saue,
By some engyne sleyghtes or treate,
And if so were that it maye not be,
As they caste by no maner waye,
They would rather traytours be to Troye.
Prpuely so it were not spyed.
And couertly with Grekes ben allyed,
Then stande hole wyth the towne of trouthe,
And wylfully of neclygence and slouthe,

Suraunce

Suraunce & othe of olde made to the towne,
Refuse playnly in conclusyowne,
And all yaunce let slake and slyde,
And theyr lygaunce set also aslyde.
In theyr aduyse they thought for the beste,
For they theim caste for to lyue at reste,
And meryer eke for ernest and for game,
To saue theyr life & wandre forth in shame,
Then wylfully dye at mischyefe,
To trayish their town they held it no repryefe
So they might escape them selfe alyue,
Them lyst nothynge for the towne to stryue,
They sought in sothe for soure or for swete,
A meane waye to lyue in queet.
And therupon they haue theyr waye nome,
Unto the kinge, and when ỹ they were come,
To his presence in full couert wyse,
Under coloure they began deuyse,
To tell theyr tayle so that fynally
¶ Theyr counsayle was that Pryam vtterly
In no maner be not reckles,
To pursewe to Grekes for a peace,
If it so be that he it get maye.
And yelde againe to kyng Menelaye,
Without stryfe the freshe quene Heleyne.
And ouermore that he not disdayne,
The harmes done by Parys gon full yore,
In Citheron iustly to restore.

But oh alas of false iniquytye,
This counsayle rose for vnder in secrete,
The venim was as sugre vnder gall.
For well they wyste that the Grekes all,
Ne would accorde in conclusyowne,
To haue a peace with them of Troie towne.
Whyles they were to such mischyefe brought
To treate therof in sothe it was for nought.
¶ For Pryamus thē and Hecuba the quene,
With his sonnes and with Pollycene,
That yet were left wyth him in the towne,
Myght haue reygned by longe successyowne,
If that Grekes full and not repented,
Unto a peace hooly had assented.
¶ But that counsayle gyuen was to late,
Sythen Grekes of well elder date,
Had profered fyrst at Tenedowne,
By the aduyse of kynge Agamenowne.
A fynall peace shortly for to seyne.
So he would restore agayne Heleyne,
With amendes requyred of reason,
Of damages wrought at Cytheron.
His messangers fyrste whan that he sente,
To Pryamus that wolde not assente,
To the requeste iustly that they brought.
For of peace the meanes that they sought,
Of very pryde were to them denyed,
By wylfulnesse alas so they were guyded,
For lacke onely of wyt and of prudence.
But nowe they haue wt cost & great dispence,
With slaughter of men & many great damage
The sharpe shoures and the cruel rage,
Abyde fully of this mortall werre.
It is full sure that they wyll not differre,
The tyme forth to treate for a peace,
Them lyste nothynge to be so reckeleſſe,
Nor vnaduysed what them ought to do.
Trowe ye they wyll so lyghtly go,
Home into Grece without recompence.
They wolde seme it were a negligence.
Speake not therof for it wyll not be,
Specyally now Troye the cyte,
In myschyefe stande vpon his fynall fate.
This remedye shape was to late,
For grekes thought ryght of very truste,
That they of Troye stode at their luste,
Holdynge them selfe veryly victours.
And of their foen fully conquerous.
Without doubte or ambyguyte,
For the counsayle of this ylke Enee,
¶ Of Anthenor and of this Anchyses,
As ye haue herde to treate for a peace.
Ne rose in sothe but of doublenesse.
Onely of treason and of hyghe falseneſſe,
As Pryamus conceyueth by theyr chere.
Lyke in this boke as ye shall after here.
¶ For on a daye whan that Pryamus,
With his sonne called Amphymacus,
A counsayle helde with other of the towne.
This three haue made a suggestyowne,
Unto the kynge touchynge the treate.
But he anone discrete and aduyse,
Prudently or he woulde assente,
Gan vndergrope playnely what they mente,
Onely of wytte and discrecion,
Or he it put in execucion,
Makynge therof a maner of delaye.
But proudely then standyng at a baye.
This Anthenor without reuerence,

Spake

Spake to the kynge in open audyence,
And shortly saide with a sterne chere,
If you lyst our counsayle for to heare,
And do therafter platly thou mayst chese,
And but thou wylt where thou wynne or lese
This is the fyne thou getteſt no more of me.
Worke after them that of thy counsayle be.
To whom the kynge wonder soberly,
Answered agayne full beningenely.
Syr Anthenor ye ought you not greue,
For myne entente is not to repreue,
Your wyse counsayle nor your prudent rede.
If it conclude to the common spede,
Of my people and saluacyon.
But wyte pyght well iustly of reason,
Under suger if there be cured gall,
In preiudyce of my lyeges all.
Causynge them in myschyefe for to fyne,
I wyll there from vtterly declyne,
As pyght requyreth for our alder ease,
And me semeth this should not displeaſe,
To thy concepte nor do the none offence,
For euery man is holden of prudence,
The worſt to leue and the better take,
Wysedome to sewe and folye to forsake,
And remedye to seke for his sore,
And with that worde the Troian Anthenor,
Of sodayne pale gan to chaunge his bloud,
And abreydynge on his fete he stode,
And full felly sayde vnto the kynge.
Now sykerly this is a wonder thynge,
How your wysedome and auysenesse,
Are blynded so of very wylfulnesse,
That ye maye not on no syde se,
The great myschyefe and aduersytee,
That we are in vpon euery syde.
For we maye not dissimule nor hide,
In what disioynt playnly that we stande,
Be not our foen also here at hande,
And haue beset our wall rounde aboute,
And we for feare dare not yssue oute,
Nor be so bolde to vndo a gate,
With them to fyght that vs deadly hate,
We be so feble and they are so stronge,
For sothly yet they haue them amonge,
Fyfty kynges worthy of renowne,
Confederat to our destructiowne.
And therupon platly wyll abyde,
Whych vowed haue in theyr great pryde,
Neuer parte hense fro the towne,
Tyll the walles be tourned vp so downe.
Your worthy sonnes also now be dead,
That you were wont to helpe in your nede,
Your manly knyghtes slayne euerychone,
That vs to saue remedye is none.
It is in vayne to treaty of dyffence,
Wherfore I read of reason and prudence,
Or we be slayne and our Cyte lese.
Of two harmes the least for to chese.
This to saye that in our entente,
As syttyuge is and expedyent,
We treate of peace and no longer feyne,
And herewythall restore agayne Heleyne.
For loue of whom many worthy man,
Hath lost his lyfe sythen the werre began.
For nowe Parys is vnder stone ygraue,
The best rede in sothe that ye maye haue.
To sende her home agayne to Menelaye.
And to profre as fer forth as ye maye,
To restore within a littell whyle,
The harmes done by Parys in the yle,
Whych men are wont Cithera to call.
This is my reade here afore you all.
And wyth that worde vp rose Amphimacus,
To this counsayle full contraryous,
And shortly sayde that it shall not be,
As Anthenor hath rade in no degre.
And euer thus without more respyte,
He spake to him of very hygh despyte.

Thou Anthenor I haue espyed wele,
We may truste in the neuer a dele.
Wyth vs to stande in our great nede,
For trouth and fayth in the be nowe deade,
Falshed hath slayne in the stabilnesse.
And in stede of thy sykernesse,
We fynde in the sothly varyaunce.
Where is become the fayth of thy lygeaunce,
The hestes made to stande wyth thy kinge.
Where be thine othes so double in meaninge.
Where is now hyd thy olde assuraunce.
Where is become thy fayned false constaunce.
In stede of whych mutabylyte,
Hath take his place like as ye maye se.
With dewe chaunge thou art so remewable.
Upō no ground thou mayst not stande stable
Thy trouth is gone of olde affectiowne,
That ỳ shuldest haue to stand withỳ towne,

Of

Of fayth with vs for to lyue or deye.
For truste and hope exyled be aweye,
In thy persone shortly for to wryte,
That busy arte the kynge to excyte,
In disencrease of his estate royall.
Unto Grekes now be so thrall,
To seke a peace as it were for dread,
Thou shouldest rather of thy manlyhead,
Haue profered him the Citye to diffende,
There on thy lyfe at outraunce to dispende.
Wherfore in sothe here I the assure,
Rather then we shoulde this endure,
Twenty thousande shall with spere & shelde,
Upon a daye be slayne in the felde,
Thy worde I holde for no prophecye,
For it procedeth of very trecherye,
Of doubilnesse and of false treason,
Undermyninge with prodycyon.
Though that thou outwarde shewe fayre,
The venym hyd thy tayle doth repayre,
Lyke a serpent styngynge vnder floures,
Thereby to fele of such counsayloures.
¶And in this whyle with wordes despytous
¶Full bytingly hath Amphymacus,
¶All openly Anthenor repreued.
With his counsayle so he was agreued.
Seynge the treason that he would mene,
Tyll Eneas gan to go betwene,
With floryshed speche full of flatterye,
And gan his tale so to modefye,
Lyke as he mente trouth in his entente.
¶But therin was double attendemente,
He spake but one and yet he mente twayne,
¶Amphymacus onely to refrayne,
To attempre him of his melancolye,
Onely tyll he might a time espie,
Like his purpose that he maye procede,
To execute it fully vp in dede.
And when that he founde had a space,
Under pretence of a trewe face,
With his tale he gan to breake oute,
Many a Troyan standinge him aboute.
And shortly sayde for conclusyowne,
Touchynge diffence playnly of the towne,
Howe that henge onely in balaunce,
For both hope trust and assuraunce,
Of the Cyte taken haue theyr flyght,
For fynally our manhod and our myght,
And our knyghthod togyther be ago.
With the Grekes more to haue ado.
And with them stoutly for to fyght,
The whych hath lost many a worthy knyght,

And they be redy vpon vs to set,
And we dare not our gatz more vnshet,
We be alas supprised so wyth dread.
Then semeth me how it is great nede.
¶By good aduyse for to seke a meane,
In this matter how we shall vs demeane.
¶And for my parte sothfastly I saye,
I knowe as nowe none so redy waye,
As prudentlye for a peace to treate.
¶But Pryam then in a sodayne heate,
Without abode of cheare and face pale,
Of rancoure gan interrupte his tale.
For he attempre myght not his herte,
So fretingely the treason made him smerte,
¶And for he myght him selfe not restrayne,
Thus he sayde vnto both twayne.
To Anthenor and also to Enee,
I wonder greatly that ye hardy be,
In very trouthe for shame so to varye,
And that ye be so rebell and contrarye,
So me onely of false collusyon,
Vs to brynge in desperacyon,
Me and my lyeges yf I shall not fayne,
Of false entente to catche vs in a trayne.
Alas howe maye you in your herte fynde,
Agayne nature for to be vnkynde,
That whylom were of my counsayle chefe,
Of euery thynge or it was brought to prefe,
¶For ye absente I could nothynge fyne.
And nowe alas ye caste to declyne,
Awaye fro me barayne lefte and sole,
That to remembre it is to great a dole.
How any wyght alas so chaunge can,
For who shall more truste any man,
When ye be founde double of entente.
Can ye not thynke how by your assente,
By your counsayle and by your aduyse,
Whylom how I sente forth Parys,
Into Grece of full yore ago.
¶And Anthenor thou wotest thy selfe also,
How thou were fyrste made im bassadour.
And therupon chyefe counsaylour,
Touchinge the sonde made for Exeon.
But after that cause and mocyon,
Though were in sothe that Parys shulde go,

Into

Into Grece thou woteſt well it is ſo.
For I ne durſte of preſumpcion,
Haue ſente Paris vnto Citheron,
Without aduyce and auctorytye,
Of Eneas playnly and of the,
Upon Grekes a werre to haue gonne.
I trowe in ſothe that you neuer konne,
Excuſe him ſelfe and you be aduyſed.
For euerye thynge wrought was and deuiſed
And erecute by counſayle of you twayne.
For when Paris went for Heleyne,
Grounde and roote to ſpeake in ſpeciall,
Were thou Enee and cauſe principall,
Preſent alſo when euery thing was wrought
Out of Grece when ſhe was hither brought.
For this the ſothe out of that regyowne,
She neuer had come to this towne,
If thou haddeſt be therto contrayre.
Albe thou wouldeſt with thy wordes fayre,
Thy ſelfe excuſe here in audience,
As thou knewe nought of that offence,
But fully were vnwittinge of the dede.
And nowe my ſonnes euerychone be deade,
And ye me ſe alone deſtitute,
Your counſayle is as for chyefe refute,
Ye to purſewe to Grekes for a peace,
Is I were forpetell reckles,
To remembre the infinite outrages,
The mortall werre ſlaughter and damages,
The cruelte and deſtructiowne,
That they haue wrought herupō this towne
That verily when I all recorde,
For to be dead I can not accorde,
With them to treate like as ye deuiſe,
For I eſpye in many ſondry wyſe,
In your entente a right perillous ſnare,
So couertly vnder falched dare,
That it wyll be to my confuſyon,
If ye acheue your entencion,
Fynally as ye haue it ſhape.
For impoſſyble it were to eſcape,
Shamefully at myſchyefe me to dye,
Without recure of any remedye.
For this the fyne I knowe it out of doubte,
Of the treate that ye be aboute.
¶ And ryght anone the Troian Eneas,
Of yre and rancoure ſo ameued was,
Agayne the kynge with a ſwellynge herte,
That ſodaynly out at the doze he ſterte,
After he had for to be awroke,
Full many wordes agayne the kynge ſpoke,
He wente his waye and Anthenor alſo.
¶ And Pryamus of very yre and wo,
Sodainly braſte out for to wepe,
He might him ſelfe not for anguiſhe kepe,
The anger fret vpon him ſo ſore,
Within him ſelfe conceyuinge more and more
By eupdence of diſcreſcyon,
The couert guyle and the falſe treaſon,
That they for him and for his Cyte,
Ychapen haue but he auyſed be,
Dredynge aye that theſe ylke twayne,
By ſome engyne or conſpyred trayne,
To the Grekes would him betraye
Wherfore the kynge caſte and would ſaye,
Shape awaye theyr malyce to withſtande,
So the treaſon that they toke on hande,
Onely of ryght in dede or it were founde,
Upon theim ſelfe myght agayne rebounde,
That the full execucyon,
Of theyr contryued conſpyracion,
Reſorte agayne in ful dewe wyſe.
Onely of theym that gan it fyrſte deuyſe.
Treaſon for treaſon is conuenyent,
For to falched the guerdon pertynente,
Is ſhamefull deathe and the fynall mede.
Wherfore to ſhape in this great nede,
¶ A remedye this olde Pryamus,
¶ Calleth his ſonne Amphymacus.
And pytyouſly alone but they twayne,
In teares drowned gan to him complayne,
On Anthenor and on this Eneas.
And ſayde ſonne take hede on this caſe,
And thynke how I am thy father deare,
And how there be now no more yfere,
Of my ſonnes lefte wyth me alyue,
But thou alone and therfore as blyue,
Touching ỹ treaſon conſpyred and ſworne,
What eu r fall let vs be tofore,
Onely of wyſedome away for to make,
That we maye fyrſt in the trappe theim take
And to purueye for theym euen plyche,
That iuſtly they maye fall in the dyche,
Whych they haue made and for vs ypreyned.
And in all haſte let ſo be ordeyned,
That this matter cloſe be kept in mewe,
To fyne onely that they not eſchewe.
For to be ſlayue of equite and ryght.

In this place euen towarde night.
For I purpose playnly for theyr sake,
Agayne that houre a counsayle for to make,
And vnder coloure make them both call.
And thou vnwarely shalt vpon them fall,
With knightes sworne vnto the and me,
In this matter for to be secre.
And right anone this Amphinacus,
Assented is vnto Priamus,
To accomplisshe in full secret wise,
Fro poynt to poynt as ye haue herde deuyse.

But sothe is sayde of full yore agone,
Of olde wise ỹ counsayle is there none,
In all this worlde so pryuely ycaste.
Tyll it will out platly at the laste.
For the people whych that is rurall,
Sayth ỹ secretes which be not knowen at all,
The earthe will as they make mynde,
Discure theim of his owne kinde.
And of nature vp cast and disclose,
The thinge that men are wont in it to close.
Let euery man beware as it is good,
Or his counsayle go to ferre abrode.
And specially lordes haue great nede,
Of all men they stande most in dreade,
So great awayte is vpon them layde.
That when it happeth that a thinge be sayde,
Or ones spoke of a lordes mouthe,
It falleth ofte that it is full kouthe,
And reported and yspred full wyde,
In many coste by theim that stande aside,
Or he be ware by sodayne auenture.
For some in hap in whom he doth assure,
Wyll fyrste of all him reporte amys.
Therfore in sothe best for them is this,
For to beware and kepe theyr tonge.
A purpose caste should not be ronge,
Nor spoke abrode amonge folkes rude.
For gladly aye the worste they conclude,
Of euery thynge while that it is newe,
In reporte barpaunt and vntrewe,
For after reason nothinge they expowne,
But after will the folke that be of towne,
Lyke the purpose which they deyre.
For they fayre as a wispe of fyre,
When it brenneth brightest in his blase.
Sodaynly it wasteth as a wase,
On suche folke platly is no truste,
That fire and water holde in their fiste,
Beynge with both yike indifferente.
Now hote nowe colde lyke as theyr entente
Of newe chaungeth so in theyr courage,
After the calme foloweth sodayne rage,
To daye they loue and to morowe hate,
To truste a common lasteth by no date,
Let not a lorde make them to secre.
For nowe the counsayle is ronne to Enee,
That Priam wende had be ful close,
For the rumour and the winde arose,
By false reporte is so ferre yblowe,
That Eneas and Anthenor well knowe,
Ende and gynnynge and euery maner thyng.
And the hole counsayle of Priamus the king
And both two full of one entente,
With other eke that were of theyr assente,
Conspyred be and togyther sworne.
And couertly caste a waye aforne,
That fynally Troye the Cyte,
By theyr engyne shall destroyed be.
And of accorde caste playnly thus,
If it hap that kynge Priamus,
Sende for theim shortly to conclude,
They would come with such a multytude,
Of armed men if they se nede,
That of him they shoulde nothing drede.
For Eneas was in that Cyte,
Of great power and auctoryte,
Both of bloud and kynred allyed,
And for his golde greatly magnyfyed,
Through the Cyte moste in specyall,
That he in myght and power perygall,
As sayth Guydo was vnto the kynge.
And Anthenor almost in euery thynge,
Was vnto hym egall of power,
And both twayne of one herte entyre,
Conspyred haue in sothe agayne the towne,
Fynally to this conclusyowne,
That they of Grekes myght haue suerte,
Wyth theyr treasour to go at lybertee,
With theyr allyes borne of Troye towne.
When all were brought to destructyowne,
With life and good saufe without more.
At whyche tyme for Dan Anthenor,
And Eneas Priamus hath sente,
To accomplysshe the fyne of his entente.
And they in haste with so great a route,
Came of knyghtes stuffed him aboute,

That

That therof was astoned Priamus.
¶And made sende for Amphimacus,
Commaundyng hym to chaunge his purpose.
For well he wyste his counsayle was not close
And by sygnes gan well understande,
That the matter whiche they had in hande,
Discured was to his confusyon.
Bothe the murder and conspyracion.
Apparceyuynge in his inwarde syght,
The great power of this Troyan knyght.
And the fauour of this Eneas,
And of the comon howe he fostred was.
The whiche proudely in open audyence,
Tofore the kynge declareth his sentence.
Fully concludyng maugre who sayth nay.
How that there was none other meane waye
Refute nor gayne nor other remedye.
¶But onely peace who so it denye.
Other escapynge playnely was there none.
And therupon the commons euerychone,
With one voyce gan calle and crye,
And his counsayle gan greatly magnifye.
Albe the kynge was therto al contrary.
But Eneas lyste no lenger tary,
Nor dyfferre the fyne of his purpose.
But wonder Irous from his see he rose.
And full vngoodly spake vnto the kynge,
And shortely sayde without more tarynge.
Where so befall thou be lefe or lothe,
Or with his purpose pleased outher wrothe,
Thou mayst well truste it shall none other be.
For fynally herken this of me.
Maugre thy wyll and also all the myght,
This same daye or it be nyghte,
For a peace with grekes we shall trete.
¶And whan the kinge sawe the feruent hete
Bothe of the comon and of Eneas.
He gan anone dissymule in this case.
For of prudence he gan to se,
For that tyme it may none other be.
Wherfore syth he myght it not amende,
He wisely gan for to condescende,
To the purpose platly of Enee.
And sayde he wolde goodly take at gree,
And except what them lyste ordeyne.
And so the kynge lerned to fayne,
Agayne the concepte platly of his herte.
For otherwyse he coulde not asserte,
Coacte of force and of vyolence.
And when he sawe in his aduertence,
That he myght dyuerte on no syde,
From the fraude that sowen was so wyde,
Without grutchynge he falsely gaue assent,
That Anthenor shulde forth be sente,
By comon choyse to treate for the towne,
Whiche was tofore inconclusyowne,
With the grekes accorded fynally,
Touchynge the effecte of his ambassadrye.
Fro poynt to poynt where he wolde stonde,
Variaunt fro that he toke on hande.
And for they had afore hym full conceyued,
With better chere he was of them receyued.
And in this whyle that Anthenor was out,
For to treate with the grekes stoute,
As ye haue harde for a peace fynall.
In the towne aboute on euery wall,
They of Troye gan ascende blyue,
Withe the braunches of many freshe olyue,
In token of peace and grekes eke agayne,
Amyd the fielde endelonge the playne,
Shewed them that all myght sene.
Eke of Olyue lusty bowes grene.
¶And to confyrme this fro poynt to poynt,
And that nothinge stode in disioynte.
The worthy kynge great Agamenon,
Commytted hath of hyghe discrecion,
Fully power and auctorytie,
For the grekes playnely vnto thee.
Fyrste of all for a peace to treat,
Unto the wyse kynge of Crete.
¶To Ulixes and to Dyomede.
And to chese mo thē thought it was no nede,
For what they do they wyll holde stable.
And fynally not be variable,
From the ende platly that they make.
And therupon was assuraunce take,
Of eyther parte by bonde of sacrament.
And so they be with Anthenor ywent,
Out aslyde this worthy lordes three.
And when they were at theyr liberte,
From all tumulte alone pryuely.
This Anthenor full of trechery,
Respecte of falshode and of doublenesse,
Gan his purpose vnto them expresse.
Behotynge them to trasche the cyte,
So they wolde make him surety.
¶That fyrste hym selfe and with him Eneas
Shall fredom haue in euery maner case,

With theyr allies and goddes euerichone,
Where them lyst at large for to gone,
At their choise or dwelling in the towne,
With theyr rytheſſe and poſſeſſyowne,
Without harme or any more domage,
Like as they ſe it be to auauntage,
Of theyr perſons to voyde or abyde.
And t hey were ſworne on the Grekes ſyde.
Couenaunt to holde in partye and in all,
As was reherſed afore in ſpeciall.
And as they were by theyr othes bounde,
So that there be no variaunce founde,
Of neyther partye platly nor no ſtryfe.
And they behight vp perill of their life.
And when he had aſſuraunce of them thre,
He charged them to kepe in ſecre
All that was ſaid that nothinge be diſcured,
Unto tyme that they were aſſured,
Of the ende graced vp in dede.
For it were good that they toke hede,
Leſt their purpoſe parturbed were or ſhente,
By comynge without auyſement,
Of this tonges that be longe and large.
Wherfore he gan counſour them and charge
In all wiſe for to be pryue,
So that no wyght but he and they thre,
Of none eſtate neyther high nor lowe,
Fully the fyne of theyr entente to knowe.
And couertly our purpoſe for to hyde,
Quod Anthenor vpon euery ſide,
To voyde awaye all ſuſpeccion wne,
This myne aduyſe that to Troye towne,
The wiſe kinge called Taltabyus
Shall go with me to kinge Pryamus,
For he is hore and pronne in age,
Coy of his porte ſleyghty and ryght ſage,
And therwythall ſadde demure and ſtylle.
Of whom Troyans nothynge ſhall myſyll,
But that he come to treate for a peace,
To be aſſured and wryte doubtles,
Where the Troyans agre wyll therto,
In euery thynge fynally to do,
As Anthenor Grekes haue behyghte.
Thus ſhall they be deuoyded anone ryght,
Through his cominge from all ſuſpeccyon,
Tyll that we haue our concluſyon,
As ye haue herde perfourmed euery dele.
Of whych thinge the Grekes lyke wele,
And be appoynted vpon euery thinge,
What they wyl do and howe this olde kinge,
With Anthenor ſhall to Troye go.
And after this he ared eke alſo,
Of Pantalylle the body for to haue.
In the Cytye that men might it graue,
With dewe honour longynge to her eſtate.
To voyde awaye ſuſpeccyon and debate.
And Anthenor for it drewe to eue,
Of the Grekes taken hath his leue,
And with this kinge repeyreth into towne,
Wherof was made anone relacyon,
To kynge Pryam without more delaye.
And he in haſte vpon the nexte daye,
Made aſſemble all his ceteſyns,
Secretly deuoydynge all foreyns,
Where Anthenor in open audyence,
Through the hall when made was ſylence,
His tale gan wyth ſugred wordes ſwete,
Makinge the bawme outwarde for to flete,
Of Rethorike and of eloquence,
Of chere nor word ỹ there was none offence.
In ſhewynge out ſo circumſpect he was,
That no man could in no maner caſe,
By ſigne outwarde nor by countenaunce,
Perceyue in him any varyaunce.
So harde it was his treaſon to eſpye.
The effect declarynge of embaſſadrye.
With clere reporte of his aunſwere againe,
In his meninge though he were not playne,
For vnderneth he was wyth fraude fraught,
This ſleighty wolf til he his pray hath caught
For he was cloſe and couert in his ſpeche,
As a ſerpent till he maye do wreche,
Hidinge his venym vnder floures longe.
And as a bee that ſtyngeth with the tonge,
When he hath ſhad out his hony ſoote,
Sugre in the crop venym in the roote.
Right ſo in ſothe with tunge in Scorpyon,
This Anthenor roote of falſe treaſon,
His tayle tolde with a face playne,
Like the ſonne that ſhyneth in the rayne,
That fayre ſheweth though the wether be,
Wonder dyuers and troublye for to ſe.
So this Tygre ful of doubylneſſe.
So couertly his treaſon dyd expreſſe.
As he nought ment but trouthe to the towne,
Fully affirminge in concluſyowne,
How the Grekes myghty were and ſtronge,
And lykly eke to abyde longe,

Daye

Day by daye redy them to assayle,
And also plentye of vytayle,
Concludynge aye there was no remedye,
Agaynst theim to holde chaumpartye,
Nor wyth theym any more to stryue.
For he sayde they had yet alyue,
Theyr worthy knightes hardy as Lyons.
Theyr manly men and theyr champyons,
Whych theyr lyues platly to ieoparte,
From the Cytye caste them not departe,
Tyll theyr purpose acheued be in all.
For fynally mother toure nor wall,
Nor your gates of yren though ye shette,
The Grekes shall on no syde lette,
But that they wyll vs wynne at the laste.
Wherfore it nedeth a meane waye to caste,
Sythen of myght nor fauour of Fortune,
We maye not longe agaynst them contune.
Wherfore quod hero ye condescende,
I can ryght well all this thynge amende,
Remedye so that ye not barye,
To that I saye for to be contrarye.
This to mene shortly out of doubte,
Embassadoure when that I was oute,
With the Grekes last when ye me sente,
They sayd goodly how they would assente,
Unto a peace by this condycyon,
That ye wyll make restytucyon,
Of the harmes and the vyolences,
The wronges done and also the offences,
By Paris wrought in Grece at Citheron.
As it is ryght me semeth of reason,
For theyr request vs meynt wyth equytye,
And we be dryuen of necessyte,
Unto theyr luste iustly to enclyne.
Maugre our wyll the werre for to fyne,
For all is nowe in theyr electyon.
We maye not make no rebellyon.
Now the matter is so ferre ybrought,
To stryue agayne in sothe it helpeth nought.
It maye apeyre but nothinge auayle.
Therfore the best that I can counsayle,
As in prouerbe hath be sayd of yore,
That yf a man be constreyned sore,
And maye not flee to fall in atrayne.
Let him chese the lesse harme of twayne,
And the greater prudently to eschewe,
And let our golde that ye kept in mewe,
To saue our lyfe make redempcyon,
For better it is demeth of reason,
Spoyled to be onely of rychesse,
Than wilfully dye in distresse.
The lyfe is better then golde or any good,
Set all at nought in saupnge of your blood.
For foly is a man for his welfare,
Through couetyse any golde to spare.
And now our lyfe dependeth in balaunce,
Let golde farewell and go wyth mischaunce,
We maye hereafter by sorte of auenture,
Golde by grace and good ynough recure.
And sithen we as I haue you tolde,
Maye bye a peace fynally for golde.
And wyth our treasour stynte eke the werre.
It were foly playnly to differre,
With the Grekes vtterly to accorde.
For yf so be I to them recorde.
That ye assent without baryaunce,
There maye of peace be no perturbaunce,
It is so lyght nowe to be recured:
For as sone as they be assured,
By iuste reporte of your entencions,
They wyll do wryte oblygacions,
Of couenauntes that nought be behinde.
And that ye shall in them no faulte finde,
When assuraunce from other parte is hadde,
Therupon Indentures shall be made.
So that of fayth ye maye not them repreue.
And for that they fully trust and leue,
Without fraude my relacion,
I wyll nowe make no dylacyon,
To signefye to them in certayne,
Hooly the effect of that ye will sayne.
And the people loude gan to crye,
All with one voyce and to magnifye,
All that euer Anthenor hath sayde.
And vpon him they haue the charge layde,
Of their answere and entent finall.
And by recorde to reporte all,
That nothinge be forgotten in this case.
They haue assigned also Eneas,
With him to go for the same thinge,
In the presence of the olde kinge,
Taltibius which also of entente,
With Anthenor was to Troye sent,
The whych thre haue playnly vndertake.
As ye haue herde a finall peace to make.
Albe that they in couert treason mente.
And on theyr waye forth anone they wente,

With playne power commited to the towne.

But kinge Priam hath aye ſuſpectiowne,
To Anthenor and alſo to Enee,
How that they ſhall deſtroye his cytye,
And to him ſelfe triſt of hertye wo,
He ſayde al as what is beſt to do,
In this myſchyefe that I am in fall.
And yet is this to me woꝛſt of all,
That I am now thꝛough myn aduerſytye,
Bounde and compelled of neceſſytye,
Maugre my head in maner of raunſon,
Foꝛ my lyfe to make redempcyon,
Unto my foen that I haue moſt at herte.
I ſe ryght well it maye not aſterte,
Foꝛ I muſt paye there gayneth no ſuccoour.
My good my golde ryches and treaſoure,
To my moſt foen and dare it not denye,
And yet I ſtonde moſt in ieopardye,
Without refute hanginge in balaunce,
Alas conſtreyned thꝛough my wofull chaũce,
To obeye theyꝛ luſt that moꝛtally me hate,
Dꝛyuen therto of byꝛthe thꝛough my fate,
So Parchas haue my deſtynye ychape,
By none engyne I maye it not eſcape.

And while Priã gan thus to complayne,
To Anthenor came the quene Heleyne,
Beſechynge him in his embaſſadꝛye,
Of gentylneſſe foꝛ to ſpecyfye,
Thꝛough his pꝛudent medyacyon,
To fynde awaye in conſeruacyon,
Of her eſtate fynally that ſhe,
To Menelaye may reconſiled be.
If ſo fall that the treate holde,
So that her loꝛde of his grace would,
Reſtoꝛe her vnto her degre,
Onely of mercy and of high pytye.
And Anthenor vnto her requeſt,
Gaue audyence makynge a beheſt,
How he would with all his herte entere,
Be dilygent to treate of this mattere.
And therwithal of hym ſhe toke her leue,
And this was done on the ſame eue,
That Anthenor I pꝛay god giue him ſoꝛowe
To Grekes went on the nexte moꝛowe,
Onelye to treate foꝛ a peace fynall.
And in this whyle the feaſte funerall,
Was holde in Troye myne auctour wꝛyteth (thus,
Of a loꝛde that called was Glaucus,
A manly knight toꝛe in his lyuynge,
And ſonne was of Pꝛyamus the kynge.
And ouer this lyke as ſayth Guydo,
The kynge Pꝛyam buſyed him alſo
Of Pantaſylla how the body myght,
Be conſerued freſhly to the ſyghte.
And foꝛ loue of this hardy quene,
Of pured golde and of ſtones ſhene,
He let make a veſſell full royall,
And fylde it full wyth bawme naturall.
To kepe the coꝛps from coꝛrupciowne,
Tyll the werre of Grekes and of the towne,
Thꝛough the treate were yſtynted clene.

So that the kynge called Phylomene,
This dead quene might of affection,
Carye it home into her regyon,
With the aunceters buryed foꝛ to be,
Lyke the maner of olde antyquyte.
It were in vayne moꝛe foꝛ to ryme,
I paſſe ouer vnto the Treatee,
Atwene Grekes and Troy the Cytee.
And foꝛ the partye of Grekes as I reade,
Fyrſte Ulyxes and with him Diomede.
Aſſygned were and the kynge of Crete,
With Anthenor and Eneas to mete.
And all yfere ſhoꝛtly in ſentence,
By conduyt firſt and after by lycence,
Of the noble wyſe Agamenowne,
They entred be into Troye towne,
By conueyinge of this Eneas,
Of whoſe cõmynge ſuch a ioye there was.
Of the comunes whych in thinges newe,
Reioyce aye after though they rewe.
Wenynge full well in theyꝛ opinyon,
That by the good medyacyon,
Of Ulyxes and the kinge of Crete,
And Diomede that came eke to Treate,
That theſe thꝛe ſhoulde make as faſte,
A fynall peace euer foꝛ to laſte,
And a full ende of theyꝛ alder ſoꝛowe.
And therupon earely the nexte moꝛowe,
Pꝛyam let make a conuocaciowne,
Of all the woꝛthy within Troye towne,
And when they were aſſembled al in one,
The wyſe Ulyxes roſe vp anone,
And his tale gan in ſuche wyſe,
So pꝛudently his woꝛdes to deuyſe.

That

That to herken euery man hath ioye.
And specyally they that were of Troye,
That of his inwarde meanyage fraudelente,
Full lyttell wyst noȝ of his entente,
To theyȝ pleasaunce so he could fayne.
And fyrste he areth of them thinges twayne.
The one was this that of the Cytye,
He would haue golde an huge quantytye,
In recompence of harmes that were do.
In other thynge he ared also,
Without abode that Amphymacus,
That sonne was to kynge Pryamus,
Perpetually that he eryled be,
Neuer to entre Troye the Cyte,
Foȝ golde, prayer, noȝ foȝ no raunson.
And this was done by suggestyon,
Of Anthenoȝ false and malycyous,
Onely foȝ he was contrarious,
That he shoulde treate foȝ to a peace,
And foȝ that he was not reckles,
To saye a trouthe this Amphymacus.
Therfoȝe in sothe this serpent enuyous,
Nowe he hath founde a time foȝ to byte,
He though the would cruelly him quyte,
Foȝ trouthe onely that was in his entente.
¶ Therfoȝe it is full expedyent,
Of prudence euery man to charge.
That his tunge be not ouer large.
Trouthes all be not foȝ to sayne.
Foȝ wysedome is sometyme to fayne,
And dissymule in aduersytye,
Specyally when men in trouble be.
And se theyȝ speche maye them not auayle.
Better is then that theyȝ tunge fayle,
Than folyly to theyȝ domage speake.
Men must amonge cure and ouer reke,
The trouthe of thynges onely of prudence,
And humbly suffer in pacyence,
Foȝ false repoȝte of folkes enuyous.
Who can so do I holde hym vertuous.
Foȝ better it is a whyle to abyde,
Than saye all out of rancour & of pryde.
Sylence in sothe hath oft in hasty stryfe,
Had of victoȝye a prerogatyfe,
And the palme of debates wonne,
That well are they that so suffre konne,
And be of speche not presumptuous.
Foȝ as I tolde this Amphymacus,
Notwithstandynge that he trouth mente,
Yet foȝ a woȝde he into eryle wente.
Albe that god full iustly afterwarde,
Hath Anthenoȝ quyt foȝ his rewarde.
Foȝ wyth the same he was after hyt,
Foȝ his falsenesse duely as it syt.
This to saye of olde antyquytye,
He was to eryle and captyuytye,
Foȝiudged after into proscripsyowne,
And relegate out of Troye towne,
Perpetually by the procurynge,
Of Eneas. loo howe the ryghtfull kynge,
That all maye se in his droupdence.
Full iustly can make recompence,
Of doubylnesse and symulacyon.
And of all suche contriued false treason.
Foȝ who auengeth with falshed on his parte
He shall be hyt with the same darte.
He skapeth not foȝ to haue a wounde.
Foȝ falshed aye wyll agayne rebounde.
Where it is rose fyrste to his ozygynall,
Resoȝte agayne ryght as doth a ball.
Foȝ who foȝ fraude euer doth him caste,
Truste ryght well it wyll out at the laste.
And who supplanteth shall supplanted be,
By good example as ye shall after se.

Of Anthenoȝ the storye yf ye reade,
And whiles that they treate & procede,
Touchynge the eryle and prescripsion,
Captyuytye and relegacyon,
That they caste foȝ Amphymacus.
There was herde a noyse mervaylous,
A great tumulte and a wonder sowne,
Lyke as it were a lamentacyowne,
Of sondȝy folke playning in distresse,
Foȝ hertye wo and inwarde heynesse,
Out of the treate euen when they gone,
This confuse crye after gan anone.
¶ Wherof Ulyxes and eke Dyomede,
Sodaynly fel in a dreade,
Suppolynge in theyȝ oppynyowne,
That some rumour was fall in the towne,
Amonge the people in the comontee,
Of hasty rancour auenged foȝ to be.
Foȝ the loue of Amphymacus,
That causeles was eryled thus,
Of volunte agayne all trouthe and ryght.
Wherfoȝe the dradde when it drewe to night,
To be murdȝed of the comons of the towne,

For the fraude and conspiracion,
Falsly of olde enmytee.
By Anthenor and by false Enee.
And sothly yet there was no maner man,
That could wyt wherof it began,
Nor esspye firste when it arose,
In all the paleys nor throughout the close,
They herde it well but they saye nought,
Wherof they were astoned in their thought,
And affrayde of very sodayne dreade,
Ulires first and also Diomede,
Lest with comons they had be byset.
But Anthenor wit hout longer let,
To make them sure from all tumulte & crye,
The Grekes hath conueyed secretly.
And when they were assured of theyr place,
Ulires firste with a chaunged face,
Gan pynche sore in the selfe whyle,
At Anthenor of reason and of guyle.
That with his hestes so fro daye to daye,
Of very sleyghte put them in delaye,
Semynge fully for ought he could espye,
There was deceyt fraude or trecherye,
In the couenauntes that he hath behight.
¶ To whom anone this false Troian knight
With sadde cheare and sobre countenaunce,
Well auysed in his dalyaunce.
Aunswered agayne and playnly did expresse,
I wysse quod he I take vnto wytnesse,
The hygh goddes that euery thynge may se,
Without fayninge that I haue busy be,
Fro poynt to poynt your purpose to acheue.
So that I do you not greue,
And fynally that ye lyst to heare.
There is one thinge perturbeth this mattere,
Whiche I shall so it be none offence,
Playnely remembre here in your presence.
¶ This to saye of olde antiquitee,
Fyrste at the buyldynge of Troye the Cytye,
That whilom was ycalled Ylion,
For cause onely at his foundacion,
Kinge Ylyus sythe go full longe,
The founder was of the wall stronge.
After whom as made is mencion,
It called was and named Ylyon.
In the whych with great and busy charge,
In Pallas name he made a temple large,
That passingly was had in reuerence,
And when this Phane of most excellence,
Perfourmed was by masonry full wele,
And saue the rose complete euerydele,
Of myghty stone the buyldinge well assured.
But or it was with lede and tymber cured,
Agayne tempest for to be obstacle,
There fell a wonder onely by myracle,
That I dare well affyrme it in certayne,
Suche an other was there neuer seyne.
Who so list se and conspyre all,
This meruayle was so celestiall.

For there came downe from ỹ high heauē,
By Plyades and the sterres seuen,
And through the eyre holdynge his passage.
Lyke a fayre and meruaylous ymage,
That in this world though men had sought,
Ne was there none halfe so well ywrought.
For as it is truely to suppose,
Pygmalyon remembred in the rose,
In his tyme had no commynge,
To graue or paynte so curyous a thynge.
For it was wrought wyth dylygent labour,
By hande of Aungell in the heauenly toure.
Thrugh goddes myght and diuine ordinaūce
And hither sent through his purueyaunce,
For a relyke onely of his grace,
There to abyde for a protectiou,
For a diffence and saluacion,
Perpetually whyle the worlde maye dure,
Agayne all mischefe and mysauenture.
Euery trouble and trybulacyon,
In susteynynge and releuacion,
And soueraygne helpe eke of this Cyte.
The whych neuer maye destroyed be,
By no engyne that men maye purchase.
The goddes haue graunted such a grace.
And such vertue annexed eke therto.
That Troye in sothe maye neuer be fordo,
Tyll this relyke stole be awaye.
And yet in sothe there is no man that maye,
From the place stere it nor remewe,
But the preieste to whom it is dewe.
Onely of offyce to touche it with his honde,
So mightely conserued is the bonde,
That who attempteth in conclusyon,
It to remewe of presumpcion,
At the fyne platly he shall fayle.
For force none maye him not auayle.
For it in sothe will not remeued be,

Except

Except of him to whom of deutee,
It pertayneth as ye haue herde tofore.
And ouermore there is no man yet borne,
That reade can nor tell in no degre,
Verply where it be stone or tree.
Nor howe it was deuised nor ywrought.
There is no wight so subtill in his thoughte,
Ceriously to tell the manere.
For Minerua that is so freche and clere,
The sterne goddesse thrugh her great might,
That is so dreadful both of loke and sight,
Which on her brest hath of cristall,
Her shelde Egys this goddesse immortall.
Ygraunted hath in bokes as I lerne,
Through her power which that is eterne.
This holy relike for a memoryall,
To her Temple of buildinge most royall,
It to conserue from all assault of dreade,
And to succoure in euery maner nede,
Agayne theyr foen vnto Troye towne,
While it is kept with deuocyowne.
So that alwaye by succession,
From kinge to kinge in the line downe.
But iust tytle liuely succede,
Therto annexed that they take hede,
Prudently auoyding necligence,
It to conserue with due reuerence,
As they are bounde and pholde of ryght.
Thē shall no enemye power haue nor might,
To do domage in hindering of the towne,
And why it is called Palladyowne,
Lyke as clerkes wryte of it and sayne,
Is for Pallas to make her towne certayne.
This relike sente fro the heauen downe.
And to conclude shortly my reasowne,
This the cause our purpose is so let.
¶ Than quod Ulixus sith it maye be no bet,
Our labour is in ydell and in vayne,
Without recure if it be certayne.
As thou hast sayd this towne in no degre,
Through this relyke maye not destroyed be.
It was foly the to vndertake,
Unto Grekes beheste for to make,
Without this thou haddest be well sure.
¶ Quod Anthenor yet there is recure,
As I haue hight ye shall haue the towne,
Although there be a dylacyowne,
And the maner anone I shall tell,
If it so be ye lyst a whyle dwell,
Without noyse other perturbaunce.
¶ The prieste the whych the gouernaunce,
Of this relike shalbe spoke vnto,
By good aduyse and ytreated so,
That he shall be full of our assente.
For he with golde and treasour shal be blent,
That he accorde shall to our purpose,
To brynge the relyke which is kept so close,
To what place that ye lyste assigne.
Be styll of porte goodly and benygne
In your workes tyll I haue brought about,
Fully this thinge and be nothyng in doubte,
I dare my selfe take it well on hande.
And when they had his meaninge vnderstād
They toke leue and went out of the towne.
But fyrst to voyde all suspecyowne,
At theyr goynge Anthenor hath hyght,
How that he would go the same nyghte,
To Priamus to make ordynaunce,
How the bondes and the assuraunce,
Of the peace should ymaked be.
And for to knowe eke the quantytye,
Of the golde that ye shall receyue.
Thus shall I best the purpose apperceyue.
Of the kinge and knowe it eueridele.
And they consente and like it wonder wele,
Euery thinge that Anthenor had sayde.
And so they parte glad and well apayde,
And went theyr waye and made no tarying.
¶ And Anthenor goth vnto the kinge,
Hym counsaylinge he make no delay.
To call his lordes agayne the nexte daye,
And his lyeges to assemble yfere.
Fynally to engroce this mattere,
As it was syttynge and expedyent.
And when the kinge in open perliament,
Crowned sat in his regalye.
This Anthenor gan to specyfye,
In audyence that men myght knowe,
To eche estate both to high and lowe,
The Grekes will if they agre therto,
And what the summe was of golde also.
Which they are if the peace shall stande,
Twenty thousande marke to haue in hande,
Of pured golde which must anone be payde,
And of syluer that maye not be delayed,
They must eke haue the same quantytee.
And ouer this as they accorded be,
Certayne measures by couenaunt also,

Of wheate and floure theyr lyues for to saue,
In theyr repayre by the large sea,
When they sayle home to theyr countre.
And that the collecte made be anone,
By good aduyse of them euerychone,
That all be redy by a certayne daye,
There was no man that durst tho saye naye,
Nor contrarye that Anthenor had sayde.
Where so they were well or euyll payde,
But ful assent in conclusyowne.
And in all haste throughout all the towne,
The collatours gathered by the golde,
Lyke the summe that I haue you tolde,
Of poore & ryche there was spared none.
The whych tyme Anthenor is gone,
Unto the priest that called was Tonaunt,
If he might in any wise him daunt,
To make his herte fully to enclyne.
Full craftely he layde out hooke and lyne,
With lusty bayte of false couetyse,
Enclyninge him in full secret wyse,
That would be of his assente,
And condescende vnto his entente,
To put him in possession,
Of the relyke called Palladion,
Without abode it maye delyuered be,
And gaue him golde an huge quantytye,
And him to blend much more behyght.
And this was done pryuely by nyghte.
Shortly concludinge if he condescende,
That he would his state amende,
So passyngly that for euer more,
He and his heyres shoulde haue golde & store
Plenty ynough that none indygence,
Shoulde haue power hym to do offence.
For vnto the this a bowe I make,
Quod Anthenor and platly vndertake,
Of golde & good thou shalt haue suffysaunce,
And of treasour passynge habundaunce,
That thou shalt in very sykernesse,
All thy kyn excelle in rychesse,
If thou delyuer lyke to myne arynge,
Palladyon whych is in thy keppynge.
And I behote thou mayste trust me,
By bonde of it shalbe secree,
Lest it were hyndrynge to thy name.
For if so be that thou dreadest shame,
To be esclaundred of so foule a deede,
I shape shall that thou nede not drede,
Nor be agaste in no maner wyse.
For such a waye in sothe I shall deuyse,
That no man shall be suspecyous,
To thy person or engenyous,
To deme amysse how this matter goth.
For be well ware that me were as lothe,
To be diffamed of so foule a thynge,
To knowe therof or be assentynge,
In any maner that they of the towne,
Shoulde to me haue suspecyowne.
Let be let be leuer I had deye,
We shall therfore caste an other wey,
Our honour saue so that thou and I,
Shall go all quyte I saye the vtterly.
That neyther shall beholde ne percepuere,
Of this thefte but stande hole and clere,
What euer fall without any shame.
For Ulyxes shall beare all the blame.
Of this dede and this theft also.
For men shall saye when it is ago,
By his engyne and his sleyghty wyle,
Throughe his traynes and his false guyle,
That he hath stole awaye Palladyowne,
From the temple in leasynge of the towne.
That fynally durynge all his lyue,
Men shall to hym his falshede descryue.
And all the gylte arreten his offence,
That thou and I onely of innocence,
Throughout the worlde of this iniquytye,
Shall be excused platly and go free.
It nedeth not tarye in this mattere.
Come of attones lo thy golde is here,
For thou ne shalt longer delayed be.
And sith thou seest no difficultye,
Is on no parte perle nor repreue,
Shame nor dread slaundre nor mischefe,
Delaye not to take this thinge on hande.
And first this priest gan him to withstande,
Full myghtely and sayde for nothinge,
Nother for prayer nor for manasinge,
For golde nor good ne no maner mede,
He ne would assente to so foule a deede.
Thus he answered at the prymme face.
But ofte sith it happeth men purchase,
By gifte of good to speake in wordes playne,
That trouth in pouerte might neuer attayne
For mede more by falshed maye conquere,
Than tytle of ryght that men in trouthe lere
And gyftes great hertes can enclyne,

And golde they maye in stele & marbyll mine
This prieſtes herte hath ſo depe graue.
That Anthenor ſhall his purpoſe haue,
For to poſſede the Palladion.
Through falſe engyne and conſpiracion,
Of this prieſt that called was Tonaunte.
Which of falchede myght hym beſte auaunte,
That this relyke fro the temple rente,
And to Ulyxes Anthenor it ſente,
Out of the towne in all the haſte he might,
By a ſeruaunt ſecretly by nyght,
Wherof Troians mortally diſmayde,
And through treaſon fynally outrayed.
Wrought by this prieſt with couetiſe blent.
Falſe Anthenor beinge of aſſente.

¶Howe the Grekes made an horſe of braſſe wherin was men of armes, and vnder colour of peace brought it into Troye, by the whych it was vtterly deſtroyed for euer. Cap. xxxv.

O Troy alas wel mayſt ỹ morne & wepe
In complaynyng wᵗ hertye ſighes depe
Falſly defrauded of Palladyon,
And put for euer out of poſſeſſyon.
¶Oh mighty goddes ỹ the worlde gouerne,
And euery thing through your might cõſerne
Ryght as it is of your dewtye,
And trouthe and falched maye togither ſe.
In euery herte through your purueyaunce.
Why toke ye not on this prieſt vengeaunce,
That traytourſly through his inquytye,
For golde and good betrayſhed the cytye,
Of Troye alas without more recure.
Who ſhall emforth and more be ſuer,
Or any place ſtande in ſykertee,
Syth holyneſſe of ſo hygh degree,
Maye be infecte and corrupt with mede.
Euery herte ought quake and drede,
To ſe alas by falſe ypocraſye,
Prieſtes that ſhould the worlde exemplefye,
With good doctryne of perfection,
To make ſo ſoone a tranſmutacion,
Of double entent ſodainly to varye.
For doubtles if the Sanctuarye,
Be pollut founde in conuerſacyon,
Naked and bare of deuocyon,
And that the chynynge of theyr parfyte light
Ytourned be by derkeneſſe vnto nyght,
Unto what place ſhall men further go,
To take example what them ought to do.
Certys the roote and ground of euerydele,
Is couetyſe who ſo loke wele.
Of whych the grayne is ſo farre ſprowe,
That who ſo lyſt auerye to knowe,
Amonge prieſtes he ſhall it rathest fynde,
For therwythall they be made blynde,
To theyr eſtate that they maye not ſe.
For in ſothenesſe there is no degre,
Gredyer nor more raupnous,
Of worldly good more couetous,
Than prieſtes be to catche what they maye.
For it is gone ſyth many a daye,
That in theyr breſt fyxed was the roote,
Of couetyſe whych syt ſo foote,
That no man maye arrace it nor remewe.
For at theyr fayle euer it doth them ſewe,
This falſe worme mother and nor�yce,
Of all myſchyefe and of euery vice,
For golde is nowe ſo chynynge and ſo bryght
So perſynge eke and ſo clere of lyghte,
That prieſtes be with his ſteemes blent.
For in ſothneſſe they be in theyr entente,
Of couetyſe very receptacle.
And to poſſede eke the tabernacle.
Theyr herte is aye ſo gredy to embrace,
That auerye hath his dwellynge place,
Mid of their breſt this vice of vyces all.
That cauſeth vertue rather for to fall,
Where he abyde ſo he can ſupplaunte,
Recorde I take of the prieſt Tonaunte.
That for treaſour to Anthenor hath ſolde,
The ryche relyke that he had in holde.
Palladion while they of Troye towne,
Haue gathered vp aboute enuyron,
Of riche and poore throughout the cityе,
Golde and ſyluer an huge quantytye,
Floure and whete to paye theyr raunſom,
The whych ſumme of entencion,
They made kepe wyſely and conſerue,
In the Temple that longeth to Mynerue,
Purpoſynge after of one affectiowne,
The citezyns throughout all the towne,
Hopinge therby for to fare the bet,
Upon a daye aſſygned and yſet,
To Apollo in theyr panym wyſe
Solempnelye make a ſacrafiſe,
With ſlaughter of beſtes wᵗ encenſe & blonde,

On whych daye when the preestes stode,
In compasse rounde about the aultere,
And gan to kyndle the coles bryght and clere,
Upon the aulter playnly as I reade
To offer vp the beastes that were deade,
In the flawme and the great leuen,
To Apollo stellyfyed in heauen,
When they to offer were most labozous.
The fyrste was that the sacryde fyre,
Ne would brenne lyke to his desyre,
Noz the flawme vpascende alofte.
Albe that they assayed full ofte,
Moze then ten tymes and yet it ne would be
Foz aye it queynt that they ne myght se,
Nought but smoky resolucions,
Horryble and blake lyke exalacyons,
Of newe lyme when that it is meynt,
With water colde and of his heat queynt,
That they might in no maner wyse,
Foz lacke of fyre do theyr sacrafyse.
Foz aye they found a wonder obstacle,
And the nexte was a moze myracle,
On theyr aulter when they gan to sprede,
The entrayles of beastes that were deade,
To queme Apollo w flawme bryght & faire.
There came anone downe out of the ayre,
A royall Egle full perlynge of his loke,
And in his clawes the offerynge vp he toke,
And the entrayles lyinge enuyzowne,
In his descence makynge such a sowne,
That none so hardy of herte noz manhode,
But that he was astoned there he stode,
And suppryled through nerfe & euerye vayne,
Of this meruayle and this case sodayne.
But the Egle abydynge there no moze,
Ouer the towne full hygh gan to soze,
Towarde Grekes enhastyng what he might,
And on theyr shyppes sodaynly alyghte,
And the entrayles of the beastes all.
This Egle let from his clawes fal,
Wherof Troyans when they toke hede,
Dismayed wyth a moztall dzeade,
By sygnes haue clerely comprehended,
That theyr goddes greatly were offended,
Agayne the towne when the fyre went out.
And foz they would be put out of doute,
To be sure what this meruayle mente.
To Cassandza in all haste they sente,
Fully to haue declaracyon.
And therupon playne exposycyon.
And she tolde theim platly out of dzeade,
That the quenchynge of theyr fyres red,
Was vnto them a demonstracion,
Both of yre and indygnacion,
That Apollo hath to Troye boze,
Foz the bloud that was shed befoze,
Of Achylles in his temple slawe,
Uengeably murdzed and pdzawe,
Without any maner reuerence,
Oz honour done to the excellence,
Of Apollo beynge there presente,
That the Pbane and plates adiacent,
Were desolued and pollut wyth bloude.
Wherfoze she sayde shortly it is good,
That they went on prosessyon,
With herte contryte and deuocyon,
To the tombe of Achylles at nyght,
Onelye to fette on theyr tapres lyght,
Sacred fyre brennynge at the wake,
Fully in purpose by assente to make,
Foz his mozdze satisfaction.
The whych fyre by none occasyon,
Shall not quenche but his flawmes holde,
Through none assault of stozmye windz colde
The sacrafyse vpon the aultere
Tofoze Apollo brenne shall so clere,
And they of Troye wzought by her rede.
But of the Egle she bad them take hede,
That nothynge was but token of treason,
Pronostyke and declaracyon,
Fynally how Troye and Ylyon,
Shall tourne in haste to destruction.
Foz the flyinge of this foule royall,
Ouer the towne and the myghty wall,
With his fethers mayled bzyght and shene.
And the entrayles in his clawes kene,
To Troye was a fynall demonstraunce,
Sothfast shewynge and signifyaunce.
The grace and ewer and hap of olde foztune,
Bylyklyhead might not contune,
Noz perseuer in the fyrst lyghte,
Foz all attones they haue take theyr flight.
Palladion might theym not witholde
That stole was lyke as I you tolde,
Foz no man maye his fatall chaunce refuse.
And Grekes eke faste gan to muse,
And inwardly in theyr wyttes sought,
Of the entrayles that the Egle bzoughte,

And

And therupon gan togyther rounde,
Til that Calchas did euery thing expowne,
And vnto theym full gan assure,
That the fine of this auenture,
Conclude should vpon theyr welfare.
And bad also for no coste they spare.
To perseuer and be of herte stable,
By fortune theym selfe to enhable.
Theym counsaylynge to do theyr busy payne
Solempnelye in haste to ordayne,
A certayne offrynge borne out of the felde,
To fayre Pallas with her cristall shelde,
And to her make a ryche sacrafyse,
As the storye by ordre shall deuyse.

By chop Calchas wyth his lockes hore
Traytour forsworne syth go ful yore.
That falsed hath trouthe & his allyaunce,
Whom clerkes haue put in remembraunce,
In theyr lockes with letters olde and newe,
To exemplefye no man to be vntrewe.
For though yeares passe faste awaye,
Rust of sclaunder lightly wyll not deye.
The fret therof is so corrosyfe.
That it lasteth full many mannes lyfe,
And is full harde to arrace awaye,
Of whose venym full selde is made allaye,
Reporte therof blowen is so wyde.
Perpetually that it wyll abyde,
Remembred newe and freshely had in mynde
Recorde of him that could a waye fynde,
Olde Calchas euyl mut he sterue,
Under colour of offrynge to Mynerue,
To make Grekes entre into towne,
This sleyghty serpent father and patrowne,
And fynder vp of treason and of guyle,
Compassed hath and yfounde a wyle,
How Grekes shall the Cytye wynne & take.
Pretendynge them sacrifyce to make,
Unto Pallas as I shall expresse.
For this traytour merour of falsenesse,
The Grekes bad for to do theyr payne,
To Minerua an offrynge to fayne.
And in all haste that they should theim spede.
And of assente they dyd make a stede,
Large and wyde of coper and of brasse,
By crafte of Synon that contrysed was,
That it myght receyue large and wele,
A thousande knyghtes armed bright in stele.
Through the sleyght and the compassynge,
The subtyll wytte and meruaylous worknig
Of this wyse and crafty Greke Synon,
Which through his castynge and discresion,
Perfourmed hath this ryche stede of brasse,
As ye haue herde by byddinge of Calchas,
And by the aduyse of Appius the wyse,
That holpe also the stede to deuyse,
To fyne onely that of denociowne,
Grekes myght requere of the towne,
When it were made to graunt them licence,
It presente in the reuerence,
Of myghty Pallas in stele armed bryght.
Amyd her temple large and ful of light,
By the offringe to fynde occasyon,
To haue entre frely into towne,
By pylgramage theyr vowes to fulfyl,
In which stede daren shal ful stylle,
A thousande knightes as Calchas by deuise,
Ordeyned hath that was so slye and wise.
By crafte of Synon and of Appyus,
This large stede of makinge meruaylous,
Under pretence of oblacyon,
Was complet ful to his perfection,
Of workemanshyppe as I tolde afore,
When the siege sothly gan to fine,
And the Cyte was brought to ruyne,
Through Grekes myght and the wall strōge
Were bete downe large thicke and longe.
The which yeare as made is menciowne,
A lyttell afore takynge of the towne,
Kinges echone that came fro so ferre,
Alyue lefte after the mortall werre.
When they saw how Priam by couenaunte,
Unto Grekes that vtterly made graunt,
All haste possible to paye his raunsowme.
They toke leue and went out of the towne.
And fyrste I fynde how kynge Phylomene,
With him lad the body of the quene,
Pantasillia home to her countre.
Ful richely there to buryed be.
And of.ij.thousande knightes that this kinge
Brought vnto Troye fyrst at his comynge,
No mo than fyftye home with him he ladde.
And of women that the quene hadde,
Of a thousand the storye sayth certayne,
But foure hundred home agayne.
And thus when all were fro Troye gone,
The morowe nexte Priamus anone,

With

With his lordes rode out of the towne,
As was the accorde for confyrmacionne,
Of peace fynall vpon outher syde.
¶And in the fyelde Grekes hym abyde.
¶And for grekes firste swore Dyomede,
They of Troye takynge lyttle hede,
How the othe was in condicion,
Cured aboue vnder false treason.
Syth grekes tho in their swearynge,
Ne bounde them selfe to no maner thynge,
To stande to as in specyall.
But for to holde and kepe in generall,
The poyntes hole engressed and no more,
In thilke treate that Dan Anthenor,
With grekes helde this traytour fraudulent.
In whiche they were full double of entent,
Meynt with treson as ye haue herde tofore.
Whiche to obserue onely they were swore,
By fraude of othe and not by wordes playne.
Their aduersaryes to take in a trayne.
Excludynge them from their meanyng ferre.
Peace in the face, but in the herte werre.
All openly confirmed with their hande,
Inwarde treason by assuraunce of bonde.
But though the venym was closed w a wall,
It was not hyd from him that knoweth all.
For certaynely as clerkes teache,
Who that swereth falsely in his speche,
Flourysshynge outwarde by a fayre coloure,
For to deceyue his trewe neyghbour.
He is forswore what so euer he be.
The treason hyd though men may not se,
How so the worde be awaye yborne.
Who swereth by crafte by crafte is forswore.
There may be made no excusacion.
For god that knoweth the entention,
Demeth the herte and the word right nought
For he the wyll knoweth and the thought,
Of euery man nygh and eke aferre.
Therfore beware no man hym forswere,
As grekes dyd Troyans to deceyue,
That the fraude coulde not conceyue.
Supposynge that Grekes had be,
Faythfull and trewe of their suretye.
¶But nothynge on they in herte thought,
whiche in the ende they full dere abought,
When they founde fully the reuerse,
And to their speche the dede so dyuerse.
It were but fayne by and by to wryte,
Their fayned othes nor their wordes whyte.
Nor the cheris that they coulde fayne,
But to conclude with the quene Heleyne,
Durynge the treate vpon the same daye,
¶Delyuered was to kynge Menelaye.
And after that was payde the raunsowne,
Graunted tofore and gathered in the towne,
Golde and syluer where also and floure.
And to their shyppes with diligent laboure,
In full great haste euery thyng was brought
Where through the citie after came to nought
¶And grekes than by symulacyon,
Makynge a colour of deuocion,
Through holynesse vnder ypocrisye,
Falsly fayned by fraude and flaterye.
The kynge haue prayed to haue lybertye,
Frely to entre in to the Cytye.
To make assete by oblacyon,
For the thefte of Palladyon.
And offer vp the riche stede of brasse,
To the goddesse that called is Pallas.
¶What kynge Pyram lyketh to assygne.
That she to them be wyllinge and beninge.
In their repeyre saylynge by the sea,
Home into Grece towarde their countre,
When she is quemed with his large stede.
Of whiche alas Pyram toke no hede.
¶The treason hyd he coulde not aduerte,
But graunted them with all his hole herte.
When that them lyke to bringe it into towne,
By false entysinge and suggestionne,
Of Anthenor and also of Enee.
Hauynge no drede nor ambyguite,
In his entent nor suspection,
Nother of fayninge nor of false treason,
But right frendely lyke to his behyeste,
Condescendeth vnto their requeste.
Their auowes that they myght obserue,
To offer vp this horse vnto Mynerue.
And grekes tho with great diligence,
Full great honour and huge reuerence,
Haue shapen them with processionne,
To bringe the stede into Troye towne.
The men of armes beinge aye therin,
By whom they caste Troye for to wynne,
In shorte tyme for it stode on the date.
And whan this horse brought was to ỹ gate
It was so narowe that there was no space,
For the stede in to towne to passe,

Albe

For the stede into the towne to pace.
Albe that they assayed ouer all,
Wherfore Pyram bet a downe the wall,
To make it large ryght at their deuyse.
In whiche thinge alas he was vnwyse.
For cause chefe of his confusyowne,
Was that this horse came into the towne,
But humbly forth they gan to procede.
To the temple with this large stede.
And to Pallas mekely knelynge downe,
They all attones made there oblacyon.
With fayned chere and false deuocyowne.
Wherof in herte glad was all the towne,
And specyall they that were of Troye.
¶But sothe is sayde that aye the fyne of ioye,
Who occupyeth as men full ofte se.
For vnwarely cometh aduersytye,
After gladnesse. wo and mysauenture,
When men beste wene for to standen sure.
In worldly blysche there none assyaunce,
So dyuers is this vnhappy chaunce.
Full of decepte euer meynt with trouble,
And for to truste barpaunt and double.
And selde in one abydynge any throwe,
For worldly luste though it be now blowe.
With pompe and pride & with boste & sowne,
Anone it passeth record of Troye towne,
That wende well by this ryche stede,
To haue be sure and deuoyde of drede,
Perpetually as I haue tolde tofore.
But when grekes haue this horse yboze,
Tofore Pallas as ye haue herde me telle,
Them lyketh not longer for to dwelle,
In the boundes of this myghty towne.
But of purpose to the Greke Synowne,
They haue committed hole the gouernayle,
Of this stede the whiche wyll not fayle,
When he seeth best opportunyte,
By this engyne to trayschen the Cytye.
And grekes haue in this whyle founde,
A newe sleyght them fully to confounde.
This to saye they haue made theyr sonde,
To kynge Pyram they wolde go fro londe,
Unto the sea towarde Tenedowne.
And thyther sayle for this conclusyowne,
For that Heleyne by good auysement,
In secrete wyse thyther shalbe sent,
For they dradde if vpon the lande,
She were delyuered shortly to their honde,
Grekes wolde of malys do their payne,
The more party to sleen this Heleyne.
For she was grounde & gynnyng of their wo,
The very rote and the cause also,
Of the slaughter of many worthy man,
Sythen the tyme the syege fyrst began.
Wherfore they sayde for to stynte all stryfe,
And to be sure for to saue her lyfe,
The best was to sende her out of syght.
Secretely to Tenedowne by nyght.
Thus they fayned of full false treason,
Pyram to put from all suspection.
As chaunce they wolde after in all their lyue,
Resorte agayne vnto Troye for to stryue.
Thus they made Pyram for to wene,
But in the hande he was decepued clene,
Of their decepte knowynge neuer adele.
For in his herte he thought not but wele.
Grauntyng to thē all that might them please,
And when they had at leyser and good ease,
Fro Troye sayled vnto Tenedowne.
¶With their nauye the false greke Synowne
In Troye waker gan to taken kepe,
The tyme when men were in their fyrste slepe
And in all haste with his sleyghty gynne,
Many vyse and many sotyll pynne,
In the stede he made aboute gone.
The crafty lockes vndoynge euerychone,
And out he goth and gan anone to calle,
Within the horse the worthy knyghtes all.
So secretly no man myght espye,
And trayterously he gan hym for to hye,
Upon the walles the selfe same nyght,
And towarde grekes gan to shewe a lyght,
Where as they laye tofore Tenedowne.
Redy armed to falle vpon the towne.
And whan they had this sodayne light espyed
On horse backe anone they haue them hyed,
Towarde Troye armed clene at all,
And in they went by the same walle,
Whyche for the horse was but late broke.
And mortally for to be a wroke,
The knyghtes eke in the stede of brasse,
Haue with them met a full sterne pace,
And gan anone throughout the Cytye,
On euery halfe for to kylle and slea.
With bloudy sworde vpon euery syde.
And made their woundes brode large & wide
Whyle they alas no thinge aduertynge.

At mydnight houre abedde lay sleppynge,
Full innocent and thought not be good.
All forbathed in their owne bloude.
Bothe man and childe without exception,
The grekes sparynge no condicyon,
Of olde nor ponge woman wyfe nor mayde.
¶That with the crye Pyramus abrayde,
Out of his slepe and sodeynely awoke,
Whiche laye all nyght and no hede ne toke,
Of the slaughter nor murther in the towne.
¶But tho he wiste that there was treasowne
Falsely compassed vnto his cytee,
By Anthenor and also by Enee.
Of whose malys he was no more in doubte,
For the venym was now taken oute,
And now the galle of conspyracion,
That vnder sugre of symulacion,
Hath so longe closed be and hyd,
In dede is nowe execute and kyd.
And nowe the fraude fully of treason,
The castes also of false collusyon,
Be raked out and abrode yblowe.
And the auctours openly yknowe.
¶Now hath envye and contrpued hate,
Of their engyne sette abrode the gate,
Now hate decepte and olde conspyracye,
And fayned othes all of one allye,
All openly shewed their falsenesse.
And disclosed all their doublenesse.
So farre abrode that nowe is there no geyne
For nowe alas the wylde fyre is sepne,
In towers hye with the wynde yblased.
Wherof Pyram astoned and amased,
All awaped sterte out of his bedde,
And comforteleſſe to the temple is fledde,
Of Apollo to saue hym yf he myght.
And aye the flawme of the fyres brygbt,
Brent in the towne and consumeth all.
The ryche byldynge whylom so royall,
That the walles with the roses huge,
Couered with lede for a chyefe refuge,
Were now alas bare and bareyne makyd,
The grekes aye with their swordes naked,
Murdre and slea where so that they go.
That twenty thousande they ỹ nyght and mo
There kylled haue longe or it was day.
And in this slaughter and this great affraye,
Spoyle and robbe and take what they finde,
Treasour and good, and lefte not behynde,
By myghty hande and stordy bolence,
And the temples without reuerence.
They haue despoiled throughout al the town
And gredely rent and raced downe,
Of golde and syluer the ornamentes all.
To fore the goddes foule mote them fall.
¶Kynge Pyram aye with a deadly chere,
To Apollo makyng his prayer,
Furyously this deadly wofull man,
As he m soth that no reade ne can.

But wayte his death & his fatall eure,
And Cassandra that holy creature,
Of inwarde wo despyrous to sterue,
Complaynynge hyed vnto Mynerue,
Makynge to her a lamentacionne.
With other gentyll women of the towne.
And there alas as they wolden dye,
Full pyteously they sobbe wepe and crye,
And in their dole there I lette them dwelle.
For all there sorowes if I shulde do telle,
In this story and theyr wo diserpue,
My dulled penne of ruthe shulde also rite riue
¶Reherynge eke howe in euery strete,
Their clothes blacke redy moyste and wete,
As they alas both in one and all,
On their lordes downe aswone fall.
With their bloude be dewed and yspzent,
Where men may see the crystall teares meynt,
Of their weppynge in their woundes grene,
That laye and blede agayne the sonne shene.
With deadly eyen castynge vp the whyte,
It were but vayne their wofull case to wryte,
Nor the maner of their mortall sorowe.
¶But Guydo wryt that the same morowe,
How Anthenor and with him false Enee,
Conueyed haue throughout the cyte.
The myghty Grekes vnto Ilyon.
The royall toure and ryche mansyon,
That whylom was of most excellence,
In the whiche they founde as tho no dyffence
Of hyghe nor lowe nor of none estate,
For it was lefte alone all desolate,
With all the golde and rychesse of the towne,
Shet and enclosed in the chyefe dongeowne.
But there was no man that withstode,
They brake the lockes & raught away ỹ good
And the treasure that was shet within,
Eche for his parte that he might wyn.

The

They gaue no force who was lyfe or loth.
¶And Pirrhus after to the temple goth,
Of Appollo by great cruelte.
And fell on Pryam knelyng on his kne,
And with his sworde furyously and wood,
To fore the aulter shadde there his blood.
So hye raught both in length and brede,
What the streames of his woundes redde,
That the statute of golde borned bryght.
Of this Apollo for all his great might.
For all his power and his sterne face,
Defouled was and pollut all the place.
Onely by death of this worthy kynge,
By Pirrhus slaine while he lay knelynge,
Of olde hatred and olde envyous pryde.
Whyle Anthenor and Enee stode beside,
That routhe was and pytye to beholde.
To se him lye on the stones colde,
So pyteously to fore the aulter blede.
Wherof alas when Hecuba toke hede.
And her fayre doughter Polycene,
With heire to rent as any golde wyer shene.
Inly supprysed with sorowe to the herte,
When they began consider and aduerte.
The noble kinge with bloudy streames red.
All for drowned his eyen derke and dead.
With Pirrhus sword girte thrugh outher side
For mortall feare they durst not abyde.
But inwardly throughe darted with the sight.
All in a rage toke them to the flyghte.
And yet in sothe throughe out the Cite,
They wyste neuer whyther warde to flee.
Rescuse was none nor no remedye,
Of kynne nor friende nor of none allye,
With grekes sworde the towne was so be sette
And in her flight this wofull quene hath met,
Eneas causer of all this wrake.
Unto whom rebukynge thus he spake.
Oh thou traytour most malycious,
Thou false serpent adder envyous,
Croppe and roote fynder of falsenesse,
Soures and well of vnkyndenesse.
How myghtest thou in thy hande fynde,
Unto thy kynge to be so vnkynde.
Gynner and grounde example of treason,
And fynall cause of our destruction.
How myghtest thou deuoyde of all pytye.
Beholdynge alas throughe thy cruelte,
Of the kynge shedde so the blonde,
That euer hath byn so gentyll and so good,
So gracious lorde specially to the.
And ouermore throughe his highe bounte,
They honoured and ymaguefyed,
All his lyfe it may not be denyed.
That lyeth now dead in the temple alas.
Thou were not onely traytour in this case,
But to his death conspyrynge and vnkynde.
Pirrhus conueying where he shuld him finde
To fore Apollo myddes of this cyte,
Where thou shuldest of very duetye,
Rather haue byn his protection,
His myghty shelde and sauacion,
That haste this citie and this towne ylorne,
In whiche thou were fostred and yborne,
On the greatest of reputacion,
Of all the lordes dwellinge in this towne.
In which thou haddest whilom most plesaūce
But all is now out of remembraunce.
¶Yet in thy hert yf any drape be,
Of gentylnesse mercy or pytye,
In this deadly rage full of tene.
Rewe on my doughter yonge Polycene,
From grekes sworde her youthe for to saue.
If thy herte may any routhe haue,
Of manly pytye on her maydenheade.
Defende her nowe and kepe her out of drede
If thou canste fynde any weye,
In any wyse that she maye not deye.
¶That hereafter when men se and rede,
The false treason and the foule dede,
That thou haste done vnto Troye towne.
It maye in partye be protectiowne,
To thy fame the venym to allye,
Of this treason when men wyll assaye,
By iuste reporte thy name to accuse.
This dede may the helpe to excuse,
Agaynst tonges that speake of Enee.
Than wyll they saye thou haddest yet pytye,
On Polycene onely of gentilnesse,
Therwith to sugre all the bytternesse,
Of thy deserte blowe forth by fame,
By rehersayle of the foule blame,
That shal of the throughe the worlde be borne
With sklaūder infect whē thou art al to torne,
That thou ne shalte the shame mowe sustene.
Then shall my doughter fayre Polycene,
Be thy defence agayne suche famous stryfe,
If it so be now thou saue her lyfe.

Of me no force though thou make as blyue,
The sworde of grekes through my herte ryue
¶And so by prayer of this wofull quene,
This Eneas toke to hym Polycene,
Whose traytour herte for all his cruelte,
On her youthe was meued of pytye,
Onely of routhe that in his brest arose.
And secretely put her vp in close,
Lest that grekes founde occasyon,
Agaynst hym and Ayax Thelamon,
Toke to his warde Andromecha.
Hectors wyfe and wyfe Cassandra,
Out of the temple longing to Mynerue.
From grekes sworde their lyues to conserue.
¶And Menelaye toke the quene Heleyne,
Into his garde for whom so great a payne,
Bode in his herte many daye tofore,
By whom alas the cytye is now lorne.
¶And grekes aye were busye in their yre,
To slea and kylle and crullly to fyre.
On euery syde and to beate downe,
Palyce and house and wall of the towne,
They spare nought for all goth to the fyre.
So feruent hate brent in their desyre,
Of olde enuye auenged for to be.
That they ne lefte within the Cyte,
Nothynge vnbrent and also ylpowne,
Was in this rage tourned vp so downe.
There made were none exceptions.
Onely out take the possyons,
Of Anthenor euyll mote he fare.
And Eneas whom the grekes spare,
As they to them were bounde by their othe.
And thus the grekes furyous and wrothe,
Haue all that daye robbed and ybrent.
¶Tyll that the kynge Agamenon hath sent,
For his lordes to assemble yfeare,
In Pallas temple onely for to here,
There wyse aduyse vpon thynges twayne.
Fyrste if they wolde holde and not fayne,
Hooly their hope without exceptiowne,
To thē by whom they wonne fyrst the towne
¶And ouer more he ared them also,
Touchynge the goddes what they wolde do,
With golde treasour and possessyowne,
That they haue won through their hie renown
¶And they answered without more taryinge
They wolde their faith kepe in euery thynge,
As they were sworne and hestes holde.
And ouer this they sayde howe they wolde,
That golde treasour and good of the Cyte,
As ryght requietrh and also equitye,
Be iustly parted by deuysion,
To euery wyght made distribucyon,
Lyke his meryt of hygh and lowe degree.
And that the kynge eke of reason se,
Eche to rewarde after his labour.
So as it longeth to a conquerour,
That no man haue matter to compleyne.
And so they felle in speakynge of Heleyne,
Euerych after his opynyon.
And tofore all other Ayax Thelamon,
Shortly sayde she hath deserued death,
For whom so many haue yelde vp the brethe.
Playnely affyrmynge there in Parlement,
Of ryghtwyseneſſe and trewe iudgement,
She shulde not escape with the lyfe,
That gynnyng was & cause of all their strife
Rote and grounde of all their sorowe and wo
And so sayde eke many an other mo.
And for the noyse and the great affraye,
¶Agamenon nor kinge Menelaye,
Ne durst a worde for her partye meue.
To saue ỹ quene lest grekes wold them greue
Agaynst them there was so great rumour,
Tyll Ulires chiefely her socour,
Through his wyt and his eloquence,
His deuer dyd and his dylygence,
To haue her life and fully to purchace,
Of the grekes for to gette her grace.
¶And as Guydo also doth vs lere,
Agamenon grekes gan requere,
To graunt hym for a chiefe guerdon,
Of Cassandra to haue possession,
All her lyfe with hym to abyde.
Eke Eneas and Anthenor beside,
Of Helenus to the grekes tolde,
How to the werre he neuer assente wolde,
And how that he prudennt and vertuous.
In counsaylyng was contrarious,
To all tho of hygh and lowe estate,
In Troye first that began debate,
Atwyxe grekes and this myghty towne.
Eke by his helpe and medyatiowne.
Achylles was buryed and ygraue,
The deade corps from houndes for to saue,
Whan he was slayne in full cruell wyse,
By nyght tyme as ye haue herde deuyse,

For

For sothly he and Cassandra both,
Of this murder in herte were full wrothe.
And sory eke of many an other thynge.
Wrought in the towne wout their wyttynge.
¶And for they were of malyce Innocent.
The grekes haue fully by assent,
Graunted to them a prerogatyfe,
By Parlement for to haue theyr lyfe.
But Helenus first in teares drowned.
To fore the kynge pyteously hath sowned.
And abraydynge with a deadly face,
In humble wyse besought hym of his grace.
Of knyghtly pytye to haue his aduertence.
To spare his sworde fro bloud of Innocence.
And of mercy that he not disdayne,
To graunt lyfe to the sonnes twayne,
¶Of worthy Hector his brother most entere
And eke to rewe on their mother dere.
Onely of grace that she be not dead.
A wydowe lefte a loue and can not reade.
And so the kynge amoued in his herte,
And wote not whither that she maye diuerte,
Of his wordes and his wofull chere,
Benygnely graunted his prayer.
And gaue eke lyfe and fredom for to go,
To the mother and her chyldren two.
¶And to ladyes and gentyll women all,
That for mercy to his grace calle.
He graunted eke of compassyon,
A safe conduite and a fre pardon.
Where that them lyste in the towne abyde,
Or in the countre adiacent beside.
He put it hole in their electiowne.
¶And thanking him they fell on knees down
With many teare dewed in the face.
¶And so the kynge parteth fro the place.
And after that grekes ryght anone,
Fully purpose to shyp for to gone,
In haste to sayle towarde their countre.
But suche a tempest rose vp in the sea,
Of wawe and wynde also of cloudes blacke,
All a moneth that they dare not take,
The water salte for drede of Neptunus.
¶Of very Ire and also Golus,
Was vnto them in euery thynge contrary.
That on the londe made them longe tarye.
The sea was aye so fell and boylynge,
¶Till the grekes of Calchas enquyrynge,
By one assent what it myght be,
That euer in one so dyuers was the sea.
In his rage both eue and morowe.
¶And he answered god gyue him euyl sorowe
This olde shrewe with all his prophecye,
That can so well when hym lyste to lye.
How this tempest caused was at all,
By the goddes and furyes infernall,
That neuer wolde appease nor be stylle,
Tyll the number platly of Achylle,
Auenged be and shedynge of his bloud.
¶For whiche he sayde Apollo was eke wood
For his temple to him consecrate.
Was through his death in Troye violate,
By blonde agayne be made satisfaction.
Wherfore there muste throughe redempcyon,
Of her that was roote in speciall,
Through her beautye and ozygynall,
Cause of his death ponge Polycene,
And gynnynge fyrst of his mortall tene.
Therfore to Apollo she might vp offred be,
By sacrafyce to please his deyte.
With death agayne to make recompence.
Right as by death fyrst was the offence,
This grekes must vtterly fulfyll,
If they desyre for to haue at wyll,
The large sea to sayle in quiet.
¶And Pirrhus tho in a furious hete,
Gan enquire about of euery man,
For Policene but no wyght tell can,
Of her a worde nor shortely where she was.
Saufe some sayde howe that Eneas,
And Anthenor had hyd her pryuely.
Wherof there rose amonge them sodeynly,
Suche agrutchynge of grekes all aboute,
Of their lyfe that they were in doubte.
So inwardly this thinges they toke at greke
¶Till Anthenor god geue hym euyll preke,
That may of treason as wardeyn here ỹ keye
To shewe out his malys euery waye.
So longe hath sought till in a chamber olde,
He hath her founde and the grekes tolde,
And brought her forth vnto their presence,
By cruell force and hatefull violence,
Without pytye or compassyon,
And her delyuered to Agamenon.
¶And he alas by hastye Judgement,
Without respyte or auysemente.
Shortely hath dempte that she shall be deade
That was flourynge in her maydenhead.
¶And for to do excepcyon,

¶ She was assygned by Agamenon,
Unto Pirrhus and he of tirannye,
Ladde her forth and fast gan hym hye,
To the place where she shulde dye.
¶ Great was the prease that in the weye,
Gan croude and shoue to beholde and sene,
This yonge mayde fayre Pollycene,
That for her beautye and her semlynesse,
Her womanhede and excellent fayrenesse,
Of all yfere when they toke hede.
They had routhe that she shalbe deade.
Without gylte or any more trespace.
Where men may se vpon many face,
The salte teares faste falle downe,
Of very pytye and compassyowne.
For man nor childe was none so harde of hert
But he felte for her sake some smert.
Her goodly face whan they beholde and se,
And fayne wolde if it might haue be,
Delyuered her of very force anone,
Fro Pirrus hande but for they wende echone
Without her death neuer to haue repeire,
Into grece nor the wether fayre.
As Calchas had made suggestion,
And brought them all in oppynyon.
¶ And at the laste whan this Policene,
Of dede and wyll a very mayde clene,
Was to the graue of Achylles brought.
She kneleth downe & w an humble thought
Caste vp her eye and gan syghe ofte,
And to the goddes humbly and softe,
With dredfull herte and deuocion,
Made in this wyse her lamentacion.

O Ye myghty ꝑ in this worlde gouerne,
And euery thinge consyder and diserne,
By whom this world so huge large & rounde.
Both ayre and sea heauen & eke ꝑ grounde,
At your deuyse with a worde was wrought.
And sothfastly knowe euery thought,
Right as it is of euery maner wyght,
Without lettynge so persynge is your syght,
That nothinge is conceyled nor ywrye,
From the beholdynge of your eternall eye,
And euery thinge maye attones se.
Upon my soule haue mercy and pyte.
And of your grace and beninge cure,
Upon my wo and pyteous auenture,
Haue some routhe nowe that I shall deye,
My wofull spyryte to lede and conueye,
Where as you lyst now that I shall pace.
For vnto you in this selfe place,
I me confesse with all humilyte,
That hytherto I haue in chastyte,
Ladde all my lyfe and kept my maydēhead,
In your seruyce both in thought and dede,
In porte in chere and in countenaunce,
Or for feture of any daliaunce,
With one misloke I neuer yet abrayde.
So that in sothe I dye shall a maide,
As ye well knowe of synne all innocent,
Though I be nowe dempt by iudgement,
For to be dead without gilte at all.
Witnesse on you that be immortall,
Clene of entente of that I am accused.
And yet alas I maye not be excused,
But that the swerde of vengeaunce must byte
Routheles which am nothinge to wite.
But stande cleare and pure of all offence.
And discharged in my conscience,
I dare affirme and fully giltles,
Touchinge the murdre of worthy Achilles,
Which slewe my brother and after loued me,
And is nowe cause of mine aduersyte.
And yet in will dede worde nor thought,
Unto his death assentaunt was right nought
But therof was right sory in my herte.
Albe that I maye not now asterte,
For to be dead onely for his sake.
On me alone vengeaunce shalbe take,
Without mercy in full cruell wise.
With my bloud to make sacrafise,
To the goddes their wrathe for to queme.
Oh people blinde in sothe amisse ye deme,
Agaynst me your herte is so cruell,
To mercyles to yrous and to fell,
Without routhe to mikel indurate,
To sley a mayde alone desolate.
Out of your herte alas pitye is gone,
Harder in trouthe than any stocke or stone,
And more cruell in your opinion,
For lacke of pitye than Tigre or Lion.
Certis ye be greatly for to blame,
And ought therof for to haue great shame,
To assent to so foule a dede,
To sley a maide quakinge in her dread,
And graunte her none opportunitye,
For to be wepe her virginyte,

That

¶That of this cruell & this piteous wreche.
My blonde your gylte hereafter shall apeche,
And accuse also your great enuye,
To the goddes that shall iustyfye,
Euery vnright bothe of hygh and lowe.
Full egally and make to be knowe.
The trouthe plainly spare and no degree,
But make open that is now secree.
I saye not this nor my selfe complayne,
To haue redres of my fatall payne.
For death is now more welcome vnto me,
Than is my lyfe and more I take at gree.
Sithen my brother most worthy of renowne,
Be slayne all and buryed in this towne.
My father dead in his vnwieldy age.
And I alone lefte in all this rage.
And haue abyde pyteously to se,
Fynally ruyne now of this cytye.
Whiche at my herte sytteth now so sore,
That leuer I haue then to wepe more,
Dye attones in releise of my wo.
Sith all my kynne is passed and ago.
Longer to lyue were to me a death.
For better is here to yelde vp the breth,
Then to be led out of this Cyte,
Amonge straungers to lyue in pouertee,

OH death welcome and longer lette,
Thy dredefull darte to syle & to whette,
My tender herte therwith all to ryue.
Agayne thy myght I wyll neuer strye.
¶Now is tyme to kith the power,
On me that am of wyll and herte entere,
A clene mayde so as I began,
Without touche of any maner man.
In all my lyfe to this same daye,
This lyttle auaunte yet make I maye,
In myne ende to the goddes all.
After whose helpe I clyppe and calle,
And to their mercy mekely I commende,
My woful spirite & pray them that they sende
To euery mayde better happe and grace,
Then I haue nowe and a longer space,
In hertye ioye and honour to contune,
Without assaulte of any infortune.
To leade their lyfe in prosperitye.
And all maydens remembreth vpon me,
To take ensample how ye shall you kepe.
And that ye wolde a fewe teares wepe,
When that ye thynke vpon fayre Pollyne.
That was of age and of yeres grene,
Whan she was slayne by cruell auenture.
And to the goddes for to haue in cure,
My dredfull goste holely I betake,
Eternally and thus an ende I make.
¶And with ỹ word her head she gan enclyne
Full humbly when she shulde fyne,
And of her eyen helde the ledes downe.
¶And Pirrhus then wodder then Lyon,
Dismembred hath with his sherpe swerde.
This ponge made dredefull and aferde.
And ouer more his cruelte to shewe,
On peces smale he hath her all to hewe,
Endelonge his fathers sepulture.
Alas how myght his cruell herte endure,
Mercyles to do so foule a dede.
I am astoned sothly when I reade,
After her death how it did hym good,
Lyke a tiraunt to caste abrode her blonde,
Or a Tygre that can no routhe haue.
Rounde enuyrowne about his fathers graue
He sprent of hate and of cruelte.
Oh thou Pyrrhus thou mayste well ybe,
Achylles sonne by lyneall discent.
For lyke to hym of herte and of entente,
Thou were in soth deuoyde of all pytye,
And worse then he yet in one degree.
For of thy father in all his lyuinge,
Ne radde I neuer yet so foule a thynge,
Though I wolde of hatred him abrayde,
For no rancour that euer he slewe amayde,
I fynde well that he had his parte,
Whylom in loue of Cupydes darte,
That made him sore in his lyue smerte,
When that he was wounded to the herte.
With the castynge onely of an eye,
Wenynge therby wysely for to dye.
He myght not the sodeyne stroke escape.
And afterwarde as his fate hath shape,
¶He murdred was for the loue of Pollicene,
Whom thou haste slayne in the cruell tene.
Furyously without routh or shame.
For whiche thynge the foule hatefull fame,
Throughout al the world hereafter shalbe spred,
When this story rehersed is and red.
Then shalbe sayd that Pirrhus routhlesse,
Slewe in his yre a mayde gylteles,
And worryed shall thy name most odyble.

Be for this dede passyngly horryble.
For loue onely of fayre Pollycene.
The death of whom when Hecuba the quene
Hath sene alas as she beside stode.
For very wo gan to be wood,
And for sorowe out of her wyt she went,
And her clothes and heire she rent,
All in a rage and wot not what she doth.
But gan anone with handes and with tothe,
In her furye scrache and eke byte.
Stones castes and with fystes smyte,
Whom she mette tyll greke s made her bynde.
And sente her forth also as I fynde,
Into an yle to Troye partuent,
Where she was slayne onely by Judgement,
Of the grekes and stoned to the death.
And whan she had yelde vp the breth.
This wofull quene by cruell auenture,
The grekes dyd make a sepulture,
Cerously of metall and of stone.
And toke the corps and buryed it anone,
With great honour and solempnitee.
That longe after men there might se,
The ryche toumbe costfull and royall.
There set and made for a memoryall,
Of Hecuba whylom of great fame.
And after gaue to that place a name,
And called it to belonge in mynde.
(Locus in festus) in Guydo as I fynde.
And thus the quene onely for sorowe wood,
Whan her doughter had shad her bloud,
Of grekes stones dyd her endemake.
As ye haue herde plainly for the sake,
Of Policene whylom in Calchas,
Unto Apollo falsly offred was.
By Pyrrhus sworde Achylles auengyng,
To make the sea calme and blandysshyng,
That the goddes take no vengeaunce,
Upon grekes that on euyll chaunce,
Come to this false goddes euerychone.
And their statues of stockes and of stone.
In whiche the serpent and the olde snake,
Sathan hym selfe gan his dwellyng make.
And fraudently folkes to yllude.
Full suttyll can hym selfe illude.
In ymages for to make his holde,
That forged be of syluer and of golde.
That by errour of false illusyon,
He hath ybrought to confusyon.
Through mischance the worthy kindeof man
Syth tyme that alder fyrste began,
The false honour of ydolatrye,
And the worshyp vnto maumetrye,
By sacrafyce of beastes and of bloud,
To appease them when that they are wood.
And to quieme bothe at eue and morowe.
I praye to god giue them all sorowe,
Where so they be within or without.
I none excepte of the false route.
Saturne nor Mars Pallas nor Juno,
Jubyter Mercurius nor Pluto,
Nother Flora that doth the floures sprede.
Nother Bachus with grapes white & read,
Nor Cupydo with his eyen blynde.
Nother Daphne closed vnder rinde,
Through Tellus might of his laurer tree,
Nor thou Dyane with thy chastitee.
Myghtye Uenus nor Citherea,
With thy dartes nor Proserpyna,
That lady arte depe downe in helle.
Nor Bellides that drayweth at the well.
Iryon nor thou Zezyphus,
Nor with thyne appyll thou cruell Tantalus
Nor the furies that be infernall.
Nor ye that spynne the lyues threde fatall,
Upon the rocke of euery maner man.
Nor the Muses that so synge can,
Atwene the Coppys of Nysus and Cira,
Upon the hylle beside Cyrrea.
Nor the Cybeles nor Ceres with thy corne,
Nor Golus of whom the dredefull horne,
Is herde so ferre when thou lyste to blowe.
Nor Janus Byfrons with backe corbed low
Nor Pyrapes nor Genyus the prest,
That cursed aye with candylles in his feste.
Them echone that frowarde be to kynde.
Nor Ymeneus whose power is to bynde,
Hertes that be knit in maryage,
Tyll the goddesse of discorde and rage,
Disseuereth theim by diuision.
Nother Maues that haue their mansyon,
Myd the erthe in derkenesse and in wo.
Nor this Elues that are wont to go,
In vndyrneles when Phebus is most shene,
Nother Fawny in tender greues grene.
Water nymphes nor this Naydes,
Satyrye nother Dryades.
That goddes be of wood and wildernesse,

Nor

Nor other goddes nother more nor lesse,
As Morpheus that is the god of slepe.
I holde hym wood that taketh any kepe,
To do to them any obseruaunce.
He may not fayle for to haue myschaunce,
At the ende playnely for his mede.
For all suche feyned falsenesse out of drede,
Rose of the deuyll and fyrst by his engyne,
And of his sleyghty treynes serpentyne,
Onely mankynde whan he made loute.
To false ydoles the whiche out of doubte,
Are but deuylles Dauyd beareth wytnesse,
In the saulter where he wryt expresse.
And confyrmeth there as he endites,
Howe the goddes of Paganisme rytes.
One and all he excepteth none,
Be made of golde of syluer and of stone.
Forged of brasse of metall and of tree.
And eyen haue of and yet they may not se.
And all are fendes so as Dauyd sayth,
That who in them haueth any fayth,
Hope credence or in them delyte.
It is no drede that they wyll hym quyte,
With suche guerdon as the soule sleeth,
Perpetually so that the fyne is death.
Of their seruyce when men hense pace.
And in their lyfe vnhap and euell grace.
Mischyefe and wo and confusyowne,
As men may se example by the towne,
That wende well assured for to haue be,
And to haue stande in longe prosperitye.
Agayne their foen through helpe of Apollo,
Of Uenus eke and fauour of Juno,
Through Pallas might Dyane & Mynerue,
Whom they were wonte to honour & serue,
With ceremonyes and with sacrafyce.
As ye tofore haue herde me deuyse.
That them haue brought now to ruyne,
By cruell death in a bed them to fyne.
Here may ye se how the venym bytes,
At the ende of suche olde rytes,
By eupdence of this noble towne.
What may auayle now Palladyowne.
What may now helpe their frauded fantasye,
Of all their olde false ydolatrye.
Alas alas they bought it all to sore.
Now farewell Troye farewell for euermore.
Farewell alas to cruell was thy fall,
Of the no more now I wryte shall.
For thy sake forsoth whan I take hede,
Of inwarde wo my herte I fele blede.
And when that I remembre in my thought,
By ruine how thou arte brought to noughte.
That whylom were so noble and so ryche
That in this worlde I trowe none was liche.
Nor perygall to speake of fayrenesse.
To speake of knyghthode or of worthynesse,
As clerkes say that thy byldynge knewe,
That all the worlde ought for to rewe,
On thy piteous waste walles wilde.
Whylom so royall when men gan to bylde,
Thy towres hye and kynge Pryamus,
The fyrst began most ryche and glorious.
And sette his see in noble Ilyon.
Oh who can wryte a lamentacion.
Conuenient Oh Troye for thy sake,
Thy great myschiefe to complayne and crye.
¶ Certes I trowe not olde Jeremye,
That so be wepte the captiuitye,
Of thylke noble royall chyefe Cyte,
Jerusalem and his destruction.
With all the hole transmygracion.
¶ Of the Jewes nor thou Ezechyell,
That were that tyme when the mischiefe fell,
Unto the kynge ycalled Sedeclye,
In Babylon and for thy prophesye,
With stones were cruelly yslawe.
Nor he that was departed with a sawe,
Ye bothe two that colde so complaine,
Nor Danyell that felte so great peyne.
For the kynges transmutasyon.
In a beast tyll through the oryson,
Of Danyell he restored was.
To mynde agayne and eate no more grasse.
¶ Yet verily though ye all thre,
With your weppnge gan alme be,
And present eke at the destructiowne,
Of this noble worthy royall towne.
To haue be wayled the mischiefe and the wo,
And the slaughter at the syege do,
On outher partye in full cruell wyse,
All yout teares might not suffyce,
To haue bewepte their sorowes euerychone.
By treason wrought aswell as by their foen.
¶ Hereof no more for it may not auayle.
But lyke as he that gynneth for to sayle,
Agayne the wynde when the maste do ryue,
Ryght so it were but in vayne to stryue,

Agayne

Agayne the face bytter then galle,
By the vengeaunce vpon Troye falle.
Nor to preſume their furyes ſharpe whette,
Ceryouſly in this boke to ſette.
So great a thyng I dare not vndertake.
But euen here a pyteous ende I make.
Of the ſyege after my ſympleſſe,
And though my ſtile be blotted with rudeneſſe
As of metre both ruſty and vnfyled,
¶The fourthe boke that I haue compyled,
With humble hande of drede ỹ doth me quake
Unto your grace hooly I betake.

¶Of your mercy nothynge in diſpryze,
So as I can makynge my repeyze,
To the grekes and no longer dwelle,
Their aduentures of the ſea to telle.
In their reſorte home to their countre.
And how that they there receyued be.
Onely of ſupporte ſo ye not deſpyſe,
The fyfthe boke I ſhortely ſhall deuyſe.

¶Thus endeth the fourth boke.

¶ Here begynneth the fyfth booke

Howe the Grekes retourned into Grece after the distruction, and howe they were perysshed almoste all in the sea, and after they that escaped dyed myscheuously. Cap. xxxvi.

When Eolus whiche dothe the wyndes rore,
Appeased was ẏ he blewe no more
Whiche is of stormes gouernoure and lorde,
And was also fully of accorde,
With myghty Juno lady of the ayre,
To make the skye and the wether fayre,
That cloude none in heauen dyd appere,
And Neptunus blaundyshynge of chere,
Was of assent the story sayeth for soth,
To make the sea fro tempest calme and smoth
Without boyling or trouble of any wawe,
The mighty grekꝫ to shipward gan thē draw
For to repeyre home to their countre.
After they had wonnen the citye,
And put their fomen fully at the werse.
But fortune aye frowarde and peruerse,
Hath with their mirth meynt aduersyte.
For when they wende full assured be,
And haue stande stedfaste in quyete,
This blynde lady falsly made to flete,
Into their sugred galle of discordaunce:
Amonge them selfe to brynge in varyaunce.
And their hertes of rancour and of pryde,
Contagyously to seueryne and deuyde.
When they sat hyghest in their glorye,
With the palme of conquest and victorye,
Fully reioysynge through their hye renowne,
The crowne of laurer in possessyowne.
And had also at their lust all wonne,
When bryghtest shone the lustye freshe sonne.
From East to West of their worthynesse,
A cloudye skye vnwarely with derkenesse,
Eclypsed hath a partye of their light.
And eke diffaced the holsome beames bryght,
Of their welfare and prosperitie.
By the enuyous false contagyosytie,
Of the serpent pompouse and ellate,
Amonge them selfe to make them at debate.
Indusynge in rancour and discorde,
For or they entre within shyppes borde,
Agayne Ulyxes worthy Thelamon.
In presence of the kynge Agamenon.
Purposed hath playnely his mattere,
Tofore grekes anone as ye shall here.

Sires quod he so it you not greue,
Me semeth iustly of reason I may meue,
Touchyng ẏ winning & getting of the towne
With golde richesse and possessyowne,
Fully delyuered and taken to our hande,
With all the treasour founde in the londe,
The whiche me thincketh in my inward sight
Ne hath not ben departed halfe a ryght,
Amonge vs by iuste deuysyon,
Ne by egall dystribucion.
Consydered fyrst by tytle of equyte,
Of euery wyght the estate and dignitie,
Remembred eke howe in this sharpe shoure,
The worthyest the meryte and labour,
And desertes in this mortall stryfe,
Grauntynge to eueryche his prerogatyfe,
And lyke fortune as he hath deserued.
But this ordre hath not be obserued,
Amonges vs without excepcyon,
In delyueraunce of Palladyon,
Whiche Ulyxes I saye without drede,
Tofore you all vniustly doth possede.
On hym vsurpynge by false opynyon.
By merytorye retrybucyon,
And apparence his tytle for to grounde,
Under pretense of colour falsely founde,
That he this relyke reioyse shulde of ryght.
By sleyght wonne rather then of myght.
And vsurpeth by maner of a vaunt,
As it were gyuen vnto hym by graunt,
Of you echone for a chyefe guerdon.
But I wyll make a replycation,
That this relyke is not to hym mete.
Whiche he shall not reioyse in quyete,
If that I maye disturbe hym or do lette.

For

For I it cleyme duely as of dette,
And for guerdon to me conuenyent,
So that ye lyste to be indifferent.
Of reason onely as it doth you seme,
Atwene vs two egally to deme,
Justly fyrst with euery circumstaunce,
Our outher meryte weyed in balaunce,
Firste consydered forth fro day to daye,
By all the longe whyle that the syege laye,
That ye shulde of plentye of vitayle,
On no syde fro no myschyefe fayle.
¶And if I shall without auaunt out breke,
As of armes and knyghthode for to speke,
In the fyelde by longe continuaunce,
Of manly force and perseueraunce,
Upon our foen that were so felle and kene,
Day by daye I was armed clene,
It nedeth not to make mencyon,
With my right hand I slewe him Phylomene
As ye well knowe whiche had in his kepynge
The yonge sonne of Pryamus the kynge.
Freshe and lusty and of great fayrenesse.
And with hym had infynyte rychesse,
Of treasoure golde passyngly plentye.
And euery dele was brought to you by me,
If ye remembre and lyste to take hede.
That ye were quyet of indygence and nede,
By occasyon of that great good.
And through my manhode shed I not ỹ blode
Mercyles in full cruell wyse,
For your sake of the kynge of Fryse.
And the treasour in his cofers sought,
And all yfeare to the syege ybrought,
And by my knyghthode syth go full yore,
Haue I not eke augmented and made more,
The grekes lande with possessyons,
By conquest onely of two regyons,
Through my prudence and my laboure won,
Sythen that ye the syege fyrst begonne,
With prouynces to Troye adiacent,
To your encrease I was so dyligent.
¶And with Achylles the worthy warryour,
Ye be experte full well of my laboure.
What we wrought to your auauntage.
And sythen ye so prudent be and sage,
Not forȝetell but fully remembrynge,
It nedeth not reherse̅ euery thynge.
¶And so to dispreue manly as a knyght,
His tytle and cleyme that he hath no ryght,
The dome cõmyttynge to your oppynyons,
By reherssayle of his condycyons,
He nother hath manhode nor prowesse,
Force knyghthode nother hardynesse,
And at a poynt for to haue a rewarde,
In darynge do is preued a cowarde.
Experyence hath shewed you in dede,
How that he is when it cometh to nede,
But worde and wynde & sleyghty cõpassyng,
And son falshode euer ymagynynge,
For neuer yet to this daye was preued,
That any thynge was by hym acheued,
Whiche might be entitled to his laude:
But the ende medlyd were with fraude.
For vnder colour he can cure all,
Pretende fayre lyke a paynted walle,
Dyuerse hewed that nother hye nor lowe,
There may no man his plaine mening know.
¶And with suche sleyght cõpassed by treason
Out of Troye he gat Palladyon.
Whiche is great shame & sclaunder to vs all.
For of our conquest it is thus befalle,
More of treason we haue the cytye wonne,
Than of knyghthode as men reporte konne.
And crop and rote yf I reherse shall,
Ulyxes there is grounde and cause of all.
And gynnynge fyrste of this vnhappy fame,
That reboundeth to our alder shame.
And syth the trouthe is platly knowen & wiste
My tale is ended demyth as ye lyste.

VLyxes then in his aduertence,
Conceyued hath the great inpacyence,
Of Thelamon and the great enuye,
The feruent rancour and melancolye.
¶Forbare him fyrst by full great aduyse,
As he that was full prudent and ryght wise,
And thought he wolde make therof no iape,
By no worde for haste that shulde escape,
Nother by none vnbrydled countenaunce,
Outwarde conceyued in his regardaunce,
¶And abraydynge with a stable face,
Syres quod he so I may haue grace,
Under supporte of your hyghe presence,
That my tale maye haue audyence.
I nother am in doubte nor in drede,
Of equytye that I shall possede,
Palladyon durynge my lyues daye,
Maugre the myght of who that say naye.

For

For yfye lyst of reason for to se,
At the syege layde fyrst to this cyte,
I haue my selfe in double wise acquyt.
As well by knyghthod sothly as by wyt,
And through my counsell and my busy cure,
Be ofte cause of theyr discomfiture,
Aye dylygent to your auauntage,
Wrought and compassed vnto theyr domage.
That to this daye in sothe ne had I be,
They had floured in theyr felycytye,
In theyr force contuned and welfare.
And if that I the trouth shall not spare,
If it be dempt and loked of reason,
I was most cause of theyr confusyon,
Who so euer agaynst it replye.
¶How ofte went I on your imbassadrye,
With importable charge and dyspense,
The treate aye concludynge in sentence,
To the forthrynge of your entenciowne,
And disencrease and hyndrynge of the towne.
And when I sawe other meane none,
In myne aduyse and wittes euerichone,
By our force the cyte for to win,
While they had ỹ relyke them within,
Therupon so sotylly I wrought,
That vnto you Palladyon I brought.
Which Thelamon that of malyce strineth,
Of olde hatred vnto my gilt ascrineth.
Hooly this thinge ỹ I haue for you wrought.
¶But ye that be so prudent in your thought,
Aduerteth wysely and an ende maketh,
And in your hande this quarell fully taketh.
Palladion iustly to prouyde,
And all fauour let be layde asyde.
Sith all this thinge ye platly vnderstande,
And let vs both to our dempnge stande.
By one assent how so the matter wende,
Lo here is all my tale is at an ende.
¶Then Thelamon in Ire full feruent,
And through raucoure made impacient,
And of enuye inwardely ameued,
Ulyres hath dispyteously reproued,
Onely of malys and of hyghe disdaine.
And Ulires rebukyng hym agayne,
Full bytterly without abode anone,
And so they twayne made full mortall foen,
In the presence of Agamenon.
¶But furyously Ayax Thelamon,
Of melancolye pale and nothynge red,
Thrette Ulyres that he shall be dead,
Of his handes he shulde it not eschewe.
And grekes tho all rancour to renewe,
This quarell put in arbytration,
Of Menelaye and Agamenon,
That caused after a full mortall stryfe.
For by sentence anone dyffynytyfe,
They put Ulires in possesyon,
Perpetually of thilke Palladyon.
With hym confyrmynge to abyde stable.
And cause why they were fauourable,
To Ulyres lyke as Guydo wryte,
Was for that he so goodly hath hym quyte,
Unto Heleyne at gettynge of the towne.
Beynge in cause of her sauaciowne,
Dispeyred and of her lyfe in drede,
Grekes willynge to haue had her dead.
But through his prudent mediacyon,
Maugre the myght of this Thelamon,
He hath the quene fro the death preserued,
Albe that she the same had well deserued.
As grekes sayde in their opynyon.
And thus defrauded of Palladyon,
As ye haue harde was this worthy knyght,
For all his manhode and his great myght.
Where through there gan in his herte brede,
Passynge enuye and full great hatrede.
And thought he wolde auenged be some day,
Upon Ulires and on Menelay,
And eke also vppon Agamenon.
And out he brake lyke a wood Lyon,
With his knightes about him ỹ were stronge,
And sayd playnly of this great wronge,
For to be dead he woulde auenged be.
And specyally on this ilke three,
And therwithall furious and wrothe,
Tournyng his backe out anone he goeth,
In herte fret with full mortall tene,
With many greke his quarell to sustene,
That in herte sore gan dysdayne,
Agayne Ulires and the tother twayne.
But they full ware what so euer falle,
Their knightes made aboute them for to call
And with gret stuffe where they wake or slepe
To awayte on them and manly for to kepe,
With full good watche enuyron all the close.
¶But full erely or the sonne arose,
This worthy Ayax in his bed vpryght,
Ymurdred was the selfe same nyght,

And albe blede in the morowe founde.
On peces hewe with many mortall wounde.
That for this thyng cruell and horryble,
To god and man lothsome and odyble,
Full many greke that wofull morowe wepe.
To se a knyght so murdred in his slepe.
That the crye and the noyse ran,
Throughout the hooste anone fro man to mā
And for constreynt of this foule deede,
Euerythe of them felte his herte blede,
Full desyrous to make an ordynaunce,
On this murdre for to do vengeaunce.
Hauynge therof great suspection,
To Menelay and to Agamenon.
¶ But to Ulixes most in specyall.
By comon voyce to hym arrettynge all,
The foule fame he myght not asterte.
¶ But Pyrrhus most toke this thyng at hert
Makyng a vowe furyous and wood,
To be venged playnely on the bloud,
Of Thelamon vpon Ulixes heade.
Hym manasynge that he shalbe deade,
So sore on hym frettynge was the sorowe.
¶ But Ulixes erly on a morowe,
For dread of Pirrhus taken hath the sea,
And with his shyppes faste gan to flee,
¶ But or he wente platly as I reade,
Palladyon he toke to Dyomede,
Hauynge in herte therof full great remorse.
¶ And Pirrhus then taken hath the corse,
Of Thelamon for loue in specyall,
And dyd make a flawme funerall,
Large and great of coles hote and red,
And amyddes the feruent fyry glede,
Full many a greke stondynge to beholde,
He lette it brenne into ashes colde,
And in the storye after as is tolde,
He closed them in an vrne of golde,
Full reuerently and after hath it shette,
And thervpon he hath the prynte ysette.
Of his armes curyously ygraue.
From all myschyefe the asshes for to saue.
And sent them home by great affection,
To be conserued in the regyon,
Where he was kyng whyle he was a lyue.
And euery thynge was perfourmed blyue,
After the rytes in tho dayes vsed.
¶ And euer in one Pyrrhus hath ymused,
Upon this murdre trayterously ywrought,
And caste it shulde be full dere abought,
The pyteous death of this Thelamon,
Hauynge aye hate as to Agamenon.
And had eke suspecte olde Menelay,
That in a wayte eche for other laye,
Makyng thē selfe with their knight stronge,
To trye out who hath ryght or wronge.
For Pyrrhus ne wolde let it lyghtly gone.
And thus they were made mortall fone,
This ylke three platly to the death.
Through false enuy which their hertes sleeth
And while they were amonge thē selfe vntrue
Stryfe vpon stryfe gan euery day renewe,
And debates for to multiplye.
Tyll Anthenor gan this thynge espye,
And by his wysedome to stynten all disdayne,
Them reconsyled vnto peace agayne,
And caused them to accorde in all.
And after made a solempne feast royall.
Besechynge them full lowely al thre.
To graunt to hym therat for to be,
Of gentylnesse that Grekes myghte echone,
Outwarde conceyue that they were al alone,
And to this feast he goodly made to calle,
As writ Guydo the worthy grekes all,
Of hye ne lowe was none excepcion.
But yf I shulde make descrypcion,
Howe the lordes and estates sette,
Of sundrye courses and the gyftes great,
That Anthenor gaue on euery syde.
It were to longe to you for to abyde.
There was of plente so great suffysaunce,
¶ And I fynde they fell in dalyaunce,
Syttyng at meate to speken of Enee.
Brought in of hate and of enmite,
And of disdaye shortely in sentence,
They put on hym many great offence,
And specyally in their hasty tene,
Whylom how he concealed Polycene,
And by his sleyght made her be withdrawe,
Whiche was in cause Achylles was yslawe.
Shortly concludyng by one opynyon,
His fynall exyle out of Troye towne.
Notwithstandyng the graunt and lyberte,
Gyuen to hym to abyde in the cyte,
Also longe as hym lyste deuyse.
But grekes haue adnulled his fraunchyse,
Fro the lowest vp vnto the meste,
That were present at this hye feste.

But

¶But doubteleſſe I can not well eſpye,
By whom was brought this conſpyracye,
In Troye boke I fynde can no moze,
Saue that hym ſelfe wytte it Anthenoz,
Ylyche falſe bothe in one degre,
As ye haue herde betrayſhynge the Cytye.
Lyke as they had ſpronge out of one roote.
And whē he knew ther was none other boote
This Eneas his dome to modefye,
He prayed them of their courteſye,
At the leaſt to graunten him grace,
Foure monthes that he myght haue ſpace,
To make his ſtuffe and his apparayle,
And hym ſelfe to purueye of vytayle,
Eke to graunt hym that they wolde aſſent,
Thylke ſhyppes that with Paris went,
To Cytheron vnto that temple olde.
That were in nombre two and twenty tolde.
And with full graūt of his petycyowne,
He is retourned home to Troye towne.
Tryſte and heuy to ſe and beholde,
The waſte Cytye with his walles olde.
And for ſorowe felte his herte blede,
Within hym ſelfe when he taketh hede,
And remembred in his aduertence,
To falſe treaſon and the great offence,
By hym compaſſed to the towne afozne.
And how that he ſo ſodeynely hath lozne,
The grace of grekes and ſtode diſconſolate,
That whylom was of ſo great eſtate.
Now in his herte he fully diſpeyred,
That he vnwarely was ſo euyll apayred,
Unto grekes beyonde at his backe.
Beynge vngylty and without lacke.
And by whome he coulde not well deme,
Saue by ſygnes as it ſhulde ſeme,
That Anthenoz was moſte for to wyte.
And caſte playnely that he wolde hym quyte,
And thzough the towne he made ſende blyue,
For thilke fewe that were lefte a lyue,
Commynge anone at his commaundemente,
And when they were euerychone preſent.

SIres quod he ye ſe howe that fortune,
Towardes me gynneth diſcontune,
Aye vnſtable with her eyen blynde,
As ye experte in your ſelfe now fynde,
Whilom frowarde now tourned into werſe,
That of clerkes called is aduerſe,
When her lyſt her cruelte to ſhewe.
Now ſo it ſtandeth ye be here but a fewe,
And I muſt parte and ye ſtyll abyde,
But it ſo be that ye will prouyde,
Standynge alone deuoyde of all ſuccoure,
Amonge your ſelfe to make a gouernoure,
I can not ſe beaute ſhalbe acloyed,
On euery parte and fynally deſtroyed,
As ſely ſhepe that ne can no reade,
All diſparkled when no man doth thē leade.
Wherfoze beſt is in this dzedefull thynge,
By one aſſent to choſen you a kynge,
And moſte able the eſtate to occupye,
From all aſſaulte manly you to guye,
Is Anthenoz of knyghthode and renowne,
If it accoꝛde with your oppynyowne.
Wherfoze in haſte vnto this entent,
Without abode lette foz hym be ſent.
And at his commynge plainely into towne,
Upon his heade lette be ſette a crowne,
Graūtynge to him ſcepter and regalye,
By his wyſedome that he maye you guye.
From all aſſaulte of any parturbaunce:
By his knyghthode & prudent gouernaunce.
And they aſſent makyng no delaye,
There was neuer one that lyketh to ſaye nay,
But were ryght gladde in all maner thynge,
As ye haue herde foz to make hym kynge.
¶But they full lyttle ſothly in their ſonde,
Of Eneas the meanyng vnderſtande,
Foz he nemente but treaſon and falſehede,
Howe at his entrynge that he ſhalbe dead,
Full trayterouſly in awayte lying,
To ſlea hym falſely at his in commynge.
But Anthenoz of all this nothyng ware,
Vnarmed came and no weapen bare,
And Eneas with an huge route,
With ſwoꝛdes dzawe ſet hym rounde aboute,
Tyll they of Troye both the ponge and olde,
Ran atwene and manly hym with holde,
And on their knees fell mekely downe,
Beſechynge hym to haue compaſſyowne,
Of woꝛthyneſſe and alſo of manlyhead,
Lyke as a knyght foz to taken hede.
Howe they were lefte but of people bare,
Beſechynge hym his dzedfull ſwoꝛde to ſpare
And his rancoure and his pze leue.
Leſt the ſlaughter wolde them all greue,
And on the commō they beſought him rewe.

¶Quod Eneas is he not vntrewe,
Is not he double traytour and eke falſe,
Worthy to be enhanged by the halſe,
Of all deceyte and of fraude well,
Amonge no comon worthy for to dwell.
¶Hath he not be chyefe occaſyon,
Of your vndoynge and deſtruction,
And of newe this ſerpent whiche their goeth,
Undiſſerued make the grekes wrothe,
Agayne me by falſe colluſyowne.
And myne eryle conſpyred fro the towne.
Whiche maye not be repelled nor withdrawe.
¶But with my ſworde firſt he ſhalbe ſlawe,
That his falſhode may fynally be daunted,
Right as he hath me trayterouſly ſupplanted
The grekes meanyng ferre out of this yle,
By his engyne me playnely to eryle.
Where as I caſte yfit myght haue be,
Both in ioye and in aduerſytye,
To take my parte what ſo had be fall.
Durynge my lyfe here amonge you all.
But he thrugh whom al is wronge kourbed,
Of my deſyre hath the fyne perturbed.
Whiche in my herte abydeth alway grene.
Was he not cauſe eke that Polycene,
yſlawe was at Achylles graue.
And for all this yet ye wolde hym ſaue.
But vtterly there ſhall no meane gayne,
Who ſo euer there agaynſt playne,
That he whoſe herte al treſon hath compiled,
Perpetually ſhall now be eryled,
Out of this towne there ſhal it no man let.
And by aſſent they his tyme yſette,
Whiche he ſhulde for no raunſon paſſe,
This was the fyne he gette none other grace.
¶Thus both falſe as brother like to brother,
Euerych of them hath eryled other,
Traytours bothe to Troye the cytye.
This Anthenor and with hym eke Enee.
¶But Anthenor gan hym redy make,
And in all haſte hath the ſea ytake,
With many Troyan in great apparayle,
The wynde was good and he began to ſayle,
By many coſte and many ſundry yles,
It nedeth not reherſe all the myles,
Nor the perylles playnely whiche that he,
At great myſchyefe eſcaped in the ſea,
I haue no ioye therupon to dwelle.
His auentures by and by to tell.
But ſhortely he in a lyttle whyle,
Aryued vp at a noble yle,
That whilom was Gorbodya yealled,
Where he bylte a Citie ſtrongely walled,
As wryt Guydo large wyde and longe,
Upon a roche whiche paſſingly was ſtronge.
Whiche had enuyron as myne auctour telles,
Woddes ryuers and many luſty welles.
And had plenty of all maner thynge,
And Tethydes called was the kynge.
That helde in peace his ſcepter & his crowne,
On whom fortune lyſt not for to frowne.
But fauourable fully to his wyll,
Conſeruynge hym in peace and in tranquylle
Without trouble many a day afore.
To whom accepted was this Anthenor.
And ryght welcome as the ſtorye ſayth.
And vnto hym confederate by fayth,
Fully aſſured be came his lyege man.
When Tethydes in all that euer he can,
This worthy kynge dyd do magneſye,
And fro Troye great number of his allye,
There came in ſoth to byſyte hym and ſe.
And to enhabyte his mighty ſtronge Cytye.
Full curyouſly bylte of lyme and ſtone.
In that dayes called Menelone.
Into the which great goodes he gan acroche
Beſyde the ſea ſet vpon a roche,
And buſy was with plentye to ſtore.
Of this traytour what ſhuld I wryte more.
With his name my penne is ſo a cloyed,
By whoſe falſeholde Troye was ſo deſtroyed
As in the ſtorye ye haue red and ſeyne.
¶But now muſt I playnely reſorte agayne,
And to reherſe do my buſy cure,
How Caſſandra tolde euery auenture,
That to Grekes after ſhulde befall.
And howe that ſhe tolde amonge them all,
As ſhe that was prudent and vertuous,
That trayterouſly within his owne howſe,
Agamenon ſhulde after murdred be,
That fatall ende for no thynge might he flee.
Let hym beware and prudently prouyde,
For in his lyfe he ſhall not longe abyde,
Agayne his fate was none other reade.
Eke Guydo write whē Thelamon was dead
By falſe murdre as ye haue herde tofore,
Two ſonnes he had of ſondrye wiues borne,
That were committed to be in kepinge,

Wyth

With worthy Centre a full manly kynge,
That nourysshed them ỹ story sauth for soth.
Tyll they after were worthy knightes bothe.
The tone of them called Anthenycus,
And the tother hyght Antyssacus,
Of shape full semely and wonder faire of face
And shortely here Guydo doth forth pace,
And lyst of them no longer processe make,
But bryngeth in howe Menelay hath take,
His leue of grekes with Agamenon.
Euerych to sayle to his regyon,
With many a greke in their companye.
And though grekes fyrst gan them denye,
At the laste with instaunce and with payne,
They had leue to sayle both twayne,
And to the sea they faste gan them hye.
¶Myd of Autumpne whiche is colde & drye.
Melancolyke of complexyon,
When Phebus is passed the Lyon.
The heuenly beast the beast most royall,
And halfe yronne the sygne virgynall,
Whiche after somer is naked and bareyne,
When Ceres hath full ryped euery grayne.
The tyme of yere straunge and full dyuers,
And sundry floures red, white, and perse,
The whiche in May so lusty were and glade,
Upon their stalke droupen gan and fade,
And enclyne their freshe lusty cheres,
At goynge out of the Canyculeres.
When wycked humours inwardly habounde,
With sodeyne Feuer folkes to confounde.
To make them in feuers all to shake.
And of custome wyndes gynnen wake.
Both bough and leafe causyng for to fall,
On the tyme when folke do Bachus call,
Fro stormne & rayne their grapes to conserue.
That hydous tempest make thē not to sterue.
Nor no duresse of fretynge of no froste,
Where through full ofte moche fruite is loste,
With moisture that cometh fro the skyes euen
And also eke with thondrynge and with leuē,
Whiche vnwarely with such wethers kene,
Boylyng vp with many wawe grene,
Rorynge and rough and froward to manasse
And passyngly perylous by to passe,
Albe that it be blandyshyng a whyle,
The dredful calme though it be smoth & smile
There is no trust that it wyll longe abyde:
Recorde on grekes that suche a lusty tyde,
The sea haue take and began to sayle,
With their stuffe and their apparayle,
Home into Grece full many lusty man.
With all the golde and treasour ỹ they wan.
At the syege and infynyte rychesse,
And dayes thre deuoyde of all distresse,
The sea obeyed fully to theyr wyll.
Deuoyde of trouble and of wethers yll.
For they full lusty within shyppes borde,
The foure wyndes beynge of accorde,
Them to conueye to euerye maner coste.
But gladly euer when men truste moste,
Unto fortune to stande in her grace.
She sodeynely chaunge can her face.
Smyle afore and mowe at the bake,
For she vnwarely tourned all to wrake,
This chaunteresse and this stormy quene.

For when grekes effectuously best wene,
In their passage fully assured be,
Upon the sea that called was Egee.
This false goddes them anone forsoke,
And Boreas the felle wynde awooke,
And with his hydous dredefull noyse & sowne
He tourned all there quyte vp so downe,
And made the wawes grysely to aryse.
And as the storye shortly doth deuyse,
The bryght daye was tourned into nyght.
The heauen derke except the dredefull lyght,
Of the leuen whiche made them sore agaste.
And the thondre that seuered sayle and maste
Their toppes smyt into peces smale,
And into water made them lowe auale.
And fyre of lyghtynge sodeynly therwith,
That wolcanus forgeth on his styth.
Hath borde fro borde with the flawme rente,
And two and twenty of their shyppes brente,
Without escape platly or refuge.
Through the rage of this fell deluge,
For all to wrake this wofull Nauy goth,
Whylō with grekes Myuerua was so wroth
For they dyd her no reuerence.
And specyally for the great offence,
That spytefully Cyllens Ayax wrought,
Whiche in his tempest he full dere abought.
For whan his shippes were almost ydrowned
This goddesse hath so on hym frowned.
And of vengeaunce so felly hym awaked,
That he was fayne for to swymme naked,

As sayth myne auctour at mischiefe to ỹ londe
And there he was founde on the sonde,
Almost at death without remedye,
To hym Mynerua hath so great envye,
For he so woodly to her temple wente.
And Cassandra after her autur hente,
By cruell force and hatefull byolence.
¶Lo what peryll is to do offence,
Of hye dyspyte to any holy place.
I doubte not he shall fayle grace,
Who so euer vseth it in deede.
At the laste god wyll quyte his mede,
And rewarde him lyke as he dysserueth.
And for such thyng many greke now striueth
Byeause onely of suche occasyon,
To exemplefye for no presumpcyon,
Folyly to attaine as I haue tolde.
For agayne god who so be to bolde,
Shall repent sooner than he weneth.
And many man that no harme ne meneth,
Suffreth vengeaunce for trespasse of one.
The fyfte Auctour goth not quyte alone,
But many other his offence abayth.
For ceryously Guydo wryt and sayth.
Suynge in ordre the wofull auenture,
That euery greke homewarde dyd endure.
Of hygh and lowe sparynge none estate,
Holsome welfull and some infortunate,
Both of their woo and of their welfare,
Ryght as it fell the storye shall declare.

IN Grece whylom was a worthy kyng,
Manly and ryche and prudent of lyuynge,
And had in soth lyke as wryte Guydo,
In his tyme worthy sonnes two.
Pallamydes was the eldest brother,
And Detes called was the tother,
Bothe twayne of one mother borne,
And as the storye rehersed hath tofore.
Pallamydes was a noble knyght,
Full famous eke of power and of myght,
And fer spoke of in many sundrye coste.
And had also of all the grekes hooste,
For his wysedome whylom gouernayle.
¶But he alas was slayne in battayle,
Through vnhap of Martys cruell tene.
Whan the sonne shone most bryght and shene.
Of his knighthode and his worthynesse.
Lyke as tofore the storye beareth witnesse,
And of his death doth playnely specyfye.
¶But nowe of malyce hatrede and enuye
Of such as haue tunges infortunate,
To make onely kinge Naulus at debate,
With the Grekes contriued haue of newe,
An hye treason false and full vntrewe,
The which i soth was neuer do nor wrought,
Nor in effecte ymagined nor thought,
But a false thinge yfeyned of malyce,
¶That this kinge so manly and so wyse,
And so prudent this Pallamides,
Shulde of envye god wot causeles.
At the siege of Troye the Cyte,
Upon a night falsly murdred be.
So that this slaughter & this lothsome dede,
By Ulixes and by Diomede,
Were fully wrought as ye haue herde deuise,
Whiche euery herte ought to agryse.
¶This false also that this tale haue fayned,
To king Naulus haue traiterously cõplained
Albe in dede it was neuer mente,
That grekes were also of assent,
To this murdre and conspyracion.
Both Menelay and Agamenon.
Albe in soth that euery dele was false,
That hanged be they hye by the halse,
That can tales so forge and contryue,
To make frendes causeles to stryue.
For they through fraude of false colluspon.
Kynge Naulus put in suspection,
That grekes had conspyred doubtles,
Upon the murdre of Pallamydes.
Makyng their ground which they did fayne,
That fro Troye were sent letters twayne,
To Pallamydes immediatly directe.
Whiche concluded treason in effecte.
Howe that he was for all his hyghe estate,
Falsely allyed and confederate,
To them of Troye for a summe of golde.
All this they haue fayned and ytolde.
And howe he had out of the Cytye,
Of good receyued huge quantite,
To fyne onely Grekes to betraye,
And to prolonge them platly and delaye,
At the syege in gettynge of the towne,
By his engyne and medycynes wone.
And to confirme all this in sentence,
To make Naulus gyue full credence.
They sayd playnely in confusyowne,

The letters which ỹ were sent fro the towne,
Yfounde were enclosed in a shielde,
Upon a knyght yslayne in the fyelde,
Comprehendynge hole the trecherye.
The treason full and confederacye,
¶ Atwene the towne and Pallamydes.
Verily though he were gyltles,
And to gyue more open euydence,
To make a prefe of this great offence.
¶ They sayde Ulyxes affyrmyng in certayne
Accorded was with a chaumberleyne,
That was in offyce with Pallamydes.
Wonder secrete and nothynge reckeles,
For to assente to this conspyracye.
Wrongly compassed of brennynge hote enuye
Behotynge him guerdon and great mede,
Lyke his deuise to execute in dede,
To take a treasour and a summe of good,
Full secretly and knit it in a hode,
And hid it when voyded was the prese,
Under the bedde of Pallamides.
And more to put Grekes in suerte,
The treasour was the same of quantyte,
That it ne might after be denyed,
Lyke as the letters had specyfyed.
¶ And when all this founde was & knowe,
Throughout the hoost noised was & yblowe,
Both of the letters and the golde also,
Fro poynt to poynt accordynge both two,
Which that this kinge assentinge to tresowne
Receyued had out of Troye towne,
To be assented as ye haue herde me tell.
The Grekes tho no longer would dwell,
But chope theym forth all of one entente,
And in all haste came vnto the tente,
Of this kinge full innocent and clene,
That litell knewe what they would mene,
¶ But vpon him full knightly as he stode,
In theyr yre furyously and wood,
To be venged loude gan to crye.
There maye no man theyr malice modefye.
They were on him so mercules at all,
And as I finde most in specyall.
Kinge Menelay and Agamenon,
Onely meued of indignacion,
Would haue proceded vnto iudgemtnt,
Of hasty rancour without auysement,
On this treason auenged for to be.
Notwithstandinge al his hie degre.
But in sothnesse when this worthy kinge,
Conceyued hath this malice in workinge,
First astoned in his inwarde syght,
All sodaynly stert vp like a knight.
This wise worthy this Pallamides,
Hardy as Lyon amid all the prese,
Nothinge agaste him knightly gan expresse,
And playnly sayde he would not refuse.
To acquite him selfe of this mortall case,
Not acceptynge that he so worthy was,
Of byrth and bloud and of hye kinred.
Al this denoyding of knighthod and mãhed,
As he that gaue of life nor death no forse,
Tofore theim all to ieoparde his corse,
Within a felde where theim list ordeyne,
Like as a knight this quarel to dareyne,
With whom that list or durst it vndertake,
Exception him liked none to make,
Of hye nor lowe who that were so bolde,
To proue the reason that I haue you tolde.
Besechynge them to make no delaye,
Nor prolonge him but the same daye,
Manly requiringe it maye be do in haste.
But they ỹ had falsly this thinge compaste,
Of his aunswere stoned were echone.
In all the hoost that there was not one,
That hardy was if I shal not fayne,
In chaump close this quarell to dareyne.
Nother Ulixes nor yet Dyomede,
Chefe workers of this foule dede.
But Ulixes as he was customabe,
In euery thynge to be deceyuable,
Double in his worke and aye full of decept,
Lyke a serpent that lyeth in awayte,
Which vnder floures gan so glide and trace.
Right so Ulixes with a fayned face,
When ỹ he sawe the knightly hye prowesse.
The manly cheare and the hardinesse,
And high renowne of this Pallamides.
Anone of falshed put him selfe in prese,
And like a frende that mente not but wele,
Wrotyll as glasse pretendinge outwarde stele
With one the fyrst gan him to excuse,
Theim counsaylinge no longer for to muse,
On this matter for theyr alder ease,
And by crafte gan them so appease.
Touchinge the rumoure of this hye treason,
That he hath voyded all suspection,
Out of theyr hertes concludinge in certayne.

This

This accuſynge made was in vayne,
And conſpyred onely of hatrede.
Albe hym ſelfe was roote of all this dede.
¶But when he ſawe he myght not acheue,
As ye haue herde this worthy kinge to greue
Some ſpot of treaſon on him for to laye,
He hath anone founde an other waye,
By the aſſente fully of Dyomede,
Under pretence playnly of frendlyhed,
Comynge to hym agayne a certayne nyght,
Under ſuraunce as he was true knyght,
Counſayle to kepe either for ſote or ſoure,
Enfourmynge him of a great treaſoure.
Of golde and good and infynite rycheſſe,
To him diſcured vnder ſecretnes.
The whyche ſothly no man dyd knowe,
Hyd and incloſed in a well lowe,
Within a felde a litell there beſyde.
The which hym lyſt fro hym not to hyde,
But of truſte vnto hym dyſcure,
So he would do his buſy cure,
The ſame nyght wyth him for to go,
Unto the well they thre and no mo,
To fette away that great ſumme of good.
And he in ſothe that nothynge vnderſtode,
What they mente aſſented was anone.
And ſo they thre be togyther gone,
Unto the well lyke as I haue tolde.
And for that he moſt manly was and bolde,
Pallamydes lyke as they him telle,
Deſcended is lowe into the well,
Suppoſynge to haue a treaſour founde.
But they alas hym falſly to confounde,
Haue murdred him w̄ ſtones great & huge,
He in the botome haynge no refuge.
And whē they had accomplyſhed theyr entēt,
They be repeyred euerych to his tent.

This tale the ſtory telleth vs,
That feyned was to the kinge Naulus,
Touchinge the death of Pallamides,
Theim to deſclaunder that were giltles.
For Ulires and wyth Dyomede,
Were innocent platly as I reade,
And Grekes all both nigh and ferre.
For he was ſlayne knightly in the werre,
Duryuge the ſiege of Parys with an arowe.
But who is falſe, fayne can ful narowe,
To finde a tale that neuer yet was thought,
And of the treaſon ꝑ ſhould haue be wrought
Touchinge the letters ſent out of the towne,
There was no ſuch conſpyracyowne,
By Grekes wrought but a fable vnſothe,
Falſly feyned to make Naulus wroth,
With Ulyres and Dyomede alſo.
Agamenon and other Grekes mo,
To lette theym homewarde in theyr waye,
And hyndre alſo there is no more to ſaye,
As they repayre to theyr regyons.
And Naulus then by this occaſyons,
And Detes his ſonne a manly man,
Accorded be in what they maye or can,
By one aſſente to auenge mercyles,
The cruell murdre of Pallamides.
And to ordayne at theyr home paſſage,
To worke fully into theyr domage.
For Grekes muſt of neceſſitye,
Homewarde ſale foreby his countre.
Wherfore this kinge chapen hath a wyle,
On hylles hye by a lytell yle,
In winter ſeaſon euery mauer nyght,
To make fyres and to ſette vp lyght,
To cauſe theim on the ſea to erre,
For as Grekes ſawe the fyre a ferre,
Unware of harme caſt theim for to lande,
As they that could no peryll vnderſtande.
But chope them with all theyr ful myght,
For to ariue faſt by the lyght.
Wherwith .ij. hundred of their chippes brake,
Amonge rockes and fully go to wrake,
That there was drowned many worthy mā.
And thus the vengeaunce alderfyrſt began,
That kinge Naulus hath on Grekes take,
Of deadly hate for his ſonnes ſake,
To great miſchiefe and confuſyon,
Of Grekes naupe. but Agamenon,
With great perill is the death eſcaped,
That had almoſt amonge them be beiaped,
For erles dukes & worthy kinges crowned,
Through his trayne in the ſea were drowned
But Menelay and alſo Dyomede,
Eſcaped this miſchefe as I reade.
And when they were from all daunger gone,
This Detes wood for ire anone,
In his herte chope an other wile,
And thought he would Agamenon begile,
Compaſſynge a ful mortall ſtryfe,
Let ſende a letter anone to the wife,

Of

Of this mighty great Agamenon,
In whych there was included false treason.
For euen lyke yf I shall not lye,
Thus in effecte they dyd specifye.
¶ First how her lorde Agamenon the kinge,
Had at the syege wrought a wonder thynge,
In preiudyce and slaundre of her name,
Albe in her was no maner blame,
Lyke as he wrote platly nor trespace,
His knyghtly honour of folly to dysface.
¶ This to saye Guydo telleth thus,
He loued a doughter of kynge Priamus.
And for beaute had her to wyfe take,
And her in herte fynally forsake,
This worthy quene whilom of great fame,
And Clemestra sothly was her name,
Wonder semely and ryght fayre with all,
And by dyscent borne of the stocke royall.
Her cellynge eke for all her excellence.
Albe that she neuer dyd offence,
Yet her lorde of newfangilnesse,
Toke an other the letters did expresse,
Fully in purpose anone at his repayre,
Though Clemestra were both good & fayre,
All sodaynly her to exyle:
Out of his lande many thousande myle,
Warning her that she be prudente,
This was the substaunce as in sentemente,
That Detes wrote vnto this quene,
Albe the kynge was innocente and clene,
And was to her in all his fore liuinge,
Louyng and true in all maner thinge,
And her to please passyng ententyfe,
In worde and dede durynge all his lyfe.
As fer as oughte of reson be desyred.
But the letters that falsly was conspyred,
They haue her put parcase of Innocence,
For to gyue to hasty credence,
¶ Thankynge firste Detes for his trouthe,
That so goodly hym lyst to haue routhe,
Upon her wronge of hygh compassyon.
And yet the storye maketh mencion,
Here afterwarde as I shall descriue,
That she was the fal'est one alyue,
Unto her lorde and in his longe absence,
And in all haste she made stronge diffence,
Agayne this thinge & gan her to purueye,
By suche fraude that she not ne deye,
But of her worke in sothe she was to wyte,
The whych alas I must anone endyte,
As the storye platly doth me lere,
Whych doleful is and mortall for to heare.

O Vnsure truste of all worldly glorye,
W sodayn chaunge put out of memorye;
Oh ioye vnstable of payne ambycyon,
With vnware tourne reuersed vp so downe.
Oh ydell fame blowe vp to the skye,
Ouer whelmed with twincklinge of an eye,
Oh pompe oh boste of tryumphe & victorye,
Lyke a shadowe waste and transytorye,
Oh fortune false and vnassured,
That to no man maye fully be lured.
To hygh nor lowe of no maner estate,
With bonde of fayth to be conferate,
Agayne whose myght no mā may him diffēd,
But at his tourne that he shall discende,
When he syt hyest on thyne vnstable whele,
Thy brotyll fauour forged not of stele,
Meynt and all allyed with mutabylytye,
For welfulnesse and false felicitye,
With sodayn sweygh frowarde ẏ canst auale.
Now freshe of chere now for anger pale,
Of hygh disdayne thou spares no degree.
For Princes Dukes highest in their see,
Mighty kinges and worthy Emperours,
That richest reygne in theyr royal floures,
With Sceptre & crowne ẏ canst pul downe,
¶ I take wytnesse of Agamenowne,
That was so noble and myghty in his lyue,
As sondry auctours his hie renowne descriue,
But sothfastly for all his excellence,
He might not make no diffence,
With all his knightes that his baner sewe,
Conspyred murdre to voyde and eschewe,
Rescuse was none that he could make.
For which alas I fele my pen quake,
That doth mine inke blotte on my boke.
Oh mighty god that vō thine inwarde loke,
Seest euery thing thrugh thy eternal might,
Why wilt thou not of equit and of ryght,
Punishe and chastice so horrible a thinge,
And specyally the murdre of a kinge.
Alas the payne of Irion in hell,
Or of Manes that with Sathan dwell.
Were not egall nor equipolent,
To venge murdre nor sufficient,
For it excedeth in comparison,

All felonye falſhed and treaſon.
Wherfore oh lord that ſeeſt and knoweſt all,
Through thy power that is eternall,
Suffre no ſuche to liue vpon the grounde,
Worſe than Tygre or Cerberus the hounde,
That chayned lyeth bounde at hel gate,
Whych of malyce playnly though he hate,
He berketh fyrſt or he do offence.
But murdre gladly is wrought in ſylence,
Or men aduerte or take any kepe,
Alas a Prince to ſley hym in his ſlepe,
On his pyllowe when he ſlepeth ſofte.
That cryeth wreche to hye god alofte,
And axeth vengeaunce to take as faſt,
Though it abyde it wyll out at the laſte.
Alas a kynge ſpoken of ſo ferre,
That was ſo worthy outwarde in the werre,
His cruell fate paſſynge odyous.
Diſpoſed hath in his owne houſe,
His mortall ende to be execute,
Agaynſt whych there was no refute,
For ryght as he his chyp to lande ſette,
The quene Clemeſtra on ꝑ ſtrond hym mette.
With humble cheare and loke full benynge,
And ſhewed out full many faythful ſygne,
Of wyfely trouthe in her countenaunce,
Albe in herte there was varyaunce,
Not perceyued playnly in her face,
Whom the kynge goodly did embrace,
As he in ſothe that but trouth mente,
And to his paleys the hye waye he wente,
Not aduertynge the treaſon that was chape,
The whych alas he might not eſcape,
Of the falſhede he could nothinke fele,
But I ne maye no longer it conſele,
Agayne her lorde how Clemeſtra wrought.
For on her bond of wedlocke ſhe ne thought
The trewe loke ſothly of ſpouſayle.
Agayne her malyce lytell myght auayle,
Unto her lorde her trouthe to conſerue,
Newfangilneſſe cauſed to ſterue,
Her olde fayth and her aſſuraunce,
Her loue abode on a fykell chaunce,
Longe abſence had her herte apalled,
She loued one that was Egiſtus called,
Which afore all in her grace ſtode,
That nother was of byrth nor of blond,
Lytell or nought of reputacyowne,
Nor renowmed of manhode nor renowne,
Nor of knyghthod nor of hygh proweſſe,
But for his labour and his buſyneſſe,
And good awayte vpon her by nyght,
Therfore he was beſt furthred in her ſyght.
Such dread had ſhe for lyue alone,
Sorowles ſo well ſhe could grone,
I can not ſaye what life that ſhe ladde,
Except that ſhe by hym a doughter had,
And Erpona Guydo ſayth ſhe hight,
And vnto hym Clemeſtra behyght,
Aſſuringe hym vpon payne of her head,
Ye ſhulde raygne when her lorde were dead.
And to enhaſte this concluſyon.
Her worthy lorde kynge Agamenon,
The next nyght was murdred and ſlayne,
By falſe Egiſtus and the quene full fayne.
No longer bode the ſtorye can you lere,
But in all haſte they wedded were yfere,
And by her falſe and ſleyghty compaſſynge,
Of Meſſene ſhe made hym crowned kynge,
And put hym full in poſſeſſyon,
Alas that ſynne hath domination,
To further wronge and abate ryght,
For in this worlde falſhed hath more ryghte.
Full ofte ſyth than hath ryghtwiſeneſſe,
And in the eſtate ſette of worthyneſſe.
Lo how the ſynne of auoutrye,
Brought in murdre by conſpyracye,
Synne vpon ſynne lynked both twayne.
And embraced in the fendes chayne
Perpetually in hell to endure.
Alas who ſhall hym ſelfe full aſſure,
Fro cruell murdre his body to withdrawe.
When that kinges in theyr bedde are ſlawe,
Whiche bringeth in alyenacyon,
By extorte tytle falſe ſucceſſyon,
There maye coloure of pretenſe ſeme,
But full ſtreyghtly god ſhall after deme,
And iuſtly venge with due recompence,
Intruſyon brought in by violence,
And felly quyte ſuche horryble thinges,
And ſodayne ſlaughter eſpecially of kinges,
Greatly to dread in euery regyon.
And as I fynde that Agamenon,
By Clemeſtra the falſe double quene.
Had a ſonne paſſynge faire to ſene,
Right gracious in enery mannes ſyght,
And Horeſtus the boke ſayth that he hyghte,
Wonder ſemely and but ponge of age,

And

And for great feare of this mortall rage,
Lest he were slayne as it was to dread,
To annul his tytle that he not succede,
Him to preserue that he were not shent.
Kinge Taltibus with power hath hun sente,
Ful secretly out of that countree,
Unto a kinge called Ydume.
That helde his sceptre and his royall sete,
Full mightely in the lande of Crete.
And Carkasis named was the quene,
That had a doughter called eke Climene,
Borne to be heyre of that regyon.
And as it is made eke mencyon,
This Horestes to reken all thynge.
Was with the quene and also with the kinge,
Cherished as well the storye can you lere,
As Climena theyr owne doughter deare.
And was eke kepte and had in cherte,
Fro poynt to poynt lyke to his degre,
With attendaunce conuenyent and dewe,
To his estate that euer vpon him sewe.
Of such as were most experte and sage,
To gouerne him tyll he came to age,
To reioyce if god gaue him might,
His heritage to whych he had right,
By clere discent if happy were his chaunce.
Thus leue I him vnder gouernaunce.
The ponge sonne of Agamenon,
For I must make a dygressyon,
Fro this matter and tell of Diomede,
The auentures in Guydo as I rede,
His wofull fate and his paynes smerte,
The whych alas he might not asterte,
As is remembred playnly in wrytynge,
That Detes sonne of the riche kinge,
Called Naulus as ye haue herde tofore,
Such heuynesse in his herte hath borne,
Unto Grekes repeyringe home fro Troye,
That his lust and his inwarde ioye,
Was them to hyndre both high and lowe,
And cause why to you it is vnknowe,
To them he was so passynge enuyous.
In will and thought ylyke desyrous,
If he might sothly this no les,
The death to venge of Pallamides,
Lyke as tofore the storye can deuyse,
To you that be so prudent and so wyse.
And how Detes now of malice wrought,
And trayterously new meane sought,
If he might by any maner waye,
Diomedes vnwarely to destroye,
Of all this thinge I cast not to fayle,
Ceryously to make rehersayle.

In Grece was a kingedome wide & large,
Comunet in one Calidonye and Arge,
Full habundaunt of rychesse and of rente.
Of which the kinge called was Pollente,
A worthy man and of noble fame,
And had a sonne Alsandrus was his name,
And a doughter passinge fayre of syght.
And sothly Egra I finde that she hyght,
And for her father like as wryte Guydo,
Had no mo but these childzen two,
For them he hath of wisedome so prouided,
This mighty reygne for to be deuyded,
Atwene theim two after his decease,
Eche with his parte for to lyue in peace,
To exclude them fro indigence or nede.
And she was wyfe vnto Diomede,
Albe tofore the storye of him sayde,
That he whilom loued one Crysayde.
I can not saye where it was doubilnesse,
But well wote I Guydo beareth wytnesse,
And in his boke sothly sayth none other.
And how Alsandrus his owne wiues brother
Full lusty freshe and ful of manlyhead,
To Troye went with this Dyomede,
But in the sea forzriuen vp so downe,
They riued vp in the regyon,
Called Boece all disconsolate,
With tempest drriue wery and full mate,
Them to refreshe and for none other thinge.
In which lande Thelephus was kinge,
Of whose riuayle whan he herde sayne,
In his herte he had high disdayne,
That they were bolde to do so great offence,
To entre his grounde hauinge no licence.
And yet in sothe they did no domage,
To high nor lowe of no maner age,
Nor toke nought that might disauayle,
Unto that lande but if were vytayle,
For which they payde iustly at the fine,
For flesche and fysche and for brread and wine,
Yet for all that of indignacionne,
Kinge Thelaphus is descended downe,
With great array to harme thē if he might.
And so they gan to bicker and to fight,

And

And Assandrus full of high prowesse,
Like a Lion his fomen gan oppresse,
And wonder knyghtly the felde vpen thē wā,
And slewe that daye many worthy man,
Of hygh courage and of manly pryde.
And when the kinge whiche that stode asyde,
Sawe his men slayne on euery parte,
Of hygh dysdayne hent anone a darte,
And caste at hym alas the mortall fate,
And perced hathe through mayles & through plate,
Of Assandrus that he fel downe dead,
The soyle about of his bloud all redde,
His deadly wounde so began to blede.
And wood as Tygre tho came Dyomede,
And hym to auenge bare hym lyke a knyght,
Sleeth and kylleth and put them vnto flight
And after that such sorowe gan to make,
Of knyghtly routh for his brothers sake
That he ne wyst what was best to do.
But as I finde myd of all his wo,
From beast and foule the dead corps to saue,
Like his estate he let make a graue,
And buryed hym after rites olde.
¶But Detes to his syster tolde,
That he was slayne by fraude of Dyomede,
To fyne that he myght full possede,
The reygne of Arge hole without stryfe,
Wyth the purpartye annexed to hys wyfe.
For by his death he myght season take.
And tolde her eke that she was forsake,
This fayre Egra for all her womanhead.
Of her lorde callled Dyomede.
All this he tolde in hell be he chayned.
And ouermore he forged hath and fained,
How of enuye Assandrus lost his lyfe,
And how her lorde hath take an other wyfe,
That was to her dyshonour and shame,
And passyngly great sclaunder to her name,
In preiudyce ydone of her estate.
All this he tolde to make them at debate,
Lyke as he wrote in conclusyon.
To Clemestra of Agamenon,
Whych her herte made sore greue,
For he put her fully in byleue,
Of all the treason ye haue herde me tolde,
That for pure pale was and colde,
Vnkyndnesse so her herte sleeth,
And heupnesse of her brothers death.
For neuer yet Guydo doth assure,
No woman loued better a creature,
Than she loued hym in no maner age,
For fyrst at nought she set her heritage,
In comparyson of her brothers lyfe.
Lo how Detes made a newe stryfe,
As ye haue herde in the storye rede.
That gyltles worthy Dyomede,
When he hath longe at the syege layne,
And to his kingdom would haue come agayn
By mighty hande of this worthy quene,
And her lyeges that assented bene.
He was exyled out of that regyon,
There may be made no medyacyon.
Thus in hym selfe mate and dyspeyred,
Dysconsolate he is agayne repeyred,
To Salerne a londe of great rychesse,
Where that Tenter through his worthynesse
Wyth crowne & Sceptre had reygned longe,
Wyth hys lyeges and hys knyghtes stronge,
And brother was to Ayax Thelamon,
Murdred tofore as made is mencyon.
And Dyomede pore and destytute,
Haye in Salerne fynde no refute.
For whan Tenter first gan him espye,
He sewed hym by full great enuye,
Hauynge to hym aye suspection,
Touchynge the death of kynge Thelamon.
¶But Dyomede on a certayne nyghte,
Full secretely hath taken him to flyght.
And fro Salerne fast gan hym hye,
In hope to fynde better remedye.
Helpe or socour in some other place.
If fortune wolde graunte hym grace,
For of hym selfe ashamed and confuse,
As man forsake abiecte and refuse.
Ryght so fared he wandrynge to and fro,
As he that ne wyst what was best to do.

But I fynde the Troyan Eneas,
That all this while still at Troye was,
Onely of routh and compassyowne,
To support thē that were left of the towne,
Beynge alway of theyr life in doubte.
Of theyr fomen rounde beset aboute,
As they that lyued for lacke of an hede,
Contynually in myschyefe and in dread,
Knowing no refute nor cōfort in this case,
Tyll by counsell of this Eneas,
To supporte theym in this great nede,

They

They sent in haste for this Dyomede,
Knowynge full well his desolacyon,
How he was proscrypt fro his regyon,
Besechynge hym of manhode and of routhe,
Him to enhaste wythout any slouthe,
With all the stuffe that he get can,
And souldyers also manly euery man,
Without abode and to Troye them lede,
To succoure them in this great nede.
¶ And Dyomede came and taryed nought,
At theyr request as he was besought,
To releue them in this sharpe shoure,
And wyth hym brought many a souldeour.
And Eneas on the waye hym mette,
In frendly wyse and into towne hym fette,
And to him made passyngly great chere,
And there they gan to commune yfere,
Theyr auentures both of lande and sea,
Entermedled with great aduersyte.
That no man maye deuoyde nor eschewe,
But take his parte as it to him is dewe,
As sorte or hap doth his brydell lede.
And in this storye shortly to procede,
Cely Troyans that were almost shent,
With theyr fomen of yles adiacent,
That them besette aboute enuyrowne.
But through the manhod & the hye renowne,
Of Dyomede and his souldeours,
And other knyghtes noble werreours,
They were reskued and holpen vtterly.
And foure dayes they fought by and by,
In knyghtly wyse defendynge the Cytee,
And through prowesse also of Enee.
They slewe and toke all that them withstode
And in diffence of Troyanyshe bloud,
Suche as they fonde to the cytye false,
They hange them vp hye by the halse.
And punysshed them for theyr great wronge.
¶ And Dyomede thus gan wexe stronge,
By longe processe as made is mencyon,
Chiefe protectour now of Troye towne,
That enuye none by a large space,
Durst abyde that he had grace,
To his lygeaunce so he made them loute,
And thus his name sprede gan aboute,
That of his fame the great oppynyon,
Dylated is vnto the regyon,
By swifte reporte to Calydonye and Arge,
Which the quene greatly gan to charge.
And astoned when he taketh hede,
His power gan and his might to dreade,
Lest he would her lande vpon her wynne,
And of knighthod a werre newe begynne,
And secretly gan muse on this thinge,
That her lorde and her myghty kynge,
Late exyled and yput to flyght,
Hath grace founde in fortunes syght,
And is remounted to high estate.
Wherof she was in her selfe checke mate,
And wayes caste as he that was prudent,
By hole aduyse of her parliament.
Without grutchynge or rebellyon,
Him to reuoke to his regyon.
¶ And therupon to him lowly sente,
And with letters the messager forth went,
The cause annullyng by which he was exiled,
And how he was fully reconsyled,
By hole assent of his lyeges all,
And ful lowly euerychone they call,
For theyr offence and of theyr trespace,
Without rygour for to do them grace.
And he anone like a manly knyght,
More of mercy sothly then of ryght,
When he hath theyr sonde well conceyued,
And theyr meninge fully apparceyued,
To stynte all strife thought for the best.
In goodly wise to graunt theyr requeste,
And to his reigne within a certayne daye,
He is repeyred in full riche arraye,
Of whose comynge full glad his lieges bene,
And reconsiled both he and the quene,
And all rancour of any olde offence,
Onely of wisedome they put in suspense,
And of one herte a blissful life they lede,
In Troye booke no more of hym I reade,
But let him liue in felycytee.
Agayne resortynge to tell of Ene,
After how he hath his tyme spent,
Which is fro Troye wt many Troyan went,
His shippes stuffed he and his meyne,
Be sayled forth by many straunge sea,
Many daunger and many strayte passage,
Tofore or he aryued in Cartage,
Ledinge with him his father Anchises.
And by the waye I finde that he les,
His wife Crewsa by fatall auenture.
But all the wo that he dyd endure,
Who so list seryously to sene,

And how that he falsshede the quene.
I meane Dido of womanhead floure,
That gaue to him her rychesse & treasoure,
Jewelles and golde & al ỹ mighte him please,
And euery thing that might do him ease.
¶But for all that how he was vnkinde,
Reade Eneydos and there ye shall it fynde,
And howe that he falsly stale awaye,
By nyghte tyme while she a bedde laye,
And of his conquest also in ytayle,
Where he hadde many stronge battayle,
His auentures and his workes all,
And of the fyne that is to him fall,
Ye maye all se by soueraygne style,
Fro poynt to poynt compyled in Virgile,
Wryte and made sythen go full yore.
For Troye boke speaketh of him no more,
¶But procedeth as I shall endyte,
How Horestes caste him for to quyte,
His fathers death playnly and not spare,
If ye lyst heare as Guydo doth declare.

IT is requyred of equit and of right,
Of that iudge that is most of myght,
And egally holdeth his balaunce,
On death conspyred for to do vengeaunce.
The voyce of bloud doth so aye contune,
To crye wreche with clamour importune,
On them in sothe that it iniustly shede,
For murdre wrought wil haue his egall mede
And his guerdon as he hath deserued,
They maye not fle the iudgement reserued,
Of him that sit highest in his trone,
And all beholdeth by hym selfe alone,
Full rightfully the noble mighty kinge.
For though he suffer he forget nothinge,
But all conspyreth in his iuinspection,
And for the murdre of Agamenon,
The mighty lorde ỹ is most soueraygne good
Made of mynystre of the same bloud,
Ponge Horestes full of high prowesse,
To execute his dome of ryghtwisenesse,
And gaue to him grace power and might.
And he anone toke the ordre of a knyght,
Of ydumeus like as it is tolde,
When he was foure and twentye wynter olde
Freshe and lustye and wonderly prudent.
And inwardly desyrous of intente,
If fortune would him not withsayne,
His heritage to recure agayne.
¶Which Egistus falsly hym denyeth,
And the crowne iniustly occupyeth,
By false tytle of her that was his wife.
¶But Horestes will ieoparde his lyfe,
And auenture while him lasteth breth,
Fyrst to be venged on his fathers death,
Upon them tho that the treason wrought.
And alderfyrst full lowly he besought,
¶Kinge ydume of his goodlyhead,
To further him in this great nede.
¶And the kinge benignely anone,
Assigned hath with him for to gone,
A thousand knightes manly and right stroge,
To redresse the great horrible wronge,
Of Egistus wrought by violence,
And by his wisdome and his dyligence.
This Horestes gan him so purueye,
Within a while there is no more to seye,
That he him gat the storye will not lye,
An other thousande to his companye,
Of worthy knightes all of one accorde,
To go with him as wtheyr soueraygne lorde
In euery thinge his biddinge to obeye,
As ye haue herde Egistus to werrey.
¶And thus Horestes in full riche arraye,
Gan hooste and made no delaye,
And his lodginge alderfyrst gan chese,
In a Citye that called was Troyese.
Receyued there with great reuerence,
Of the kinge that named was Forence,
A manly knyght as bookes specifye,
And bare in herte passinge great enuye,
To Egistus by double occasion.
Fyrste for the death of Agamenon,
And eke for he had a doughter deare,
That was to him inwardly entere,
Both good and fayre & but ponge of age,
That whilom was giuen in mariage,
To Egistus but he of doubilnesse,
Of false treson and newfangilnesse,
The kinges doughter hath vtterly forsake.
And in all haste did a libell make,
And forge a writ of repulsyon,
Albe he hadde no trewe occasyon,
This Egistus that he her forsoke.
Saue that he falsly to wiue toke,
The quene Clemestra agayne al right & law
When by assent they murdred haue & slawe,

Agamenon

Agamenon as it afore is tolde,
That whylom was so myghty and so bolde,
And for the hatefull falſe conſpyracye,
As well of murther as auoutrye.
To venge bothe by dewe recompence,
The worthy knyght ỹ mighty kyng Florence,
Offred Horeſtes for to make hym ſtronge,
And go with hym to helpe venge his wronge
And with hym ladde armed bryght in ſtele,
Foure hundred knightes horſed wonder wele
Takynge the fyelde with a manly chere.
And ſo Horeſtes and the kynge yfeare,
Be ryden forthe with many manly man.
¶But Horeſtes or he this werre gan,
When bryght Phebus in the bole ſhone.
To the temple is full lowly gone.
And to the goddes in moſt beſt wyſe,
With humble herte dyd ſacrifyce.
Fully in hope the better for to fare.
Where he was bode forlyſe nor deth to ſpare,
Without mercy or remyſſyon.
The death to venge of Agamenon,
¶On Clemeſtra that was moſte to wyte.
And that he make fyrſte his ſworde to byte,
On his mother with his handes twayne.
And ouermore to do his buſy payne,
Without pytye and no mercye ſhewe,
On ſmale peces tyll ſhe be to hewe,
And diſmembred a ſonder ioynt fro ioynt.
And eke that he for yet not a poynt,
Juſtly to punyſhe by rycoure and by ryght,
¶Egiſtus eke the falſe vntrewe knyght,
And that he be not ſlowe nor neclygent,
To execute the commaundement,
Of the goddes lyſte what after falle.
¶And than Horeſtes with his knyghtes all.
¶And Forenſes the mighty kynge alſo,
Of one herte be to the ſyege go,
Of the Cyte that called was Methene.
Within whiche was the falſe quene,
Clemeſtra god gyue her herde grace.
And when Horeſtes ſyeged hath the place,
With his knyghtes ſet it rounde aboute.
¶Falſe Egiſtus was ryden out,
To gather men and to be a wreke,
And falle vpon and the ſyege breke.
¶If he myght on any maner ſyde.
And with great ſtuffe thus he gan to ryde,
Takynge vp men fro euery coſte,
Tyll he hym made a full myghtye hooſte.
¶But Horeſte whiche at the ſyege laye,
His gouernaunce eſpyeth daye by daye.
And ſent out men as he that was full ſage,
To ſtoppe wayes and lette his paſſage,
And made knyghtes a full huge route,
To purſue hym euery coſte aboute.
And of the ſyege manfully begonne,
By aſſaute he hath the towne ywonne,
And entred in on a nyght full late,
And ſette wardes ſtronge at euery gate.
And in a doungeon moſt ſtronge & prycypall
That was of buildyng myghty and royall.
This Horeſtes fyrſte his mother fonde.
¶The quene Clemeſtra lady of that lande,
Whiche for drede ſore gan to quake.
But mercyles anone he made her take,
And put in chaynes tyll the next morowe.
¶And Egiſtus god gyue hym euyll ſorowe,
With all the ſtuffe that he myght accroche,
Towarde the towne faſte gan approche.
¶In purpoſe full Horeſtes for to greue.
And them within ſodeynely releue.
But all in ſothe myght not auayle,
For or that he the cytye myght abayle.
Horeſtes knightes vnwarely haue hym mette
And all attones prondely on hym ſette.
Fyrſte ſlewe his men & put them to flyght,
¶And taken hym maugre all his myght.
And with chaynes lyke as they hym fynde,
Mercyles full faſt they him bynde,
And ſhet hym vp fetryd in pryſowne.
And all falſe founde in the towne.
That were aſſented wyllinge or helpynge,
To the murdre of the worthy kynge.
Grekes worrkers and conſpyratours,
Agayne their lorde ryſynge as traytours,
All were take and bounde by rycour.
The ſame nyghte and ſhet vp in a toure,
Tyll on the morowe lyke as the lot be drawe,
Euerych of them vnder fonge his lawe,
Lyke his decerte exception was none.
And when the nyght paſſed was and gone.
And Phebus roſe eſtwarde in his ſphere,
And on the toures ſhone full bryght & clere.
¶When Clemeſtra rote of all falſehede,
Was brought forth quakyng in her drede,
¶Before Horeſtes to iudgement yſet.
He with a ſworde ſharpe and kene ywhet,

Like as the goddes charged hun tofore,
On peces smale he hath her all to shore,
And made her bere out of the townes boũdes
To be boured of beastes and of houndes,
Pytye was none in his breste reserued,
But quit her fully as she hath deserued.
Fro poynt to poynt and forgat right nought.
And thẽ chayned Egistus was furth brought
And iustly dempt by rigour of the lawe,
Of an herdell naked to be drawe,
Through the towne that all might se,
And after hye hanged on a tre,
For to rot and drye agaynst the sonne.
Lo how murdre hath his guerdon wonne,
Lo how falshed his mayster can awake.
¶And all the traytours in the towne ytake,
Were on galowes enhanged euerychone.
Tyll they were seuered asonder bone fro bone
Hye on an hill agayne the sterres shene.
Thus was ꝑ towne fro treason purged clene,
And with trouth augmented and ynored,
And to his reygne Horrestes full restored,
As the storye sewinge shall expowne,
And of the daye when he toke his crowne.

AND when the myst ꝛ euery cloudy skye,
Of false treason and conspyracye,
Were tried out vpon euery syde,
The falshed hadde no place to abyde,
The storye sayth in ordre rehersynge.
The same time Menelay the kinge,
Out of the sea ful of wawes wete,
Fro Troyewarde yriued was in Crete,
Frely escaped many dread and peyne,
With his qnene the goodly freshe Heleyne.
And for cause she was so famous fayre,
Great was the pres and meruaylous repaire
Fro euery parte her beaute to beholde,
For whom Troye with walles not ful olde,
Destroyed was the noble royall towne,
And many man ful worthy of renowne,
Hath lost his life there may no man say naye,
All for Heleyne wife to Menelay.
When thinge is done it may be none other.
But when this kinge knewe fully of his bro-
Agamenon murdre and euerydele, (ther,
He was full trist and liked nothinge wele,
But inwardly felte ful great smerte,
¶And his neuewe he had also at herte,
I meane Horrestes that so mercyles,
Like a tyraunt that were graceles,
His mother slewe and had no pytye,
Of mortall yre in his crueltye.
And fully caste that he would bliue,
Of sceptre and crowne platly hun depryue,
Full afferminge of this mortall case,
By all lawe that he vnworthy was,
His fathers reygne as heyre to possede,
Justly consydred his horrible dede.
And all at ones furyous and wroth,
Without abode vnto shyp he goth,
Melancolike in his great tene,
Out of Crete saylinge to Athene,
And toke the lande out of shippes borde,
Where duke Nestor was gouernour and lord
Which them receyueth like a gentyll knyghte,
With all his power diligence and myght.
But Menelay of rancour and great heat,
Gan with the duke secretly to trete,
To fynde a meane in his inward syght
¶For to depryue Horrestes of his right.
And therupon to haue a iudgement,
At Athenes was holde a Parliament,
Of all the lordes of that regyon,
To giue theron a diffinicion.
In whych was shewed openly ynough,
How Horrestes his owne mother slough,
And the maner of his great offence,
Hym selfe tho beynge in presence.
And when this thinge he fully did espye,
For his partye he gan agayne replye,
As he that felte hun frely at his large,
For him alledginge how he had in charge,
Of the goddes shortly to declare,
His mortall sworde that he not ne spare,
Upon Clemestra roote of false treason,
That slewe her lorde kinge Agamenon,
And the murdre through her malice wrought
Wherfore Horrestes humbly besought,
The lordes all with a manly herte,
Of equit consydre and aduerte,
For no malice rancour nor for rage,
Hym to depryue of his heritage,
Sith he was sonne of Agamenon
Borne to be heyre of that regyon,
As ye haue herde that called was Mythene,
Albe his mother Clemestra the quene,
Compassed had his destruction.

But

¶But duke Nestor ymeued of reason,
In sustaynynge of Horestes ryght,
Rose vp anone lyke a manly knyght,
Offrynge hym selfe proudely for his sake,
This hye quarell for to vndertake,
With his body to the death darreyne.
With whom that lyst his tytle to withseyne.
¶But there was none in all that compauye,
That durste a worde agayne hym replye.
So hoole he stode in his opynion,
And by his knyghtly mediacyon.
He bare hym so feynynge in nothynge,
That Horestes was ycrowned kyng,
Of Meneste all beynge of assent.
And whan dissolued was the parlement.
This Horestes of his lyeges trewe,
Receyued was with a crowne newe,
And by treate of lordes many one.
Kyng Menelay and he were made attone,
And gan their Ire and their rancour lete.
¶And Ydume the worthy kynge of Crete,
So prudently gouerneth this mattere.
That Hermyone the yonge doughter dere,
¶Of Menelay and the quene Heleyne,
So yonge so freshe of beaute souerayne,
Ywedded was without more taryinge,
To Horestes the yonge lusty kynge.
And bycause of this allyaunce,
Deuoyded was all rancour and distraunce,
Atwene the kynges Menelay the olde,
And Horestes of whom ryght nowe I tolde.
Thus leue I them as it was the beste,
Eche in his reygne lyue in peace and reste.
For all stryfe was ceased in this case.
¶But Erygona that the doughter was,
Of Egistus as ye haue herde me telle,
For sorowe and drede lyste no longer dwelle,
But toke a rope and lyst nothynge to spare.
And therwithall gan her selfe to gnare.
The storye sayth hye vpon a tree.
This was her fyne ye gette no more of me,
But I wyll forth ceryously entreate,
Of the storye to telle you the great.

OH Ulixes by ordre in my wrytynge,
Thyne auentures come on the rynge.
Full wonderfull both on londe and sea,
Entermedlyd with great aduersytye.
For Guydo fyrste descryuynge thy repayre,
Saith how thou founde wether foule & fayre
Nowe agreable now the thonder sowne,
Now styll and smoth now w̄ cloudes frowne
And sayth also that thou dyddest ordeyne,
To thy passage myghty shyppes twayne.
Apparayled all for marchandyse,
That thou myghtest in most secrete wyse,
Euery myschyefe of the sea escape.
¶But for all that thou haddest a felle iape,
For as this auctour thy resorte doth wryte,
He sayth Ulyxes for all his wordes whyte.
Yrobbed was of rychesse and of good,
Contraryous wynde so agayne hym stode.
That he was dryue to his confusyon,
In to the myghty stronge regyon,
Where Thelamon reygned by his lyue.
And there he was hent and take blyue.
¶By myghtye hande seased by the brest,
And mercyles put vnder arest.
For they hym had suspecte in workynge.
Touchynge the murther of the same kynge,
But he so wrought by his sleyghty wyle,
And his tale sette in suche a style,
That them all he playnly hath be iaped.
And fro their hande frely is escaped.
Excepte that he for all his queynt fare,
Of his treasour was ymade full bare.
And for his passage was to hym vnkouth,
He fell agayne into the wolfes mouthe.
For veryly as it is specyfyed,
Kynge Naulus men haue hym efte espyed,
Take and bounde and chayned mercyles,
For the murther of kynge Pallamydes.
¶But the storye reherseth in certayne,
By his prudence he scaped is agayne,
For he was both expert wyse and olde.
Although the maner be not fully tolde,
Of his escape through his busy peyne,
Out of daunger of these kynges twayne.
Tyll through fortune he came fro mischefe fre
To the presence of kyng Ydume,
In symple arraye and torne apparayle.
Wherof the kynge greatly gan meruayle,
To se his pouert in so lowe manere.
But for all that he made hym good chere,
Though that tyme ye were infortunate.
He hym receyueth lyke to his estate.
And when they were both twayne alone,

In cõplayninge Ulixes made his mone,
Unto the kinge as he that was ful sage,
Ceryously the sorte of his passage,
With face sad and a sobre cheare,
Fro poynt to poynt anone as ye shall heare.
¶My lorde quod he shortly to expresse,
Of truste J haue in your gentylnesse,
J shall to you my auentures all,
Reherse here ryght as it is fall.

FIrste when that J Troye lande forsoke,
And the water wyth my shippes toke.
J was anone with winde peceably blowe,
To an yle which was to me vnknowe,
¶Called Mirma of great habundaunce,
And all thynge that was to my plesaunce.
That maye for siluer or for golde be bought,
J redy founde and wanted ryght nought.
And there abode full longe while in ioye,
With the treasour that J gat at Troye.
My shyppes stuffed my men safe and sounde,
And for commodyte of that ylke grounde,
We lyked so the countre enuyron.
That for disporte and recreacyon,
Our taryinge there we thought not ful lõge,
For no man dyd vnto vs no wronge.
Tyll on a daye that the eyer was styll,
The winde also fully at our wyll.
We sayled forthe in quyete and in peace,
Unto a porte called Claustafages,
Wherwyth my meyne longe and many daye,
J founde all thinge accordynge to my paye,
The wether lusty agreable and fayre.
But who maye truste other winde or ayre,
For vpon fayth of the smothe skye,
Agayne to shyppe faste J gan me hye,
Taryed nought but toke anone the sea,
Smothe and calme enduringe dayes three,
That in the wether founde was no lacke,
But sodaynly the heauen tourneth blacke,
The hidous tempest and the wawes grene,
Out of hope haue me dyspeyred clene,
Troubled my spyrite & made me so penslke,
Without refute to escape with the lyfe.
Tossed and dryuen by many sundry yle.
Tyll at the laste caste vp at Cecyle,
Recuringe lande with great annoye & payne,
Where that tyme reygned kynges twayne.
And as J can remembre doubtles,
The tone of them called Sorygines,
Whiche vnto me full contrarious was.
¶And the tother named Coclopas,
Brethren of byrthe and in conclusion,
Ylike cruell of condycyon.
For though my sorte had shape for the nones
¶Both twayne fell on me attones,
Oppressinge in full great dystresse,
Spoyled my shippes of treasour and richesse,
And for pyte liked not to spare,
Till J was lefte destitute and bare,
Of all my good alas my mortall chaunce.
And most of all was to me greuaunce,
Whē of my golde they may no more restrayne
They sent downe their mighty sones twayne
¶Aliphan that was ful large and longe,
¶And Polipheme ỹ mighty giaunt stronge,
Which on my mē to auenge thē were ful faine
That they of them haue an hundred slayne,
Disarayed to stande at diffence,
And of malice with sodayne violence,
They toke me for mischiefe almost lorne.
¶And Alphenor mine owne brother sworne
And hatefully as they haue vs founde,
In chaynes caste and in stockes bounde,
And after that plocked in prison.
And for to make platly mencyon.
This mighty man this great Polypheme,
A syster had shortly for to deme,
One of the fayrest that euer yet was borne,
She might in beaute so be set aforne,
Nature her geue suche a prerogatife,
A cleane mayde sothly and no wyfe,
Flouringe both in fayrenesse and bounte.
Whom Alphenor when he did se,
Albe he was fetred in prison.
For loue he loste wit and eke reason,
And wer al mad so narowe she did him binde
Saue vpon her alway was his mynde,
And closed aye was his perillous wounde,
And sire monethes thus we laye bounde,
¶Both he and J to saye the platte trouthe.
Til Polipheme had vpon vs routhe,
And through his grace and mediacion,
He quit vs fre out of that prison.
And shewed vs of mercy and pite,
After our sorowe great humanite.
¶But Alphenor ylike of one entente,
Was with the bronde of Cupide brent.

And

And felte his parte with many mortall fit
Till he so wrought with his sotyll wit.
That on a night who was leef or lothe,
He stale this mayde and his waye he gothe,
Throughe helpe of men with hym at that time
¶But on the morowe at the houre of prime,
¶Polipheмus gan vs for to sewe,
Whose mighty haude we might not eschewe.
And suche assaulte on vs they gan make,
That of force they haue the mayde take,
¶From Alpheнor mauger all his rage.
And Polipheme vnto my domage,
With his knightes so sore vpon me laye,
That I might vneth scape awaye.
To saue my selfe compassed enuyron,
To death pursewed of that champyon.
But when I sawe there was no other gayne,
To fle death shortly for to sayne,
While this giaunt most fiersly on me set,
With my sworde out his eye I smet,
And vnto ship with my companye,
I fled in haste that no man might espye,
¶Where I became nor Alpheнor my fere.
And when the wawes gan for to clere,
And gracious winde gan to vs awake,
That countre we haue anone forsake,
It was not holsome for vs to abyde.
But of this man like as write Ouide.
¶Polipheмus the Giaunt out of dread,
Had an eye amid of his forhead
Which Ulixes smote out at a stroke,
And like the browes of a branched oke.
Was all his heyre and his longe berde,
On whom to loke childzen were aferde.
And when that he had lost his syght,
Amonge the hilles he runneth daye & night,
In a rage to finde hym some refuge,
Caste rockes and great stones huge,
On euery parte enuyron the countre,
On Ulixes auenged for to be.
Thus sayth Ouide in conclusion,
In his boke of transformacion,
Metamorpholeos there ye maye it se,
When so euer that your leyser be,
Ceriously the storye for to reade.
And in my writinge forth I will procede,
How Ulixes with face dead and pale,
To ydume tolde forth his tale.
Reherslnge thus suppzised and awaked,
Fro Polipheme when we were escaped,
Throughe our vnhappe and infelicyte,
Into an yle middes of the sea,
We were drine when it gan to night.
And Elidiũ that litell kingedome hight,
Where that Circes the great enchauntresse,
Thilke time was lady and goddesse,
That could her crafte so wonderly pfourme,
All sodaynly a man for to transforme,
To haue the likenesse and lese his reason,
Of Horse, of Bere, Tygre or Lyon.
Wolfe or Fox or what her list deuise,
Her dzeadful crafte was shapen in such wise.
So mighty were her straunge pocions,
Her letuaries and confections.
And she also so fayre vpon to se,
That tho her power no man might fle.
For by the worke of this sorceresse,
I was so founced vpon her fayreneesse,
That fynally thus with me it stode,
That all a yeare I with her abode,
And paynly had power none nor myght,
For to departe neyther daye nor night.
So lusty was the life that I ladde,
In whych time by me a childe she had,
Right inly fayre and goodly to the syght,
And Thelagonius in sothnesse he hight,
Which afterwarde I wel reherse can,
By processe were a manly man.
And by my subtyll secret prouidence
Of her crafte I had experyence,
That maugre her enchauntementes olde,
I stale awaye she might me not holde.
And fynally my fate to conclude.
With my connynge her crafte I can delude,
That with my men I scaped fro her hande,
And went at large fre out of her lande.
But all this thinge me litell did auayle,
For on my waye as I gan to sayle,
For all my sleyght in a litell whyle,
yblowe was vp into an yle,
¶Where Calipha syster to Circes,
Was crowned quene & held her sceptre i peace
Whose craftes were so mighty and so strong,
Maugre my will she held me there ful longe.
But she in sothe to speake of womanhede,
Of bounte fredome and of goodlyhead,
Surely had so soueraygne excellence,
That mine abode to me was none offence,

But who soeuer therat crye or clappe,
At the laste I scaped fro her trappe,
And came to an yle ryght as any lyne,
Which specyally through high power diuine,
Ordayned is of yore by myracle,
As it were a spirituall oracle.
A man to haue in a temple there,
So dayne answere of what him list enquere,
Of questions and demaundes all,
And of soules what shall eke befall,
When men are dead and grauen vnder stone.
And I gan are in the temple anone.
Mine auentures that should after sewe,
And where a man might his fate eschewe,
And of all this like to mine entent,
I had aunswere full conuenient.
Saue what befalleth when a soule is gone,
Diffinicion vnto me was none,
Such thinge to assoyle accordeth not to right
It is reserued vnto goddes myght,
And excedeth reason and wyt of man.
And fro thense forth to sayle I gan,
Driuen with wynde and no parte succoured.
Where I was lyke to haue be deuoured.
¶Of Karibdes with his profounde well,
Where Syrines Mereinaydens dwell,
That fro the brest with scales siluer shene,
Be of theyr shape fisches freshe and clene.
And ouermore kinde doth compasse,
Them to appeare feminine of face,
Like virgins that were of nature,
Without spot vndefouled pure,
And of custome in wawes as they flete,
The songe of them is so heauenly swete,
So aungelike and full of armonye.
That verily the sugred melodye,
Rauisshe would any man alyue,
Of inly ioye almost his herte ryue,
Make a man of sodayne high pleasaunce,
Forget him selfe and lese his remembraunce,
Deuoyde him clene from his owne thought,
Tyl vnwarely he be to mischiefe brought.
And with theyr songe or he take kepe,
He shall be brought in a mortall slepe,
And they anone yt maye not be withdrawe,
Wil drenche his shippe lowe vnder the wawe.
Thus the sweteneſſe of theyr heauenly sowne
Bringeth a man to confusyon,
Who so euer by theyr bondes passe.

¶But with the lyfe I scaped by grace,
For mine eares with waxe and gommes clere
Were stopped so that I ne might heare,
Touche nor werble of theyr instrumentes,
Wherby the reason of a man blinded is.
And fynally through my subtyltee,
I and my men be escaped free,
Saylinge forth all mate of werinesse.
Till we came vp with full great distresse,
¶At Phenice and toke anone the lande,
Caste anker and our shippes bande.
But sothly there it fell vs full vnfayre,
¶For the people cruell and contrayre,
Onely of malice fell on me anone,
And slewe my men almost euerychone,
Treasour and good litell that I had,
Was me berafte & all with thē they ladde,
And fewe of theim that were lefte alone,
They toke theim and put in prison bliue.
Thus hath fortune lad me on her daunce,
With litell ioye and plentye of mischaunce.
Of whose daunger learned and experte,
I am fall in mischiefe and pouerte,
And with great dole and sorowe full my brest
On sea and land by South and not by East,
I am come vnto your presence,
And haue declared playnly in sentence,
Myn auentures to your worthinesse,
Of truste onely and of faythfulnesse,
That I haue to you in specyall,
And now I haue reherſed and tolde all,
To your hyghnesse and my best wyse,
Without more to me it doth suffyse.
And though in herte he was constrayned sore
Thilke time Ulixes spake no more,
But helde his peace ful heuy in lokinge.
¶And ydumeus like a gentyll kinge,
Comforted him all that euer he might,
And busy was his herte for to light,
And him besought his heuinesse lete.
And as longe as hym lyst in Crete,
With him abide he made him suerte,
He should fare also as wel as he,
And not wante of what maye do him ease.
And when his sorowe some what gan apease,
That his rage drewe vnto an ende,
Leue he toke and sayde he would wende,
Out of that lande home to his countre.
¶But fyrst the kinge of fredome and bounte,

Gaue

Gaue vnto hym great ryches̄e and arraye,
And what soeuer was to his paye,
Golde treasour and many other thinges.
And at partynge of these two kynges,
There were shippes when you list to sayle,
Redy stuffed with meyne and vitayle,
And thus Ulixes gan him redy make.
And when he hath his leue fully take,
He hasted him and toke anone the sea,
And gan to sayle towarde his countre.
But fyrste he wente to kinge Alphenon,
Whych passingly had affeccion,
To se Ulixes at his home compynge.
And desyrous ouer all thynge,
To haue of him newly acqueyntaunce.
For vnto him was inly great plesaunce,
To heare him talke for his eloquence,
For his wisedome and his high prudence,
And there he was after all his smerte,
Receyued playnly with as glad an herte,
As euer yet was any maner man,
Sithen tyme that the worlde began.
¶And to encrease of his felycyte,
There herde me first of Penolopee,
His trewe wife without spot of blame,
Of whom yet grene is the noble fame,
Which from her lorde for all his longe absēce,
In thought nor dede neuer did offence.
But sothly was both in chere and dede,
Throughout Greece example of womanhede,
And yet was she as bokes lyst expresse,
Throughout ỹ wōrld myrrour of fayrenesse,
And amonge Grekes borne of hyest blode,
Called of Auctours both fayre and good.
And yet saye bokes of her doubtles,
Was neuer none that had so great prese:
But she her kepte chaunginge for no newe,
Unto her lorde euer ylyke trewe,
Of herte aye one not parted into twayne,
That she is called quene and soueraygne,
Of wifely trouthe in this bokes olde.
And ofte I finde her herte would colde,
She tourne pale fro her lorde so ferre,
In her closet to heare of the werre,
Of dread she had and for feare eke quake,
Of fantasyes for her lordes sake,
For his absence both eue and morowe,
Was death vnto her and importable sorowe.
And aye in sothe for ioye or any game.
When it fell she herde Hectors name,
In any place anone she fell a swowne,
And gan her selfe in teares drowne,
Of womanhead so she was aferde,
To heare the slaughter of his mortall swerde
Lest her lorde of knyghtly surquedrye,
Had of fortune fall in ieopardye,
Of hap or sorte to a mette that worthy knight
That seld or neuer she felte her herte lyght.
And many dreame on nightes did her gaste,
All the while that the siege laste.
And euery playe was benym in her syght,
When that she was from her owne knight.
For in this worlde ioye had she none,
Of high nor lowe playnly but of one,
For whose sake all myrth she refuseth,
And who so be that in his herte museth,
Of any woman any thinge but good,
Of melancolye meued in his bloud,
Let him aduerte of wysedome and ysee,
And remembre on Penolope,
For his deserte lest that he be blamed.
And oh Guido thou shouldest be ashamed,
To saye of wiues any thinge but wele,
For in good fayth as ferre as I can fele,
Though one or two do amonge offence.
She that is good through her prouidence,
Is therof nothinge for to wite.
And though Guydo in his bokes endite.
¶The varyaunce of Yeleyne or Criseyde,
¶Or Medea that for sorowe deyde,
Let the agayne of ryght and equyte,
The wifely trouth of Penolope.
The maydenhode of ponge Polycene,
And the goodnesse of Hecuba the quene.
Of Cassandra eke the stedfastnesse,
And with all this take the vnkindnesse,
Of Pantasyll without variaunce,
And put all this togyther in balaunce.
And ye shal finde if ye lyst accounte,
Maugre who grutcheth trouth shal surmoũt
I dare affirme and beare the prise,
There will no man replye that is wise,
He were to feble in his oppynion.
¶And while Ulixes was with Alphenon,
It was to him made relacyon,
Of an hatefull conspiratyon.
That certayne lordes enuyron his countre,
Rauthe would his quene Penolope.

Maugre

Maugre all tho that were there agayne.
Albe that she was euer ylyke playne,
In her trouthe stedfaste as a wall,
yet they haue caste platly that she shall,
Be take of force it maye not be eschewed,
But it so be in haste she be reskued.
For they them caste the time not aiourne,
For daye and nighte with her they soiourne.
Inly in herte for loue disamayde,
But of wisedome she hath theim so belayde,
There was none so manly nor so sage,
That could of her get auauntage.
So adupse she was in her workynge.
And when Ulixes conceyueth all this thinge
And fully knewe by open euydence,
And had also in specyall credence,
¶Sente vnto hun fro Penolope,
The matter hole declarynge in secretee,
¶His owne sonne Thelamonius,
He were in herte wood and furyous,
And would make no dylacyon.
¶But in all haste besoughte Alphenon,
The mighty kinge of his high bounte,
To relene hun in his aduersyte,
And that he would thzough his mighty hãde,
Of gentilleſſe conueye him to his lande.
He graunteth him and saye not ones naye,
And both two in ful great araye,
Toke the sea when the winde was good,
Well fortuned for nothinge theim withstode.
They be ariued and had no lettynge,
Where Ulixes as ye haue herde was kinge,
And secretly in a night they were conueyed,
To them that haue his ligaunce disobeyed,
And mercyles or they might awake,
In theyr beddes they haue theim all take,
Makynge no prolongyng tyll on the morowe
But in all haste for no wight durst thē borow
Smet of theyr heades by iudgement fynall,
And set theim vpon the castell wall,
Eueriche by other endlonge the rowe,
Upon the toure when the cocke gan crowe,
And thus all nyght they kept theim selfe close,
Till that Phebus merply arose,
In the Orient when the larke songe,
And tho these kinges w theyr meyne strõge,
Freshly besene entre the cetee,
Who was so glad but Penolope,
Who made ioye but this goodly quene,
Full desyrous her owne lorde to sene.
¶But if I should all in order sette,
The great myrthe they made when they met,
Make rehersayle of complayntes olde.
And how they gan theyr hertes to vnfolde,
Eche to other and lyst nothinge concele,
And the gladneſſe that they inly fele,
If I shulde put all in memorye.
The reioysynge and the hertye glorye,
That his lyeges made at his comynge.
The coste eke they had at his metynge,
The giftes great and presentes ryche,
In all this worlde I trowe none ylyche,
It were to longe taryinge for my boke.
And how that he newe assuraunce toke,
Of his lordes and lyeges all,
And how that they to his grace fall,
The cheare he made eke to Alphenowne,
Of gentylneſſe thzough his high renowne.
And how the doughter inly debonayre,
Of Alphenon Nausica the fayre,
By Ulixes medyacyon.
ywedded was vnto Thelamon,
Borne by discent there may no man saye nay,
To reioyce his crowne after his daye.
And thus came in by his purueyaunce,
Of two reygnes the myghty allyaunce,
And how all this brought was to the knotte,
Men would deme playnly me to sotte,
To presume of opynyon,
For to delate a descripcyon.
Sythen Guydo touchinge but the chyefe,
In this matter of stile was but brefe.
¶Shortly rehersynge how kinge Alphenon,
Repeyred is home to his regyon,
And Ulixes in his chiefe cyte,
Abode styll with Penolope.
Where I him leue in ioye and in solace,
Till Attropos liketh to purchase,
For to fyche fynally the date,
The thzede to vntwine of his liues fate.

¶ How the translatour wryteth the stocke of Pirrhus by lyneall dyscent, and how his father hight Pelleus, and his graundmother called Thetydes. Capitulum.

NOw must I full busy be a while,
To directe the traces of my stile,
In discriuinge shortly of entente,
The stocke of Pirrhus by lyneall discente,
Myn Auctour folowe and be compendious.
¶ Whose olde father hyght Pelleus
His graundmother called Thetydes,
Of whych two came worthy Achilles,
That at Troye by treason lost his lyfe.
And Dardanica called was his wife.
¶ Pirrhus mother and doughter as I reade
Unto the kynge called Lychomede,
¶ Hauinge a father that Atastus hight,
Whych in sothnesse all that euer he myght,
¶ Bare heauy herte to kinge Pelleus,
To Achilles and also to Pirrhus,
To all the kyn playnly on that side,
And of malyce rancour and of pryde,
And of enuye in an hatefull rage,
¶ When Pelleus fall was in age,
He berafte him both sceptre and crowne,
And from his see lowe alight him downe,
And into exyle anayle maye no stryfe,
He made him go with Thetydes his wyfe.
Of high disdayne gayne maye no grace.
And in his herte gan daye and night cõpace,
The death of Pyrrhus kepe hym if ye can.
And therupon maliciously began,
To shape a waye by awayte lynge,
Him for to sley at his home comynge.
But this Pyrrhus from his treynes free,
Many daunger escaped of the sea,
Many wawe and many tempest wood,
With great losse both of men and good,
At Malasus alderfyrst gan londe,
A stronge Cyte a lytell from the stronde,
Where that he was refreshed wonder wele,
And there he knewe grounde and euerydele,
Fyrste of Therysle lyke as men him tolde,
¶ Of Thetides and Pelleus the olde,
And how Atastus bare to him hatrede,
Unto the death wherof he gan drede,
And thought he would as hy was right wise
By some engyne eschewe his malyce,
And therupon do his busy payne.
¶ Now had Atastus other sonnes twayne,
¶ Menalippus and Polistenes,
And a doughter yealled Thetydes.
And all this whyle wofull Pelleus,
In a castell olde and ruynous,
With Thetydes full of sorowe and care,
For dread of death daye and night gan dare,
Dispeyred in his vnweldy age,
Recure to fynde of this mortall rage,
Except that he had an hope of yore,
That Pyrrhus shoulde helpe him and restore
At his repeyre when so that it fall.
After whose comynge often he gan call,
The tyme curse that he so longe abode.
But when Pyrrhus all this vnderstode,
At Malasus by relacyowne,
Ful faste he gan haste out of the towne,
Toke the sea and fast gan him hye,
Towarde the lande called Thesalye.
Of entent to make ordynaunce,
On Atastus for to do vengeaunce.
But alderfyrste this Pyrrhus ful prudent,
Eyghes twayne he tofore hath sent,
To Thesalye forth togyther gone.
¶ And Crilippus named was the tone,
And Adrastus named was his fere,
They were expert theim nedeth not to lere,
In whose exployte to more auauntage.
¶ This Pyrrhus hath dyrecte his message,
Of Thesalye to a cytezyne,
Called Alandrus a maner chamberlayne,
With Pelleus and whilom ful secree,
While he was flourynge in felycytee.
And when Pyrrhus in conclusyon,
Knewe all the sothe by relacyon,
On sea nor lande hym ne lyst to tarye,
Albe that he founde the winde contrarye.
¶ But he escaped many dreadful stoundes,
Of Thesalye approcheth to the boundes,
For Eolus that his lust obeyed,
And of fortune wonderlye conueyed.
He dryuen was as it were by grace,
So ariue in the same place,
Where Pelleus in a doleful caue,
For dread of death laye him selfe to saue.
Sole saue his wife withouten any feres,
Al enclosed with bushes and with briares,

And

And Pirrhus there went vp fyrst to londe,
Sole by hym selfe walkynge on the stronde,
Pensife and trist and his waye toke,
¶Where Pelleus in a caue quoke,
Hauynge with him tho no other guyde,
Saue his swozde hangynge by his syde,
And vnwarely with a dzeadful herte,
¶Pelleus out of the caue sterte,
Dismayde of his life in doubte,
When he behelde a knight there walke about,
And astoned abode and stode ful styll
Ymagynynge that he sawe Achille,
¶By this Pirrhus stondynge in the place,
By all the sygnes shewed in his face.
Foz nature without baryaunce,
Made them so like of cheare and countenaũce
Of fourme of shape and limmes euerychone,
That difference in effect was none.
¶And Pelleus without longer space,
Gan anone Pirrhus to enbzace,
And enbzayde out of his deadly thoughte,
And foz ioye set all his sozowe at nought,
And gan to him by and by declare,
Both his eryle and his eupl fare,
His pyteous lyfe his pouerte and mischaũce,
And foztunes false baryaunce.
And of Atastus the feruent hoote enuye,
The cruelte and the tyzannye,
Ceriously he tolde Pirrhus all,
And he full sobze stode still as a wall,
With face pale and in herte wzothe,
Specheles to chyp agayne he goth,
And there he was enfozmed doubtles,
That Menalippus and Polistenes,
And Atastus togither all thze.
With huge araye and a great meyne,
The same daye ful surquedous of pzide.
Hunte in a fozest lytell there besyde.
And when Pyzrhus therof toke good hede,
Without abode chaunge gan his wede,
Ful pozely rent and dismayde,
Like a man that were disarayde,
Gyzte with his swozde made no delaye,
But to the fozest toke the right waye,
Sole by him selfe without companye,
So secretly that no man might espye.
And as he dzough many diuers boundes,
He herde hoznes vncouplinge of houndes,
And like a man that list make his mone,
Fro syght of folke he dzewe him aye alone,
And casually disseuered fro the pzese.
¶Firste he met with Polistenes,
¶Menalippus ridinge by his syde,
And both two on Pirrhus gan abyde,
And baystously of him to enquere,
Fro whense he came and also what he were,
So febly cladde and of so poze estate,
Walkinge there as he were desolate,
And lowly he of chere and countenaunce,
Styll and humble in his daliaunce,
Aunswered agayne and sayde how that he,
Fozdzuen was with myschiefe of the sea,
And affirmed pale and nothinge redde,
His felowship dzowned was and dead,
Fiue hundzed the wawes were so rage,
Of olde and ponge and of mydell age,
And he escaped the tempest was so rife,
As he them tolde vnneth with the life.
And ouermoze he tolde them platly eke,
Touchinge his birthe that he was a greke,
And went there destitute of ioye.
Late come fro the siege of Troye,
And besought them towerde his liuinge,
To helpe him with some refreshinge,
As him that had cattell lost and good,
Like as they sawe naked as he stode,
Pzayinge also in hope it should auayle,
Him to releue with clothinge and bytayle,
To his refute some what to pzouide.
¶And they bad him that he should abide,
Foz they wyll wytte playnly what he can.
And that while beside them there ran,
A full great harte downe by the ryuer.
¶And Menalippus pzicked his courser,
As it semed it was to him dewe,
Thzough thinne and thicke onely to pursewe
He spareth not but alwaye after rode,
And his bzother with Pirrhus stil abode,
¶Polistenes and toke of it no hede,
But in all haste alight fro his stede,
On the grene to reste him there besyde,
As he that was wery foz to ryde,
Without meyne beynge him selfe sole,
Listing of Pirrhus ỹ complaynt and the dole
But sodaynly oz he might aduerte,
Cruell Pizrhus ran him to the herte,
And lefte him dead lyinge on the playne.
When Menalippus repeyzed was agayne,

Seynge

Seynge his brother baskynge in his bloud.
And Pirrhus efte furyous and wood,
With a face of coloure pale and wan,
To Menalippus in his yre ran:
And slewe him eke or that he toke hede.
And thus they laye on the grounde and blede,
The brethren two withe Pirrhus sworde y-
And he anone aside gan him drawe. (slawe.
Wetinge a knight were it of sorte, or case,
As sayth the storye called Cinaras;
Of whom Pirrhus gan in haste to enquere,
Whose man he was or what he maketh there.
To whom he sayde withouten tarying,
He seruaunt was with the myghty kinge,
Called Atastus lorde of that countre.
¶ And Pirrhus tho of deadly enmyte,
With cruell sworde al freshe & red of bloud.
Ran him through out as any Lyon wood,
And after that the forest he forsoke,
And in all haste the ryght waye he toke,
To shippe agayne pale and blacke of hewe.
And gan anone to arraye him newe,
¶ All in purple whych as clerkes telles,
For kinges is and for no wyght elles.
And then Pirrhus freshe and well beseyne,
To the forest repeyred is ageyne.
Where sodaynly of hap in his walkynge.
In shorte while he meteth wyth the kynge,
¶ Olde Atastus that asked of Pirrhus,
What man art thou that by thy selfe thus,
Disconsolate here walkest to and fro.
¶ Certes quod Pirrhus full of sorowe & wo.
Inly supprysed of hertye complaynynge,
One of the sonnes to Priamus the kynge,
I lately was now out of memorye.
Sith Troyans fal that whilom was in glory
Now refewteles and into mischiefe brought,
Thus walke I sole full of care and thoughte,
Farre in exyle out of Troye towne,
With cruell Pirrhus to liue in prison,
Bounde vnto him though me be full lothe,
My hande assured with ful many othe,
To serue his lust aye in captyuytye,
Lo here is all thus standeth it with me,
Atastus tho of full entencion,
After many an other question,
Enquered of him as in his dalliaunce,
If he ought knewe of Pirrhus gouernaunce
Or if that he could ought vnderstande,
Where he him kept sith he came to lande.
Ywisse quod he if ye list him haue,
He kepeth him close lo in yonder caue.
Amonge brulchayle with a shrouded face,
Makinge a signe to the same place.
And all was done for an ydell mase,
For while the king thitherwarde gan gase,
Hasty Pirrhus gan his sworde outdrawe,
In purpose fully Atastus to haue slawe,
But wonderly the storye can you lere,
¶ Quene Thetides did anone appere,
Albe reygned with teares on her face,
And gan the sworde of Pirrhus to embrace,
Prayinge him his deadly hande restrayne.
Hast thou not killed my yong brethren twayn
And now alas my father hore and graye,
Wercules fro me wilt take awaye.
Put vp the sworde and no bloud ne shede,
And haue some pytye vpon thy kinrede,
And do aduerte clerely to the fyne,
How thou art come of the same line,
And hatefull is who so can loke aryght.
Unkinde bloud in euery mannes syght.
And Pyrrhus tho as any Tygre wrothe;
Affirme gan with many sacred othe,
That who so grutche or agaynst playne,
He shall hym sle with his handes twayne.
¶ For hath not he by false extorsion;
¶ Put Pelleus out of his regyon;
Whyche is your lorde and ye his trewe wyfe.
That fynally he shall lese hys lyfe,
And here anone of myne handes deye,
In this matter there is no more to seye,
And Pelleus darynge in the caue,
But ye of grace lyste his lyfe saue;
All other helpe platly is for nought.
This Pelleus anone forthe brought.
Croked and olde vnweldy eke to se,
And tofore Pyrrhus fell downe on hys kne,
Besechinge hym wyth a pyteous face,
At hys request take hym to hys grace.
¶ And that he wolde in his manly herte,
Goodly beholde the deadly wo and smerte,
¶ Of Atastus and the mortall payne,
That he tho hadde for his sonnes twaine.
Whiche lay dead tofore hym on the grene;
Slaine with your swerd ȳ is so sharpe & kene
Which he ne may recure in no wyse.
The sorow of which ought ynough suffyse.

Though ye on hym do no moze vengeaunce.
All this well peyſed iuſtly in balaunce,
Sith he is hooly ſubmytted to your myghte,
Taketh now hym to mercy anone ryght,
And let your ſwozde his age not conſume,
This my requeſt as I dare pzeſume.

AND then Pirrhus choztly foz to ſayne,
When he had put vp his ſwozd agayne
Seynge mercy myght him moſt auayle,
Without wozdes oz any reherſayle,
Fyrſte of all tofoze theim euerychone,
The kynges made accozden into one.
By his wyſedome concludynge vp in dede,
That eche of theim ſhuld his right poſſede,
In Theſalye parted into twayne.
That neyther had matter to complayne,
Euerych to reygne in his dewe ſee,
And while they were togyther all thze,
Out of pzeſence of any other man,
Ataſtus fyrſte thus his tale began.
Syzes quod he to you is not vnknowe,
How thzough my age I am now bzought ſo
And thzough natures kindly mocion, lowe.
Am wexed feble of wyt and of reaſon.
Beynge vnweldy of my lymmes all.
So many yeares are vpon me fall.
And can vnneth any thinge diſceme,
To feble in ſothe a kingedome to gouerne.
Of lyfe noz death takynge nowe no hede,
Sith that my ſonnes ſlayne be and dead.
And ſole lefte now withouten heyze,
Of wozldly luſte fully in diſpeyze.
The tyme paſſed of my felycytye.
Foztunes tourne with mutabylytye,
Hathe taughte me playnlye I dare it well ex-
In wozldly ioye there is no ſykerneſſe, pzeſſe,
Noz very truſte no while to abyde.
But I wyll now foz my ſelfe pzouyde,
And in all haſte by pzudent purueaunce,
Me clere diſcharge from all gouernaunce,
Agayne my ſozte me liſt not maligne.
But ſceptre and crowne frely I reſigne,
Of Theſalye the lozdſhip and the lande,
Of my fre will hole into thy hande.
There ſhall no man reclayme noz ſaye naye.
Interrupte noz make no delaye,
Touchinge this thinge by no concluſyon,
Foz I the put full in poſſeſſion.
And hereupon of all that euer he abyde
Makynge full fayth his hand in his he layde.
Quene Thetides ſyttynge there pzeſent,
And Pelleus of the ſame entent,
Unto Pirrhus foz his purpartye,
Reſygned eke his ryght of Theſalye.
Fully affermynge that of yoze ago,
His full deſyze and his ioye alſo.
Was euer in one his neuewe to ſuccede.
As ryghtfull heyze his kingdome to poſſede,
And vtterly without repentaunce,
All that belongeth vnto my lygeaunce,
Sceptre and ſwozde crowne and dyademe,
So as a kynge lyke and death to deme,
Into thy hande without longer date,
This ſame houre holy to tranſlate.
And when the knot of this conuencion,
Was fully bzought to this concluſon.
Perfourmed vp hole the vnyte,
Foz euermoze atwene theſe kinges thze.
Ataſtus knightes diſſeuered enuyzowne,
Out of the fozeſt be deſcended downe.
And by byddynge platly of theyz lozde,
They were echone ſwozne to this accozde,
And attones this luſty companye,
To Theſalye faſt gan theim hye.
And Pirrhus folke lyinge on the ſea,
Be ſayled fozthe ſtreyght to the Cytye.
And Ataſtus doth ſytte a parliament,
Where openly he gaue commaundement.
That all his lieges of hygh oz lowe eſtate,
Without ſtrife oz any moze debate,
Specially of gentyll bloud ybozne,
The ſame daye to Pirrhus to be ſwozne.
Like theyz degrees in the royall hall.
To perſeuer his trewe lieges all.
Durynge theyz lyfe foz ernеſt oz foz game.
And Pelleus commaũded hath the ſame,
Foz his partye without any fraude,
And thus with ioye and with ſolempne laude
Pirrhus was of euery maner age,
Gladly accepted to his heritage.
And on a daye foztunate and good,
With glad aſpectes when the heuen ſtode,
Well accozdynge to ſuch maner thinge,
Wozthy Pirrhus was yerowned kinge,
Of Theſalye the riche regyon.
It were but vayne to make mencion,
Of theyz reuell noz theyz great arraye,

Noz

Nor of the feaſt made the ſame daye,
Eke in the ſtory I finde it not in ſothe.
I wyll paſſe ouer as mine auctour dothe,
Saue in his booke as it is ſpecefyed,
That the kingdome was fer magnefyed,
Of Theſalye by puyſſaunce and might,
Of this Pyrrhus whylom ſo good a knight,
Where I hym leaue in his royall ſee.
¶ Tournynge agayne to kynge Ydumee,
Which in this while ygraue was vnder ſtone.
¶ And after hym hys ſonne Meerpone,
The ſtory ſaith was crowned king of Crete,
That but awhyle reygninge in equyte,
Dyed alſo it wolde be none other,
¶ And than in haſt Leorica hys brother,
As rightfull heyre by ſucceſſyon,
Was crowned kinge of that regyon.
¶ In which tyme Ataſtus out of drede,
By thaſſent of Pyrrhus as I rede,
Full buſy was to make in ſpecyal,
A ryche toumbe paſſyngly royall,
Where buryed were with full huge preſe.
¶ Menalyppus and Polyſtenes,
That both two were in the foreſt ſlawe,
Thorugh Pirrhus ſwerde by full cruell law.
¶ Of them can I none other proceſſe make,
But euen there fully my tale I take,
Of them bothe and alſo eke yfere,
¶ Of Ataſtus theyr owne father dere.
Of whome ſothly for all hys lockes hore,
In Troye booke redde I can no more.
¶ But now muſt I again to Pirrhus wende
To wryte of him the ſorye wofull ende,
Which whan he ſat higheſt in his ſee,
Made full blinde with vayne proſperyte,
Gouerning tho the lande of Theſalye.
¶ There hym betydde to fall in fantaſye,
And to ſette hys loue on Hermyon the quene,
¶ Horeſtes wyfe reygnynge in Methene.
For whome he brent hote as any fyre.
And in fulfyllyng of hys foule deſyre,
His purpoſe hole thus he brought aboute,
Her raufchyng while her lorde was oute,
Tho led hir home and helde her as his wyfe,
Seminge to hym it was a blyſſfull lyfe,
And full releſe of his paynes ſmerte.
¶ Of whyche Horeſtes bare full heuy herte,
And caſte hym playnely auenged for to be,
Whan he therto hath opportunyte.
And for that time though he ſuſteined wrong
¶ He was to feble ⁊ Pyrrhus was to ſtrong.
¶ Whiche helde alſo in ſtorye it is tolde,
¶ Andromecha with hym in his houſholde.
¶ Hectors wyfe by whom whylom ſhe had,
A lytell chylde whyche with hir ſhe ladde,
The ſege complete and deſtructiowne,
Whan ſhe was brought out of Troye towne.
Laomedonte I fende was his name,
Encreaſyng after to full worthy fame.
¶ And by this Pyrrhus ſhe had a ſonne alſo,
¶ Achylleydos ſo calleth hym Guydo,
And theſe women for all theyr great eſtate
Atwene them ſelfe amonge were at debate.
¶ And Hermyone with yre full hote,
In complayning thus to her father wrote,
That her fere for all her hygh degree,
Andromomecha was cheriſhed better thā ſhe,
Of kynge Pyrrhus beſechynge Menelay,
Hym to enhaſte in al that euer he maye,
And come hym ſelfe, anone that it were do,
To ſlea this woman and her chylde alſo.
That naught he abode but faſtgan hym hye,
In all heate his towardes Theſalye,
To be auenged with his ſwerde of ſtele,
On her that herein fauleth neuer adele,
But maugre hym in all his cruelte,
She was reſkewed amyd of the Cite.
¶ It is a thynge which hath not be herde,
To a woman a kynge to draw hys ſwerde.
I wyll no more in thys matter dwelle,
In maner ſhamed it to wryte or telle.
But this was done while Pyrrhy of courage
To Delos was gone was on his pilgrimage
Haunge with him but a litell route,
¶ To Apollo there knele and to loute,
For the ſoule to praye of him Achylle,
And hys vowes alſo to fulfylle,
And hym to thanke withhyghe affeccyon,
Of good erployte he hadde at Troye towne,
And for the wreche alſo that was take,
At the Cyte for hys fathers ſake.
But all this thinge here yſpecified.
¶ Kinge Horeſtes warely hath eſpyed,
And to Delos haſte the full ryght,
Ledinge with him many a luſty knight.
And vnwarely there with Pirrhus mette,
And vengeably he vpon him ſette.
That fynally in that ſtraunge lande,

¶ Horestes slewe hym with his owne hande,
I fynde in sothe he made no diffence.
So sodayne was the mortall vyolence,
Of his enuye he could not asterte,
For or that he his swerde myght aduerte,
He was on him enuyron all beset,
Thilke tyme it myght be no bet,
For there was nother socour nor declyne.
Thus was Pyrrhus brought to his fine,
¶ Late crowned kinge of Thesalye,
Lo here the guerdon of auoutrye,
Lo how the mede and reward is ful rife,
To mysuse an other mannes wife,
It is no dread folowe shall vengeaunce,
Sodayne death or vnware myschaunce,
Which euery man greatly ought charge,
And in Delos in a temple large,
¶ Kinge Pyrrhus was locked vnder stone.
And Horestes furth his waye is gone,
And by force gat his wyfe agayne,
There was no wight durst him tho wsayne,
And to Methene proudly is repeyred,
And Thesalye piteously dispeyed,
Destitute as they that can no reade,
When they wist theyr worthy king was dead
And heyre was none by succession,
To gouerne that noble regyon,
Saue Achilleydos that but litell aforne,
In Pirrhus absence was in Grece borne,
Fully of age not a quarter cleane.
The youth of whom sothly was to grene,
Who lyst consydre and to tender of myght,
Full many daye to reioyce his ryght,
And to gouerne with Sceptre in his hande,
The large boundes of so great a lande.
¶ And yet this childe likly and right fayre,
In very sothe was borne to be heyre,
After Pirrhus this the trouth playne,
There was no man that lyst it withsaine.
¶ But I finde when he came to age,
He resygned hole his herytage,
To his brother frely and his ryght,
¶ Lamedowne a wonder manly knight,
That was descended of Troyaunsche blond,
Downe fro the stock of him that was so good,
Floure of knighthod diffence of Frygya,
That him begat on Andromecha,
Ordeyned nowe who so grutche or frowne,
Of Thesalye for to beare the crowne.
And whan he was made lorde of that lande,
And all was frely resygned to his hande.
¶ He hath cõmaunded no man dare replye,
Through the kyngdome of all Thealye,
That all that were in captyuitye,
Or prysoners of Troye the Cytye,
For loue or hate exceptyon was none,
That all shulde at their large gone.
¶ By full assent of Achylleydos,
And suche as were eke in pryson close,
Without raunsome shall delyuered be.
¶ And reioyse the full lyberte,
By custome vsed both in borough and towne
Of the lyeges of that great regyon.
And thus the folke ỹ came thralle fro Troye,
Restored be sodaynely to ioye,
¶ By Lamedowne and ymade free.
And he eke reygneth in his royall sea,
Full myghtly as I haue made mynde,
In Troye boke no more of hym I fynde.
Nor of Pyrrhus nor of his kynrede,
Fro henseforth I can no processe reade.
¶ But incydentes that beare no substaunce,
Whiche were but vayne to put in remẽbrance
Except myne auctour I note to what entent,
Here inpeth in me a litell incydent,
Ywrought and done of full yore agone.
Touchynge the death of kyng Menon.
Whyche by enuye of cruell Achylles,
Was slayne in soth amonge Myrmydones.
Onely for he proudely gan pursewe,
Upon Achylles Troylus to reskue.
¶ Whom kynge Priam made buryed be,
Besyde Troylus in Troye the cyte,
In a temple pbylte of marbell olde.
And to what fyne this tale is tolde,
In this Chapitle I shall reherse anone.

THe noble quene of this kynge Menon,
After the tyme longe and many day,
That she was deade and grauen vnder claye
At the toumbe heuenly gan appere.
Albe set with bryght sterres clere.
Whose symplytude for to reken all,
Was lyke a thynge that were inmortall.
That no man myght vtterly sustene,
To beholde of loke she was so shene,
Downe descendynge fro the fyrmament.
Full many man beynge there present,

Clade

Clade in a mantell ful celestyall.
And of her porte passyngly royall,
With swetenesse freshe as any rose,
Made in all haste the tombe to vnclose,
Of her lorde and taketh out the bones.
And in a chest made of golde and stones.
She couched them as fast as euer she maye.
Dispeyred and went anone her waye.
And tofore that nor after in certayne,
In that place she was neuer sayne,
Some afferminge as by lyklynesse,
She was other aungell or goddesse.
The soule or fate of the same kynge,
I can not deme in suche heauenly thynge,
Nor therin holde none opinyon,
For it transcendeth shortly my reason,
And me lyst not in suche matter diffyne,
But resorte ryght as any lyne,
To Ulixes and a while dwell,
Of his ende the surplus for to tell,
And how that he myght not escape,
The parodye that was for hym shape,
For Parchas haue his last terme sette,
And Attropos mesured out and mette,
His liues threde on the rocke spoune,
Diffende thy selfe Ulixes if thou konne.
Shewe thy manhode and not be aferde,
And be welfare of thy sonnes sworde.
For I shall nowe like as I am wonte,
Sharpe my penne both rude and blonte,
To descriue the fine of thy soioure,
Upon the boundes set of my laboure,
For almost wery weake and faynt ynough,
Be the beastes and oxen of my plough.
The longe daye agayne the hyll to wende,
But almost now at the landes ende.
Of Troye booke fyche I wyll a stake,
Saue I must spende a fewe lynes blake,
The laste chapiter shortly to translate.
Of all this worke and ympen in the date,
Of that daye death sette on him areste,
Full execute by him he loued best.

LOwe on my knees now must I loute.
To this god that maketh men to route,
And causeth folkes to haue glad sweuenes,
Both on morowe and on lusty euenes,
When Morphe us with slepy wande,
Which that he holdeth alwaye in his hande,
Hath marked them agayne the nyght,
To make men both mery and lyght.
And some whyle to haue gladnesse.
And sodeynly to falle in heauynesse,
Lyke as to them he gyueth euydence,
By sondry sygnes in his apparence,
Unto that lord now must I mekely preye,
At this tyme my style to conueye.
Of Ulyxes the dreame to discryue,
The laste of all he had by his lyue.
Declarynge hym by tokens full notable,
And by sygnes very demonstrable.
As he slepte agayne the pale mone,
His fatall day that shulde folowe soone.
For it fell thus as he abedde laye,
After mydnyght tofore the morowe graye.
¶ Hym thought he sawe appeare a creature,
To his syght celestyall of fygure.
None erthly thynge but veryly deuyne,
Of porte and chere wonder femynyne.
¶ And as hym sempte in his fantasye,
Lyke a thynge sent out of fayrye,
For the beaute of her goodly face,
Recomforted playnely all the place.
Most surmountynge and most souerayne,
And the clerenesse of her eyen twayne.
All sodeynly or men myght aduerte,
Perce woulde euen to the herte,
Deffence none myght be deuysed.
¶ And Ulyxes with her loke supprysed,
Gan her beholde alwaye more and more,
And in his slepe for to syghe sore,
Persynge aye with full busy peyne,
Her to enbrace in his armes twayne.
¶ But aye the more that he gan pursue,
She agaynewarde gan hym to eschewe.
And aye the more he preysed her to se,
Aye the more from hym she gan to flee.
So contrayre to hym was fortune.
And whan she sawe he was importune.
She asked hym shortly what he wolde.
And he to her the platte trouth tolde.
¶ Certes quod he my lyues Emperysse,
Where that ye be woman or goddesse,
I can not deme nor iudge halfe a ryght.
I am so derked and blynded in my syght.
¶ But I dare well affyrme in this place,
My lyfe, my deth stande hoolely in your grace
More of mercy requyrynge than of ryght,

To

To rewe on me which am your owne knight,
And of your pyte and compassyon,
Goodly to se to my saluacyon,
For my desyre but I maye fulfyll,
This same night to haue of you my wyll,
To my recure I can no remedye,
For lacke of routhe but nedely I must dye,
Now haue I all atwixe hope and dread,
My selfe declared to your womanhead.
And after that she kept her close a while,
And tho full sadly gan on him to smyle,
And as it put is in remembraunce,
Sayde vnto him with sobre countenaunce.
Sothly quod she this thine affection,
Would fully tourne to the confusion,
As of vs both so it is perellous,
So inly mortall and contagyous,
That vtterly there gayne may no reade,
But one of vs must anone be dead.
This is the fyne of the hateful chaunce,
That tolowe should after our pleasaunce.
And as Ulires gan to nighen nere,
Beholdinge aye on her the heauenly cheare,
Where as she stode vp right on the grounde,
He sawe her holde a spere longe and rounde,
The head therof all of borned stele,
Forged newe and grounde wonder wele,
¶And therupon in his auisiowne,
He sawe a baner blasynge vp and downe,
The felde therof all of coloure ynde,
Full of fyches beaten as I fynde.
¶And in some bokes like as it is tolde,
In the middes a large crowne of golde,
¶And or that she tourne gan her face,
Lykly anone to parte out of the place,
She spake to him & sayd in wordes playne,
This is full token of partynge of vs twayne,
For euermore and efte for sowre ne swete,
After this daye neuer agayne to mete.
And disaperinge anone her leue she toke.
And after that he sodaynly awoke,
And gan to muse in his fantasye,
What maner thing this dreme might sygnefy,
But where it mente other euill or good,
The secretnesse he tho not vnderstode,
For it surmounted sothly his reason,
Therfore he sente throughout his region,
For suche as were subtill exposytoures,
Of fate or sorte or crafty dyuinours,
For all the clerkes subiect to his crowne,
To assemble in one his swenen to expowne.
¶And when they knewe by informacyon,
The maner hole of his auision,
They byn concluded according as in one.
The time approcheth and shall come anone,
That one that is the next of his kinrede,
With a spere shulde make his herte blede
¶Let se where he his fate gan renewe,
Sith it is harde destynye teschewe,
As saye tho folke in theyr opinion,
That worke and trust on constellacion.
And Ulires musynge on this tale,
Chaungeth coloure and gan to wexen pale.
Wonder dreadfull and full of fantasyes,
Gan in him selfe to seke out remedyes,
Awaye to borde thinge that will not be.
¶He stareth brode but he maye not se,
His inwarde loke was with a cloude yblent.
¶But weninge he for to be prudent,
¶Made call to hym his sonne Thelamon,
And to be take and shet vp in pryson,
He supposynge fully in his witte,
From all mischiefe therby to go quite.
He not aduerteth nor ne toke none hede,
To the sharpenesse of his speares head,
Nor to the fisches in the bauer beate,
Nor of the sea wherin they swimme and flete
Nor of the quene that called is Circes
That signes brought of wer & not of peace,
Nor of the crowne token of dignyte,
Of one that holde shall his royall see,
Waltryng amid the wawes both fell & woo
Amonge the fysches in the large flood,
¶And he shall make the ful diuision,
Tofore remembred in the auision,
Agayne his will of very ignorraunce,
And execute the fatall purueyaunce,
Up of the dreame with his spere of stele,
Whych Ulires consydreth neuer a dele,
¶Nor to no wyght hath suspection,
¶But to his sonne called Thelamon,
That closed is and shet vp in a towre.
¶And Ulires with coste and great laboure,
Fro daye to daye doth his busynesse,
For hym selfe to make a forteresse,
Bilte on a rocke of lime and square stones,
Depe ditched about for the nones,
That no man maye enter on no syde.

Where

Where as he casteth all hys lyfe to abyde.
With certayne men chosen in specyall,
¶ Night and daye to watche vpon the wall.
That no maner wyght shulde haue none en-
But it so falle that he be aye secree, (tree,
And knowen of olde & to counsayle sworne.

Now as ẏ story rehersed hath to forne,
The olde foole this dotarde Ulixes,
A sonne had begot on her Cyrces,
Freshe and lusty yonge and coragious,
And he was called Thelagonyus:
¶ Borne in the see amonge the floddes rage.
That was also to reken his age,
Fyue and twenty yeres and there aboute.
¶ But of hys father he was aye in doute,
What man he was or who it mighte be,
Beynge therof in no securytie.
Tyll on a daye he desyrous to knowe,
To hys mother fell on knees lowe.
Beseching her goodly and not spare,
Of hys father to him the trouthe declare.
What that he was or where he shuld dwelle,
He her besought that she woulde hym tell,
¶ But sothly she longe and many dayes,
Of hyghe prudence put hym in delayes,
Tyll that she sawe she might haue no reste,
So importune he was in his requeste.
And whē she knew ther was none other bote,
Fro poynt to poynt she tolde him crop & rote,
¶ Of Ulixes and where that he was kynge.
And he anone made no taryinge,
But toke leue it may none other be,
And playnely sayde he wolde hys father se.
¶ Wherof the quene gan in her herte colde,
But when she saw she might him not wholde
She hym besought wyth chere debonayre,
That he wolde soone agayne to her repayre.
And forthe he sayleth onwarde on his way.
Without abode the selfe same day,
By many porte and many fer countre,
Tyll he was brought there as he would be.
¶ To Achaya a lande of great renowne,
And he gan serche through out the regyon,
After the place and paleys pryncypall,
Where as the kinge helde his see royall.
And he so longe in the countre rode,
Tyll he was taught where the kynge abode.
There Ulixes was shytte vp in mewe,
To which place in haste he gan pursewe,
A great party releued of hys sorow.
And on a monday erely by the morow,
¶ Unto the brydge the ryghteway he toke,
And foūde a porter deynous of hys loke,
And lowely fyrste he gan him for to praye,
That he voutsafe hym goodly to conueye,
Into the courte and make no taryinge,
For he a message he hadde to the kynge.
¶ But proudely he denyed the gate,
And shortly sayd that he came to late,
To entre there in any maner wyse.
And eke vngoodly gan him to despyse,
Frowarde of speche and malycyous.
But in all haste thys Thelagonyus,
As he that was in heart not a ferde,
The proude porter hente by the berde,
And with his fyste rofe his chawe bone,
That he fell deade muet as a stone.
And other eke that him tho withstode.
He made proudely lepe into the flode.
And whan mo came to maken resistence,
He hente a swerde by manly vyolence,
And furyously in hys yrous tene,
The story sayeth he slewe of them fyftene,
Hym selfe almoste wounded to death,
And gan for wery sothly fayle breath.
And Ulixes what for noyse and sowne,
To the bridge is descendyd downe.
Fynding his men at entre of his gate,
Dead and slayne by full mortall hate.
And he full yrous hente anone adarte,
Of auenture standinge tho aparte,
And cruelly caste at Thelagon.
But yet the stroke as in conclusyon,
Domaged not for it glode asyde.
And he for haste no longer would abyde,
Hent vp the darte without more arest,
And smote the king lowe vnder the brest,
Through the ribbes shortly for to saye,
That of the wounde he must nedes deye.
Hauinge as tho no opinion,
That he was kinge nor suspection,
Nor that he had his owne father slawe.
Which fast gan to his ende drawe.
His wound was so deadly and so kene,
That he might him selfe not sustene,
But pale and wan to the grounde gan glide.
His men about vpon euery syde,

That busy were to helpe hym and releue.
But his sore gan so ake and greue,
That he well felte that he must be dead.
¶But abrayding as he lift vp his head,
Hauynge as yet both perfect minde & reason,
Remembre gan of his auyson.
And how it was tolde him out of dreade,
That one that was next of his kinrede,
Descended downe from his owne lyne,
His swenen shall parfourme and to the fyne,
Accomplishe it wyth a darte of stele,
And for he could naught conceyuen wele,
What that he was. nor who that it shulde be,
He badde anone vnto his meyne,
Without harme or any vyolence,
To do him fette anone vnto his presence.
The ponge man whych at the gate stode,
That hath that daye shed so muche blond.
¶And when he was afore Ulixes brought,
Of him he hath enquyred out and sought,
Fyrste of his kyn and next of his countre.
¶Certes quod he I was borne in the sea,
Amonge fyshes myd the wawes grehe,
And sayde also his mother was a quene,
Called Circes of whom the name is kouthe,
Both east and west and eke right fer by south
And tolde also his father was a kynge,
That hym begat at his home compynge.
Fro Troye towne towarde this countre.
And as my mother Circes tolde it me,
Serteinly that he Ulixes hyghte.
Of whom desyrous for to haue a syghte,
I entred am this myghty regyon.
And haue pursewed vnto this dungeon.
Onely in hope my father to haue seyne.
But I se well my laboure is in vayne,
And syth in sothe lost is my trauayle,
And that it maye in no syde auayle,
It were folly longer for to dwell,
Lo here is all that I can you tell.
Of my kynred aske of me no more,
¶With that Ulixes gan to syghe sore.
For lacke of blond as he that was full pale,
And sayde anone when he herde his tale,
¶Now wot I well my wofull destynye,
Fulfylled is it maye none other be,
Now wot I well that it is to late,
To grutche or stryue agayne my piteous fate
¶For my sonne as clerkes whilom tolde,
Hath made an ende of my dayes olde,
Theron expectant with paynes full greuous
¶And with that worde Thelagonius,
When so he wist agayne natures lawe,
That he alas had his father slawe,
Which in ỹ land longe had borne his crowne,
Without abode fell anone in swowne,
¶His clothes rente his yelowe heyre to torne
¶Alas quod he that euer was I borne,
For cursed is my woful destynye,
And my fortune which I maye not flie,
Cursed my sorte cursed min auenture,
And I refuse of euery creature,
Forwarryed eke my dispositon,
And cursed is my constellacyon,
Cursed also and full infortunate,
The houre in which my father me begat.
So would god without longer reade,
To acquite him anone that I were dead,
To laye my life for his death to borowe.
¶And when the kynge sawe his great sorow,
And wyst he was his sonne of Circes borne,
By many sygnes rehersed heretofore,
He vnto him anone forgaue his death.
As tho he might for lacke and want of breth,
So vnportable was his passyon.
¶And efte his sonne called Thelamon,
Whyche hath in prison so many daye be shet,
To his presence in all haste was fet.
Which when he sawe his father in suche poynt
Vpon his death standynge in disiopnt.
And knewe also and the trouthe hath founde,
By whom he had his last deadly wounde,
A sworde he hente and mortally yrous,
Woulde tho haue ronne on Thelagonius,
Of hygh despyte auenged for to be.
¶But Ulixes of fatherly pytye,
Made his men holde and restrayne,
And amyd of all his greuous payne,
By his prudence and that was done anone,
He made his sonnes for to be all one,
¶And gaue in charge vnto Thelamon,
Of entereneſſe and affection,
And of hole herte fayned neuer adele,
All his life loued his brother wele,
To parte with him treasour golde and good,
As to the next borne of all his blond.
And tho in sothe it was no longer taryed,
That Ulixes full royally was caryed,

Of

Of all Achaya to the chyefe cyte.
Where after that he lined dayes thre,
Without more and tho gaue vp the goost,
I can not saye playnly to what cost.
After this lyfe that his soule is gone.
But in a tumbe of metall and of stone,
The body was closed and yshet.
And after that there made was no let,
That Thelamon wyth great solempnytye,
Ycrowned was in his fathers see.
Swerde and Sceptre delyuered to his hand,
Of all Achaya a ryche and worthy lande,
Ryght habundaunt of treasour and of golde
And Thelagon wyth hym there abode,
A yeare complete well cherysshed in his syght,
And of his brother toke ordre of a knygt.
And for hym list no longer there abyde,
The kynge for hym wysely gan prouyde,
That he with golde and of treasure plente,
Repeyred is home to his countre.
¶And his mother of age weren sadde,
Of his repeyre passyngly was gladde,
As she that sawe by her sorcerye,
He scaped was many ieopardye,
Many peryll and many great dystresse.
And after that she fell into syckenesse,
And her dette yelde as vnto nature,
The whych escape maye no maner creature.
In all this worlde that is here lyuynge.
After whose death her son was crowned king
Of Aulydos the meruaylous countre,
As I haue tolde enclosed with a sea,
Amonge rockes where many shippes drowne
And sixtye yere there he bare his crowne.
This manly man this Thelagonius.
And his brother Thelamonius,
Reygned also in his regyon,
Seuentye wynter as made is mencyon.
And after that they made a royall ende,
And both two to Iubiter they wende,
To reygne there amonge the sterres bryght.

BVt now the lanterne and the clere lyght
Is wasted out of Frygyus Darete:
Whylom of Troye wryter and Poete.
Guyde haue I none further for to passe,
For euen here in this selfe place,
He fytched hath the boundes of his style.
At the syege he present all the whyle,
And daye in one wyth them did abyde.
Dites the Greke on the tother syde
And both two as in theyr wrytynge,
Ne varye not but in a lytell thynge.
Touchynge matter as in specyall.
That is notable or hystoryall,
I do no force of incydentes smale;
Of whych in sothe is but lytell tale.
¶Saue this Dites maketh mencyon,
Of the nombre slayne tofore the towne,
Lastynge the syege afterminge out of dreade,
Eyghte hundred thousande & six weren deade
On Grekes syde vp ryght in the fyelde.
And as Dares also there behelde,
On Troye partye in the werre kene.
Six hundred thousande seuentye and syxtene,
Were slayne there in Guydo ye maye se,
With theym that came in helpe to the Cityе,
Fro many coste and many regyowne,
In diffence and rescues of the towne.
¶And full ten yere so as I can caste,
And sixe monthes the mighty syege did laste.
Or it was gette Dares wryte hym selfe.
And ouermore complete dayes twelue.
Or Grekes had full possessyon,
By false engyne of the Greke Synon,
Lyke as tofore reherced was but late.
I haue no more of latyn to translate.
After Dytes, Dares, nor Guydo.
And me to adde any more therto,
Than myn Auctours specyfye and sayne;
The occupacyon sothly were in vayne,
And lyke a maner of presumpcyon,
The tyme complete of this translatyon,
By iuste reckenynge and accountes clere,
Was a thousande and foure hundred yeare
And twentye nere I knowe it out of dread;
After that christe receyued our manhead.
Of her that wa sempereſſe and quene,
Of heauen and hell and a mayde cleane.
The eyghte yeare by iuste computacyon;
Sewynge next the coronacyon,
Of him that is most gracyous in worlynge:
Henry the fyfthe the noble worthy kinge,
And protectour of brutes albyon.
And called is through his high renowne,
Through his prowesse and his chyualrye,
Also ferre as passeth anye cloude or skye.
Of Normandye the mighty conquerour,

For through his knighthod & his high labour
Maugre all tho that list him to withsayne,
He conquered hath his herytage agayne.
And by his myghty prudent gouernaunce,
Recured eke hys tytle vnto Fraunce.
¶That who so lyst loke and doe vnfolde,
The pee de Grewe of these cronicles olde,
And sercheth bokes pwrpt longe tofore,
He shall fynde that he is iustly borne,
To reygne in Fraunce by lineall dyscente.
¶And onwarde nowe he is ordeined regent,
Of thylke lande durynge his fathers lyfe,
Of his goodnesse to boyden werre & stryfe.
He to reioyse without more delay,
Septre and crowne after the kinges day.
As it is clerely in conclusion,
Enrolled vp in the conuencyon,
¶And than I hope the tyme fortunat,
¶Of the olde world called Aureat,
Resorte shall by influence of grace,
That cruell Mars shall no more manace,
With his lokes furious and wodde,
By false aspectes for to shede bloude,
Atwene the folkes of these realmes twayne.
Which euery wyght iustly ought complayne.
¶But as I truste in myne oppynion,
Thys worthy kynge of wysdome & reason,
And of knighthode shall so doe hys payne,
To make one that longe hathe betwayne.
I meane as thus that England and Fraũce,
May be all one withouten barpaunce.
Out of hertes olde rancour to enchace,
By influence of his mighty grace,
That called is of clerkes douteles,
The souerayne lord and the prince of peace.
So that I hope his grace now shall reygne,
So set a peace atwene these realmes twayne
For in hys power sothly standeth all,
¶And allyaunce of the blode royall,
That is knet vp by bonde of mariage,
Of werre shall boyde away the rage.
To make peace with bryght bemes shyne.
¶And one that is called Katheryne.
And named is right good and fayre also,
Shalbe a mene atwyxt bothe two.
Of grace emprynted in her womanhede,
That to complayne we shal haue no nede.
¶And as I hope her gracyous aryuayle,
Into thys lande shall so much auayle,
That ioye honour and prosperytye,
Without trouble of all aduersytye,
Repeyre shall and all hertye pleasaunce,
Plentye, welfare, and fulsome habundaunce,
Peace and quyet both to nigh and ferre,
Without strife debate or any werre.
Myschiefe, powerte, nede, nor indigence,
With full ceassinge of death and pestylence.
Sothly I hope all this ye shall sene,
Come into lande with that noble quene.
That we shall saye of herte and feyne nought
Blessed be she that all this hath vs brought.
And he ỹ hath through might of his working,
Of his knighthod concluded all this thyng.
And such mernayles i armȝ done & wrought,
And his purpose fully about brought,
Of high wisedome set in his inwarde syght,
Inioynge all that longeth to his ryght,
And highest syt of worthynesse in glorye,
With the Sceptre of conquest and victorye.
I praye god onely for his beste,
¶When he hath al sette in peace and reste.
And is full put in clere possessyon,
Of all that longeth to his subiection.
To sende him home with triumphe & honour,
As great as euer had any conquerour.
After longe in ioye and in quiete,
To rule and reygne in his royall sete,
Thus shall I aye there is no more to saye,
Daye and night for his erlopte praye.
Of faythfull herte and of hole entente.
That whilom gaue me in cõmnaundemente
Not yore ago in his fathers tyme,
The syege of Troye on my maner to ryme,
Most for his sake to speake in specyall,
Although that I be boystous and rurall,
He gaue me charge this storye to translate,
Rude of connynge called John Lydgate,
Monke of Burye by profession,
Vsynge an habite of perfection.
Albe my lyfe accordeth not therto.
I feyne not I wot well it is so.
It nedeth not witnesse for to call,
Recorde I take of my brethren all,
That will not fayle at so great a nede.
¶And all that shall this noble storye reade,
I beseche of supporte and of grace,
Where I offende in any maner place,
Or wher soeuer that they find shal an errour

Of

Of gentylneſſe to ſhewen their fauour,
And benygnly for to do their payne,
Hyt to correcte rather then dyſdayne.
For wel wot I ỳ muche thyng ther is wronge
Falſely metryd both of ſhorte and longe.
And if they ſhoulde haue of all diſdayne,
It is no dreade my labour were in vayne.
Let ignoraunce and rudeneſſe me excuſe,
For if that ye platly all refuſe,
For certayne fautes whiche ye there ſhal finde
I doute not my thaucke is ſette behynde,
For in the verſe though there be ignoraunce,
Yet in the ſtory ye fynde may pleaſaunce,
Touching ſubſtaunce of ỳ mine auctour writ.
And though ſo be that any worde miſſe fyt,
Amendeth it with there debonayre.
For an errour to hyndre and appayre,
That is not ſayde of purpoſe or malyce,
It is no worſhyp to hym that is wyſe.
And no wight gladly demeth ſo ſoone a lacke,
Specyally behynde at the backe,
As he in ſoth that can no ſkylle at all.
Ye goeth full hoole that neuer had a fall.
And I not fynde of newe nor of olde,
For to deme that is alway ſo bolde,
As he that is yblent with vnconnynge,
For blynde bayarde caſte peryll of nothynge,
Tyll that he ſtumblyng fall amydde the lake.
And none ſo redye for to vndertake,
Than he in ſothe nor bolder to ſaye werſe.
That can no ſkylle on proſe nor yet on verſe.
And of all ſuche that lyſten not be ſtyll,
I lyttell force where they ſaye good or yll.
For vnto them my booke is not directe,
But to all ſuche as lyſte haue in effecte,
On ſymple folke full compaſſyon.
That goodly can by their correction,
Amende a thynge and hyndre neuer adele,
Of cuſtome aye ready to ſaye wele.

For he that was groũde of well ſayinge,
In all his lyfe hyndred no makyng,
My maiſter Chaucer ỳ founde ful many ſpot
Hym liſt not pynche nor grutche at euery blot
Nor meue hym ſelfe to perturbe his reſte,
I haue herde tolde but ſayde alway the beſte.
Sufferynge goodly of his gentilneſſe,
Full many thynge embraced with rudeneſſe.
And if I ſhall ſhortly hym diſcriue.
Was neuer none to thys daye alyue,
To reken all bothe of yonge and olde,
That worthy was his pykehorne for to holde
And in thys lande yf there any be,
In borough or towne vyllage or Cite,
That conning hath his tracys for to ſewe,
Where he go brode or he be ſhet in mewe,
To hym I make a full direccyon,
Of thys boke to haue inſpeccion.
Beſechinge them with theyr prudent loke,
To race and ſcrape through out al my boke.
Voyde and adde where them ſemeth nede.
And though ſo be that they not ne reade,
In all this boke no Rethorikes newe,
Yet this I hope that they ſhall finde al trewe,
The ſtory e playne chiefly in ſubſtaunce.
And who ſo lyſt to ſe the varyaunce,
Of worldly thinge wrought by dayes olde,
In this boke he maye full well beholde,
Chaunge of fortune in her courſe mutable,
Selde or not faythfull other ſtable.
Lordes, Princes from her royalte,
Sodaynly brought in aduerſyte.
And kinges eke plounged in pouerte,
And for theyr dread daringe in deſerte.
Unware ſlaughter compaſſed of enuye,
Murdre conſpyred by conſpyracye,
Awayte layinge falſhede and treaſon,
And of kingedome ſodayne reuerſyon.
Rauyſhinge of women for delyte
Roote of the werte and mortall deſpyte.
Falſe mayntenaunce of auoutrye,
Many worthy cauſynge for to dye.
Sinne aye concludinge who ſo taketh hede,
Vengeaunce vnware for his finall mede.

To declare that in all worldly luſte,
Who loke aryght is but litell truſte,
As in this boke example ye maye finde.
If that you liſt enprynte it in your minde,
How all paſſeth and halt there no ſoioure,
Waſtinge awaye as doth a ſomer floure,
Riche and pore of euery maner age.
For here our life is but a pilgramage,
Meynt with laboure and with muche wo,
That if men would taken hede therto,
And eke before prudently aduerte.
Litell hope he ſhould haue in his herte,
To ſette theyr truſte in any worldly thinge.

For there is nother prince lorde nor kynge.
¶By example of Troye as ye may see,
That in this lyfe maye haue full surete.
¶Therfore to hym that starfe vpō the roode,
Suffrynge deth for our alder good.
Lyfte vp your hartꝭ & thinke on him amonge
For be ye neuer so myghty not so stronge,
Without hym al that may not auaile.
For he can gyue victorye in battayle,
And holde a fyelde shortly to conclude,
With a fewe agayne great multytude.
And by his grace he maketh princes stronge,
And worthy kynges for to reygne longe.
And these Tyrantes sodeynely oppresse,
Throwe thē downe for al their great richesse,
And in his hande power he reserueth,
Eche to acquyte lyke as he deserueth.
To whom I praye with all deuocyon,
With all myne herte and hole affection,
That he lyste graunt longe contynuaunce,
Prosperyty & good perseueraunce,
Helthe welfare victorye and honour,
Unto that noble myghty conquerour.
¶Henry the fyfthe tofore especyfyed,
So that his name maye be magnefyed,
Here in this lyfe vp to the sterres clere.
And afterwarde aboue the nynth sphere,
Whan he is dead for to haue a place.
This praye I god for to sende hym grace,
At whose byddynge as I tolde late.
Fyrste I began the syege to translate,
¶And now I haue holy in his honoure,
Full executed the fyne of my laboure,
Unto all that shall this storye se,
With humble herte and all humilyte.
This lyttell booke lowely I betake,
It to supporte and thus an ende I make.

¶Of the most noble excellent Prynce kynge Henry the fyfthe.

MOst worthy Prynce of knighthode
soures and welle,
Whose highe renowne through the
worlde doth shyne,
And that all other in manhode doest excelle,
Egall of meryt to the worthyes nyne,
And borne also by ryght discent of lyne,
As veray heyre by tytle to attayne,
To beare ỳ crowne of worthy realmes twain

¶And also fer as Phebus in his sphere,
Fro East to West throweth out his beames
And as Lucyna w̄ a shrouded chere, (bright,
Goeth compasse rounde with her pale light,
Thou art preckened for the best knight,
To be registred worthy as of name,
In highest place set of the house of fame.

¶To holde a palme of knighthod in thy hād,
For worthinesse and for hygh victorye,
As thou that arte drade on sea and lande,
And euermore w̄ laude honour and glorye,
For iust conquest to be put in memorye,
With a crowne made of laurer grene,
Upon thy head tofore that famous quene.

¶Whilom ordeyned onely for conquerours,
Stable of herte with longe contynuaunce
And gaue not vp till they were victoures
Emprises take for no sodayne chaunce,
Whose name ay floureth w̄ newe remēbraūce
And fadeth not of yeares yore agone,
Amonges which thou mayst be set for one.

¶For through the world in many regyon,
Reported is with fame that flyeth wyde,
That naturally thy condicion,
On thinge begonne is knightly to abyde,
And for the tyme manly set aside,
Rest and ease with coste theron be spente,
Til thou haue wonne the fine of thin entente.

¶Most circumspect and passinge auisee,
And al thy workes conueyed w̄ high prudēce,
Sad and demure like to Josuee,
Agayne whose swerde there gayneth no resy-
And hast also of heauenly influence, (stēce,
With Salamon wisely to discerne,
Onely by grace thy people to gouerne.

¶Mercy eke ment with thy magnificence,
On all oppressed for to haue pyte,
And of rebelles by manly violence,
Abate thou canst the great cruelte,
And so with Dauid hast kingly pyte.
And highe prowesse with Scipio Julyus,

That in his tyme was most victorious.

And manly holdest in thy handes two,
Who can beholde by clere inspection,
The sword of knighthod, thy Sceptre also,
The tone to bringe to subiectyon,
Hertes made proude by false rebellyon,
And with the sceptre to rule at the best,
Thy trewe people that can lue in rest.

Now ỹ ỹ hast vertue, manhode, and grace
Attemperaunce fredome and bounte,
Lowly I praye to the with dreadfull face,
Disdayne the not benignely for to se,
Upon this boke rudely made by me,
To fyne onely to argue thyne highnesse,
And rewe of mercy vpon my simplesse.

And in thy noble kingly aduertence,
Conspyre the my souerayne lord most deare
Of thine inmate famous sapyence,
That chryst Jesu receyued with good cheare,
The two minutes pene of herte entere,
By the widowe which of wil and thought,
Gaue all her good and kepte her selfe ryghte (nought.
By which example so that it not offende,
Thrugh mine vnconning to thy high noblesse
Let your good will my litell gifte amende,
And of thy mercy and renowmed goodnesse,
Take no disdayne of my bareyne rudenesse,
And in making al though I haue no muse,
Let trewe meninge the surplus all excuse.

Wore then good herte hath no maner wight,
For to present eyther to god or man,
And for my parte to the as it is ryght,
That gyue I hoole as fer forth as I can,
Aye to persewer fro tyme that I began,
With will and thought for thine estate to pray
Which to conserue thus finally I saye,

Cryste of almighty god ỹ wrathe to queme,
With all that maye be to his plesaunce,
And to thy crowne and to thy diademe,
Grace and good eure with long continuaũce,
And of thy lyeges faythfull obeysaunce,
And the vertue that man maye specifye,
I praye god graunt vnto thy regallye.

Explicit liber quintus et vltimus.

Lenuoye.

O litell boke & put the in the grace,
Of him that is ỹ most of excellence,
And be not hardye aye where to shewe thy face,
Without supporte of his magnificence,
And who so euer in the shall finde offence,
Be not to bolde for no presumpcion,
Thy selfe tenarme aye in pacience,
And the submitte to theyr correction.

Verba translatoris ad librum suum.

And for ỹ arte enlimmed w̃ no floures,
Of Rethorike but all w̃ white & blacke,
Therfore thou must nedely abide the shoures
Of them that list to set on the alacke,
And when thou arte most lik , go to wracke,
Agaynst them thine errour not diffende,
But humbly tho withdrawe the & go abacke.
Requiring them that they thy amusse amende.

FINIS.

¶ Here begynneth the table.

¶ Howe the kinge of Thesalye named Pelleus loste all his men by dyuyne punichement who after by his prai-ers obteyned others. Ca.i.

¶ Howe Eson the kinge for that he was olde and myghte no longer welde the gouernayle caused to crowne his brother Pelleus. Ca.ii.

¶ Howe Pelleus fearynge to be deposed by his brothers sonne Jason, a worthy and valiaunt ponge knight, counsayled hun to vndertake the perylous and almost inuincible conquest of the golden flese at Colchos, who by his perswasion vndertoke the same Ca.iii.

¶ Howe Jason in his expedicion towardes Colchos, casually with his felowshippe, arryued in the territoryes of Troye, meaninge onelye there for a whyle to refreshe and reste theym. Ca.iiii.

¶ How Lamedon kyng of Troye sent to Jason commaundingehim and his felowshyppe forthwyth to departe the confynes of his countreyth and of theyr aunswere sente ayen to the kynge. Ca.v.

¶ How Jason thzough the only helpe of Medea Oetes doughter, the kynge of Colchos enamored of him he achieued the conquest of the golden flese. Ca.vi.

¶ How Jason after this conquest wyth Medea and his felowshyppe retourned agayne into Thesalye. Ca.vii.

¶ Howe Jason, Hercules, and all the prynces of Grece, assembled to aduenge the vncurtesye done to theim by Lamedon in this expedycyon towardes Colchos. Ca.viii.

¶ Of the battayle betwirt the Grecians and the Troyans wherin the Troians were dyscomfyted, theyr kinge slayne, and after theyr Citye taken, rased, and destroyed. Ca.ix.

¶ The Translatour complaineth the mysfortune of the Troyans, in the losse of theyr Citye lyuely describinge the tykle estate of Foztunes gouernance, beginning in the same chappiter his secounde boke, persewynge the matter of the sayd hystorye. Ca.x.

¶ Howe Pzyam sonne to Lamedon and succedinge his father, buylded the Citye agayne. Ca.xi.

¶ How king Priã send Anthenor into Grece to haue restored ayen his sister Exion. Ca.xii.

¶ How Pziam the kinge sent Paris Deiphobus and others the worthyes of Troye into Grece, to aduenge the rauishinge of his sister Exion, & how they before theyr retourne rauyshed the faire Heleine wife to Menelaus and brought her to Troye. Ca.xiii.

¶ Howe Paris was receyued in Troye at his retourne, and of his mariage to Heleyne. Capitulo.xiiii.

¶ Howe the Grekes assembled to be auenged of the Troyans for the rauyshynge of Heleyne. Ca.xv.

¶ The descripcion of Pzyam, his sonnes and doughters & of the arynal of ỹ Grekes tofore the temple of Diane the goddesse. Ca.xvi.

¶ How Achilles and Patroclus were sent to Delos to receyue answere of god Apollo how they shuld spede ayenst the Troyans. Ca.xvii

¶ Howe the Grekes nauye retourning from Athenes were distressed by tempest, and howe they toke a castell of the Troyans called Saranaba. Ca.xviii.

¶ Howe Agamenon assembled counsayle of the nobles of Grece, and determined, and sent Ulixes and Diomede in embassade to kynge Pziam. Ca.xix.

¶ Howe Agamenon sent Achilles and Thelephus into the Ilande of Messa for bytayles, and how they slewe the kyng and after ordeyned Thelephus the kinge there. Ca.xx.

¶ Howe the Grekes landed tofore Troye where they were stoutly fought with all. Capitulo.xxi.

¶ Of the fyrst battayl wherin Hector shewed hun selfe in valyaunce tofore all other. Capitulo.xxii.

¶ How the Grekes thzugh theyr suite obteyned of kinge Pziam a trewse for eyght wekes and of theyr battayles after the trewse ended. Capitulo.xxiii.

¶ How the Troyans toke kinge Thoas prisoner and led him captiue to Troye. Ca.xxiiii

¶ How duringe a trewse of.iii. monthes Hector walked into the Grekes hoost, and of the talke had betwirt Achilles & him. Ca.xxv.

¶ Of theyr battayles after that trewse, the descripsyon of the Palleys of ylyon, of a great

peſtylence in the Grekes hooſte, whereby they were enforced to ſeke fortrewſe, whych vpon theyr ſupte they obtayned for thirtye dayes. Capitulo.xxvi.

¶ Howe Andromecha was by a dreame forwarned of the deathe of her huſbande Hector, if he the day folowyng entred the fyelde, wher of ſhe admonyched him, and he therto hauing no reſpect was the next day ſlayn of Achilles. Capitulo.xxvii.

¶ The complaynte of Lydgate for the death of Hector. Ca.xxviii.

¶ How the grekes depoſinge Agamenon ordayned Pallamydes the generall of theyr armye. Capitulo.xxix.

¶ How kynge Priam in p'rſonne iſſued into battayle, for thaduenge of Hectors deathe, where he dyd ryght valyauntly. Ca.xxx.

¶ Howe Achylles ſlewe the worthy Troylus vnknightly, & after trayled his body throughe the fyelde tyed to his horſe. Ca.xxxi.

¶ Howe Parys ſlewe Achilles and Archylogus Duke Neſtors ſonne, in the temple of Apollo. Ca.xxxii.

¶ Howe Parys and Thelamon Ayax, ſlewe eche other in the fyelde. Ca.xxxiii.

¶ How Pantaſylla quene of Amazonis comminge in ayde of the Troyans, was ſlayne by Pirrhus Achilles ſonne. Ca.xxxiiii.

¶ Howe the Grekes made an horſe of braſſe, wherin was men of armes, and vnder colour of peace brought it into Troye, by the whyche it was vtterly deſtroyed for euer. Ca.xxxv.

How the Grekes retourned into Grece after the diſtruction, and howe they were peryſhed almoſt all in the ſea, and after they that eſcaped dyed miſcheuouſly. Ca.xxxvi.

¶ How the tranſlatour wryteth the ſtocke of Pirrhus by lyneall diſcente, and howe his father hight Pelleus, and his graundemother called Thetydes. xxxvii.

The ende of the table.

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